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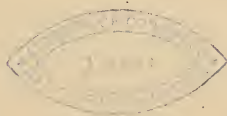
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL

IN

SPAIN AND THE EAST.

BY

JOHN FRANKLIN ✓ SWIFT.  
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TO

EGBERT BENSON MOTT, JR.,

AS A

SLIGHT TRIBUTE TO A FRIENDSHIP WHICH HAS

SURVIVED MANY SUMMERS AND WINTERS,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.





## PREFACE.

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THE memory of the literary mind runneth not to the time, when it was not customary for a book to be prefaced with a Preface. Hence the following, by way of an apology—for it would ill become a beginner in book-making to run counter to so time-honored an observance. Perhaps to apologize for having traveled at all would be quite as proper as to seek excuse for writing of those travels; but having spent my own time and my own money, none but my own posterity have a right to complain, and as I am not vain enough to think my book will be read by posterity at all, I will trust to the future that both sins shall be forgiven, or, at least, forgotten; besides we are apt to regard as of little weight those offenses of which everybody is guilty, and find an apology in the universality of their commission.

In this age of travels and book-making, therefore, I may well hope to find immunity from every kind of

censure, except criticism. Criticism I hope to receive, I would wish it to be good-natured and friendly, but would rather have my book abused than not noticed, as I should be unhappy, indeed, to think it beneath contempt.

Having consulted my conscience, my pocket, and my publisher, and finding myself at ease in the various relations, I have determined, since my journeyings have ended, to produce this book of travels from the hastily written letters to a San Francisco daily journal. As I have not drawn upon my memory for my wit, nor my fancy for my facts, I trust my readers will not be too scrupulously exacting in requiring point to the one or unfailing reliability in the other. I claim credit for no deeper research than the examination of the hand-books written for the benefit of travelers in the countries treated of. Mistakes of fact, when they occur, are not my own, but must be laid at the door of John Murray, Esq., of London.

I have endeavored to be truthful and to represent what I saw of the world as I saw it, and to comment on what I saw from my own stand-point. If I did not look with absolute veneration upon all ancient things simply because they were ancient, and did

sometimes question the verity of well-authenticated traditions, it is rather the fault of an education that has been practical to the fullest extent of the American idea, and an education that demands proofs to sustain averments.

The two years' holiday spent in my travels abroad had been fairly earned by the daily toil of many years in the tread-mill of my profession, and in the active pursuit of business in California, where, it is truly said, with our excitement and extravagant haste we burn the taper at both ends and are ever fanning it to a blaze. Then I had a right to travel.

Now as to the book-making part: this was, as I have said, an after-thought; in fact, the result of a harmless wager. I had been thinking of the multitude of stupid books that had been written. I reflected with anguish upon the number of such that I had waded through. I wondered what became of them when they got old. I thought how few were comfortably shelved upon some hospitable library; how few earned for themselves independence in old age; how many who had fond parents, and who started in life with good prospects, yet came to grief. I had seen books of the very best morals hanging around country

inns, lying about railroad depots for a chance notice ; some were dragging out lingering lives in country farm-houses, some toiling for a bare existence in circulating libraries. I had seen them old, dilapidated, and seedy, on the shelves of book stores, growing dusty with age and disuse. And as I moralized, I reflected that some very indifferent books got on very well in the world ; when gold-leaved and illustrated, well dressed in fancy bindings, they might be found upon center-tables in the very best society ; and that some very stupid and seemingly very trashy works were held in great esteem.

One day after my return, engaged thus musing, I asked my friend if he thought there could be a manuscript written so utterly worthless that nobody would publish it. No, he did not think there could, because if no one else would, the author would publish it himself. On reflection he admitted that he thought he might name a case where no publisher could be found rash and adventurous enough to make the experiment ; and when pressed to name the exceptional case, he layed the wager of wine in dozens that I could never get my travels into a book unless I paid for it myself.



The result, dear reader, is before you : I have won my wager. The leading publishing-house of the Pacific, whose name may be found on the title-page, is the adventurous firm, to put in print these hasty notes of travel in interesting foreign lands. If they afford you the pleasure in their perusal, that I experienced in traversing the countries of Columbus and Cortez, and in wandering through the lands of Desert and Palm, that margin the great sea of Rome, I shall be more than content, and we shall meet and part in the great journey of life with only pleasant remembrances.

SAN FRANCISCO, *January* 16, 1868.



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# GOING TO JERICO.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BAYONNE AND THE BORDER.

"It is getting cold in Paris and very dull. Let us leave it." This was said to me by General C——, a fellow-townsmen whom I had met abroad, and with whom I had been for a month past loitering about the boulevards and public gardens of the French capital. It was in November, and the idea of finding warmer weather was a pleasant one. "Very well, where shall we go?" I answered. "I am indifferent. I will go to Spain, to Italy, to Jericho, if you please," said the General. "Suppose we go to all of them in their order, beginning with Spain." "That is better; we will do it, and start to-morrow." We soon learned that the direct route to Spain was by way of Bordeaux and Bayonne, and almost as soon as agreed upon we were seated together in a coupé of the express train, flying along upon our journey at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Of the two cities I possessed an equal degree of knowledge, which was confined to the fact that the first was famous for the exportation of red wine, and the second for being the place where the bayonet was invented. These facts, though exceedingly slight, were, I thought, quite worthy of being paraded to the best advantage. My acquaintance with the General was but newly formed, and first impressions are important. "What sort of a place is this Bordeaux?" he inquired of me as we approached it. "Bordeaux," said I, looking gravely, "is an important town in France, fronting upon the river



Garonne, which forms its harbor. In the way of works of art it possesses a large square overlooking the quay, at each corner of which stands a lofty column surmounted with emblematical devices referring to trade and commerce. One of the principal exports of Bordeaux is red wine."

He appeared considerably impressed with the extent of my learning, and when we reached the city, and I pointed out to him the river, the quay, and especially the famous columns, I found that his respect for me had visibly augmented.

"How did you know about Bordeaux?" he inquired. I looked solemn, and declared that I could not now recollect, but that I had been possessed of this information from a period so early in my life that I could not, at the time, say how I had acquired it. It is always well to conceal the sources from which we derive our knowledge. It helps the idea that we possess a great fund back of what we are at the time exhibiting, and also keeps down the discreditable suspicion that we obtained any portion of our education by irregular means. The fact was, that I had learned all I knew of Bordeaux from pictorial labels of that city on claret bottles. When we reached Bayonne, I found my companion to be quite content to receive from me the interesting circumstance connected with the improvement in engines of war, without my stating how I became possessed of the historical fact. First impressions of earthly scenes may not be the most correct, but they are certainly the most vivid and the most lasting. Mental photography is instantaneous. The mental sketch of a city, of a river, of a field, remains as first seen while the memory lasts. A later visit to the same spot takes its own place in the mind, and stamps its own peculiar impression. And that faint and pleasing gleam—always identical and special to the scene recalled, that for a moment flashes the old place upon the recollection, and is

gone, however we may struggle to retain it—is as likely to visit us at the antipodes as in plain view of the spot that originally gave it birth.

A story is told, by one of the Irish humorists of our own time, of a Cockney who visited the Green Isle of the Ocean for the purpose of purchasing an encumbered estate as a shooting property. The gentleman in possession was opposed to the sale, and laid a scheme to prevent it. The Londoner arrived at night, and was invited to dinner by the gentleman whose improvident habits had brought the domain into the market. The dining and drinking lasted till near morning, leaving the Englishman in such condition that he was carried to bed, where he remained till nightfall. He was then called by his host, who informed him that it was time to get up, and that the party were about to visit the preserves to shoot pheasants before breakfast. A gun was placed in the hands of the stupefied Cockney, and for a couple of hours the air rang with the reports of fire-arms. Pheasants innumerable were placed in his hands as the trophies of his marksmanship, and he was applauded as the best shot in the party. Then all returned to dinner, which, under the name of breakfast, was kept up all night, followed by the Cockney's being carried to bed drunk in the morning. This was continued for three days—shooting, eating, and drinking all night, and sleeping all day—until at last the stranger, upon being again called out to shoot before breakfast, declined to do so, and going on board his vessel, sailed away from the country, averring that the people were hospitable, that the liquor was good, and the game plenty, but that it was too dark in Ireland for a permanent residence.

Almost my sole recollection of Bayonne is connected with its darkness.

It had been raining through the day, and at eight o'clock at night, when we arrived, a thick November fog

enveloped the town, the harbor, and the circumjacent hills. The street-lamps made a faint effort to declare their existence, but the struggle was quite an unequal one.

The mist rolled in over them so completely that an occasional luminous body floating past us in mid air, as we rattled along in the omnibus, and looking more like a paper balloon lying-to in a fog than any thing else, was all that we could see of the corporation lights of Bayonne. It is still a mystery to me how coachmen can without accident drive about so dark a city; but this one did, and brought us safely to the hotel.

The porter took our carpet-bags, and told us that the train for the Spanish frontier would leave on the following morning at four o'clock. We were disappointed at this, for we were desirous of seeing something of the place.

The legend of the bayonet had made Bayonne especially interesting to the General.

But we wanted to get on to Spain.

At last we resolved to "do" the town that night and go on in the morning.

True it was dark, and to the darkness was added a fog that could be felt, but the idea at least was not without novelty.

"What is to be seen in this city?" we inquired of the porter. "The fortifications and the cathedral," he answered: and to examine these interesting monuments of art we immediately issued from our hotel.

I can not describe the cathedral of Bayonne with any considerable degree of accuracy. I took no notes. It was too dark to do so. I am therefore thrown back upon recollection merely. Depending upon that uncertain authority, I can say that it is of doubtful architecture and vague proportions. That it looks solid enough for the first five and twenty feet from the ground, but above that

point it seems to become uncertain in shape and changeable in style. In fact it appears to sway about in the air like some huge architectural monster, or swelling, as if inflated with gas, and then sinking away into the surrounding darkness.

Images of saints and holy persons adorn the lower part of the jambs of the great door, and carved figures, one above another, continue as the wall ascends, but the character of saintliness diminishes with the altitude, and as they enter the hanging fog of Bayonne the distortion is increased till leering monsters start from the walls and wriggle and twist themselves more like demons than saints and angels, now reaching down as if to snatch at the wayfarer, now floating away into the impenetrable mist, or swinging about in the confines dividing the realms of vision from total darkness.

We hear footsteps drawing near. A luminous spot in the fog approaches and passes by. It is a good citizen, equipped with a lantern, and going to his home. Another comes from the opposite direction and wends his mysterious way, and more and more citizens with lanterns move through the darkness. But we stand beneath the portal, and these little currents in the great ocean of life float past the eddy in which we are waiting, all unconscious how distant the sources and how divergent the channels which, for the moment, have approached so closely.

We pass around to the side, and look up at the great rose window. But it too partakes of all the unsteadiness of the architecture of Bayonne.

The fog whirls along and the round window becomes oval, then one side is gone and a twisting crescent alone remains. A dozen apostles, gigantic and blessed, all in stone, stand along the wall, looking solemn as a petit jury. I would not like to say how many cubits they are in stature. It would be easier to measure the degree of their sanctity.

But while standing beneath the window, with the fog rolling over them, we think of a picture of Jacob's Vision, the great window being the opening in the heavens above where beatific visions are beheld.

We turn from the cathedral and wend our way along the fortifications. They are affected in like manner with all Bayonnese structures. At times they appear low and easily surmounted, but a moment after the walls of Rhodes are not more impregnable.

The old porter stares as we pass into the hotel; it is such a queer time to go sight-seeing. "Let us be called in the morning at half-past three, and secure two places in the omnibus for the station." The bowing guardian promises faithfully that we shall not be forgotten, and we retire.

A sharp knock at my door, and the announcement that the omnibus was waiting outside, called me out of bed. I did not quite believe that I had been asleep. No one was up in the house as we passed out, except the porter who had called us. We found Bayonne even darker than the evening before. Not so much as a coach lamp showed us our way to the vehicle which stood awaiting us. We crawled in, and found it already nearly filled with people sitting in silence.

Their ages, their sex, their nationality, even their color, was shrouded in the impenetrable darkness of Bayonne. Arriving at the station half asleep, we made our way into a carriage, and into the remotest corner of it, to doze away the two long hours which should bring us to daylight and the Spanish frontier.

I was brought to consciousness by hearing a loud yawn. It proceeded from a priest who sat next me. Daylight had come, and the train was driving along the sea-beach.

On our right lay the Bay of Biscay, across which was already drifting the wall of fog which the night before had helped to make Bayonne so dark.



After taking a look at the sea and the winding coastline, I turned about to examine our fellow-travelers.

They were the same who had come with us in the omnibus. A French priest, with black gown and broad felt hat turned up at three sides; a young woman with an English face; and a stout gentleman, with a Spanish air; lastly the General, who still snored in his corner.

I called to him, for at that moment we were passing the station of Biarritz, and it was something even to see the place where so many political events are conceived, so many state tricks invented, as at this the favorite summer retreat of Napoleon III.

Irun is the frontier town on the Spanish side of the Bidassoa, and here we stopped to breakfast, to pass the custom-house, and to change trains.

The profoundest depth of Spanish statesmanship was reached when, in granting the privilege to build a railway from the French frontier to Madrid, a condition was inserted that the track should be of a different gauge from that of the line from Paris to Irun.

"This will be our chief protection," said the wise men of Queen Isabella's cabinet.

"If we should permit the same gauge with French roads, French soldiers direct from the *Casernes* of Paris would soon be down upon us. They would never stop the trains transporting troops after leaving the Bordeaux station till they were at the walls of Madrid."

The wisdom of this restriction, from a strategic point of view, is too obvious to require pointing out.

Under the present system, her Catholic Majesty's soldiers, in case of war, are quite sure to check the French at the frontier—at least while they are changing cars.

One hour sufficed to pass our baggage through the custom-house and to transfer it to a train with a width of track consistent with the independence of the Spanish nation and the stability of her Catholic Majesty's throne.

In the mean time, we had refreshed ourselves with chocolate, made thick as oat porridge, in the Spanish style, and were soon whirling along toward San Sebastian, the capital of the province, and the chief watering-place of northern Spain.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MAID OF BURGOS.

IN the middle of the afternoon, at a point half-way between Vitoria and Burgos, our locomotive went wrong, and the train came to a dead stop in a deserted plain. We were there an hour before we could learn what was the trouble, so reticent are railway officials. Having at last learned that the machine was disordered, we still were kept in ignorance of what steps were being taken to get on to Burgos or how long we would probably remain thus becalmed. But the Spanish passengers, of whom we had many, took the matter as of course, and all sallied forth upon the green sward, and as the evening shadows closed down upon us, gave way to all the wildness of their pleasure-loving natures. The road-side was turned into a miniature Prado. The black-eyed damsels of Spain, with their lace veils thrown back, walked up and down, ogling the cavaliers, or with them joined in a dance to the music of the guitar, which was produced in some mysterious manner. By this time I had become acquainted with the priest. I had found him to be well informed upon American, and especially upon Mexican affairs. Like all of his nation, he took a lively interest in Maximilian, and thought his mission to that unhappy country a holy one, to oppose which was but little short of being criminal. "Why do you Americans oppose the establishment in miserable Mexico of a government wise and beneficent, such as meets with the approbation of the

profoundest thinkers and greatest philanthropists of Europe?"

My answers to this question had been the subject of the day's conversation. Commencing within the sound of the surf of the Bay of Biscay, I had continued it all through the gorges of the Pyrenees, scarcely stopping at the miles of successive tunnels which pierce the summit peaks of those mountains.

But if I was eloquent upon the beauties of democracy, as developed in America, the priest was not slow to show the advantages of that paternal form of government which had wrought such wonders for his own France. When the train stopped in the fields, as I have mentioned, we walked up and down and continued the political controversy. The General, who boasts of his fealty to the Democratic party, and who understands but little French, observing the earnest tone of the conversation, surmised its purport. Taking me aside, he suggested that there was danger that I would make a Black Republican of the good priest.

The real fact was that I had been taking lessons in French at Paris for three months previous, and this was the first opportunity I had found to test my progress in that polished tongue.

Nothing was further from my mind than propagating republicanism. I was simply airing my French. This I informed the General of, and put his mind at rest. But the poor priest entered enthusiastically into the argument, without dreaming of the reason of my persistence, and from the fact that I proved a most excellent listener, I trust with a reasonable amount of satisfaction to himself.

At nine o'clock a locomotive came up from Burgos, and we steamed away for that city. Burgos is conceded to be the first town, after leaving the French frontier, where the customs of Spain in all their ancient purity are preserved. The cathedral is also understood to be one

of the most imposing and perfect of Gothic structures in all Europe. Either one of the foregoing facts would perhaps be sufficient to account for the stopping of all Spain-going tourists at Burgos for the first night.

The *Fonda del Norte* had been so highly recommended to us that we gave it the preference. A supper of Spanish bread, Spanish ham and eggs, cooked in Spanish oil, with innumerable bottles of the red wine of *Val de Peña*, was prepared for us within ten minutes of our arrival, after which we were shown to our rooms by one of those dark-eyed beauties for which Spain is so famous. "Buenos noches, Señores," she said, with a silvery voice, bowing low her black eyes; concealed by long fringing lashes, and gave the General a candle. There was a queenly grace in her manner indicating noble origin. He took the light from her hand, but continued to gaze steadfastly in her face, as if trying to recall a lost recollection. Meanwhile the grease trickled down from the candle, striking his trousers just above the knee, and gradually forming into an oleaginous stalagmite. Even when the door was shut upon the retreating form of the maid, my friend stared abstractedly in the direction of the door, as if lost in thought.

"The young woman appears to interest you greatly," I said to him.

"Yes; I think I have seen her before," he said, with a start.

I, too, thought the face of the young person somewhat familiar, and took the liberty of suggesting as much to him. But he did not appear to take the hint in good part, and going into his room slammed the door after him as if offended with me.

My first view of the cathedral of Burgos was from the window when I arose in the morning. In the foreground an expanse of roof, covered with red baked tiles, looking like so many acres of bisected flower-pots. In the midst

of this rises up a cluster of Gothic spires resembling a grove of petrified cypress-trees.

How calm the weather must be, I thought. If there was so much as a passing breeze this brown-stone forest would sway and bend before it. I hastened down to breakfast. I found the General at the table, not eating, but gazing intently at the chamber-maid of the night before, who now assumed the character of waitress. "Do you make her out, General?" "No!" he answered; "but if I could only speak her language I would try and find out where we have met before." "It is probably in some old picture of Murillo that you have met the face," said I, and we sallied forth to see the town. Burgos has been finished for more than five hundred years, and all that time no change has taken place. Its fortifications are as solid as the day Diego Porcelas built, or Don Pedro the Cruel performed his famous exploits before them. It looks like a sort of toy city, and fits its walls as snugly as a set of chessmen does the box in which they come from the manufactory.

All Burgos is stowed in this stone chess-box, and there is exactly room enough for it and none to spare. Like some geometrical puzzles, if the place of one piece were changed, it would require great skill to put it back again.

The houses are built close up to the cathedral and join their walls to its huge sides, so that a view of its exterior can only be had by walking to the open plazas many rods away. And the entrance is up a hill-side and through what looks to be the back yards of a whole block of hovels, where the future soldiers of Queen Isabella, now bare-legged urchins, expand their mental faculties by the fabrication of mud pies. At the door we are met by the sacristan, in robes which, in our ignorance, we take to be priestly, and are shown through the splendid structure.

The sculptor has made his mark plainly upon this church.



Its walls literally swarm with human figures in stone. Statues loiter about the door in squads. Regiments of statues cling around the great Gothic pillars. Whole brigades of them throng the walls, the windows, jambs, and the cornices, or scale the rugged sides of the choir.

Apostles by the baker's dozen, scores of archbishops, glorious companies of popes, and holy armies of saints and martyrs, some standing upon pedestals, others crouching about in prayer, and more stretched supinely upon the earth, with hands and toes upturned, looking not only dead, but dead and turned to stone.

The paved floor, large enough to be the open fields, is spotted over with the crouched figures of the veiled daughters of Spain in earnest devotion. And so still are they, that at first we think this is some more of the sculptor's work, and that female saints in marble cover the floor in attitudes of prayer.

In a gallery hard by, and high upon the wall, is the "box of the Cid," and to this we are conducted with due solemnity.

Burgos claims an extra share of the glory of Spain's hero, for here he was born and lived, and within her walls repose his ashes. "What is the story of the box?" we inquired of the sacristan.

With a look which plainly implied his contempt for persons ignorant of so familiar a circumstance, he told us how that worthy, at a time when the fortunes of war appeared strongly against him, had filled the box with sand, and, pretending that it contained jewels and treasures of great value, pledged it to some unbelieving Jews for six hundred marks in gold. The sacristan related to us with patriotic glee how the hero insisted that the box was not to be opened till his return from the wars. "Did he ever repay the Jews?" I asked him. "History has not informed us upon that point," he answered with an air of indifference, plainly showing that, at least in his

opinion, the question was of no importance. We passed out of the church and strolled down toward the *Plaza de Constitucion*, as the central square is called.

The houses are all built with arcades projecting over the sidewalk, and under these the gay cavaliers and black eyed señoritas stroll up and down, ogling each other, or running in and out of the little shops, making their purchases.

The Spanish costume is worn by the ladies of Burgos with the strictest care. We did not see one bonnet in the town, and of course not one establishment for the sale of millinery goods.



## CHAPTER III.

### CALLING ON COLUMBUS.

UPON arriving at Valladolid station we took our carpet bags and shawls, and, passing out of the door, looked about for a carriage to take us to the *Fonda de Paris*, the hotel to which we had been recommended. It was nine o'clock at night, and very dark. We did not even know in what direction the town was situated, for, as usual in Spain, the station was quite remote from the city.

Three or four rickety carriages were backed up against the colonnade waiting for passengers. "Which is the carriage of the *Fonda de Paris*?" I asked of one of the coachmen. Removing his hat with great deference, he informed me that he had the honor of driving the coach of that magnificent establishment, and would most willingly conduct us thither. The General remarked as he got in that he had never seen a more desperate-looking villain than this fellow, except, perhaps, the one which sat beside him on the box. They certainly did not appear to be a very promising couple for an escort through a lonely country. They rather resembled the interesting and energetic foreign youth who in America convey voters from one polling-place to another upon the occasion of primary elections. I said: "General, surely you have been a member of the Democratic party long enough not to be frightened at a hard face." This he was forced to admit, and we took our places in the crazy old vehicle.

I confess that I did not feel as comfortable as usual, nor was I in the least reassured when the ugliest of our captors came down and peered in at the window as if to make sure we were properly secured in the trap. This done, he took his place upon the seat with his confederate.

"I shall feel more at ease when we get to the hotel," said the General. I confessed to the same line of thought. Just then the horses set off at a tremendous gallop, plunging directly into the darkness that bounded the station yard. At every instant we expected the whole establishment would be brought up with a crash. Why they should drive so furiously we could not imagine, unless we were being kidnapped. We soon passed quite away from the lights about the station, and yet there were no indications of approaching Valladolid. Suddenly the carriage came to a stop. It was the darkest and most silent place we had found. Fit spot for deed of blood and mystery. We heard the ruffians descend from the box and approach the door. Being entirely unarmed, there was nothing to do but await breathlessly the result. "Are your Excellencies sincere in your resolutions to proceed to the *Fonda de Paris*?" one of them asked. What a question! "Most assuredly we prefer it to all other hotels," was our reply. Here followed a long conversation between the two robbers, followed by the question! "Are the señors acquainted with the character of that establishment?" "Why, of course we are; it is kept by Martino Berben, is it not?" Another murmuring between the two assassins, and then from the big fellow, "Alas! señors, we regret to be compelled to inform you that the worthy Martino Berben, whom Heaven has in its holy keeping, was cruelly murdered in his bed but a few nights since, and the murderers have at this moment undisputed possession of his formerly most respectable and well-conducted inn." "But how is it you told us you were the coachman for this house, the *Fonda de*

*Paris* ; are you not ?” we asked. “ So I am ; but what can a poor man do in Spain, where bread is so dear ? My first impulse was to convey you to our house, regardless of the consequences, which would certainly have been death to you both. But pleased by the liberal manner of the large gentleman, myself and companion have relented, and desire in good faith to save you.”

“ But,” continued the big murderer, “ if I might be permitted to suggest, there is in quite another quarter of the town the *Fonda del Siglo de Oro*, one of the most quiet and orderly inns in all Spain. If we should conduct you there, your Excellencies would be in perfect safety.” We speedily agreed to this, and were turned about and conducted at a moderate pace to the house in question.

We were soon seated at a good supper, and engaged in discussing the escape we had run of sharing the fate of the unfortunate Martino Berben. Though now quite safe, I took the precaution of piling all the loose furniture of my room against the door before retiring.

On awakening the next morning and looking out upon the street, to my surprise I read, in large letters upon the house directly across the way, the flaming words *Fonda de Paris*. I leaned over the parapet and looked down at our door.

There stood the biggest of the two murderers staring complacently over at the rival establishment with all the satisfaction of having done a good action impressed upon his countenance.

Valladolid, the ancient capital of the kings of Castile, is much fallen away from its former grandeur. Not more than fifty thousand inhabitants remain true to the old place, and the ruins of half a dozen ancient churches give not only a vivid idea of its original importance, but of its present decay.

It was here that Ferdinand and Isabella kept their

court, and hither came Christopher Columbus, beseeching permission to present a world to Castile and Leon. And here, long after the Admiral had drank to the bottom the bitter cup of royal ingratitude, he breathed his last; for it was at Valladolid, on Ascension Day, 1506, where he had for years danced attendance in the vestibules of the great, imploring vainly for justice, that Columbus died.

There is a bad museum at Valladolid, containing a gallery of the worst pictures in Europe. A description by me of the best picture-gallery would be dull reading. I shall, therefore, not attempt this one.

We visited the gallery at Valladolid, paying for the privilege one pesito each, and regretted both the time and the coin.

Having walked about the town a half day, we became, by some accident, informed of the fact that the house of Columbus still existed and could be seen.

We returned to the hotel and asked the landlord to direct us to it; but he could not do so, he had never heard of Columbus or his house. The inn was ransacked for information. At last, the cook was found to know something about the business.

It was, he thought, in the *Calle de la Magdalena*. To that street we therefore directed our steps, and after an hour's search, found it. The street is but one block long, and the house and garden of the Discoverer occupies one entire side of it. The house is two stories high, plain in appearance, and with a door almost in the middle. An examination of the exterior developed the fact that the original entrance had at some time, in consequence of a crack in the wall, been filled up to strengthen the building, and a new door opened directly by the side of the old one.

The town authorities had evidently just learned the value to the city of this architectural treasure, for close

to the door was a bright new medallion head of Columbus, cut in marble, and fixed in the wall. It could not have occupied its place more than a day, for the mortar around it was still soft and damp, and the stone pavement beneath the tablet was white with splashes of freshly dried plaster.

My companion was desirous of entering the place, and procuring from the garden a flower or leaf, to bear away as a souvenir.

We therefore knocked at the door, and were answered by a gentleman of respectable dress and bearing, who, holding the door half open, demanded to know our business.

"Is this the house of Columbus?" we inquired. The reply was in the affirmative; but the door remained partially closed, the gentleman looking suspiciously at us. We said that we would like to come in if there was no objection.

The door was not opened for us. It was quite evident that we were thought to be strangers calling upon the former proprietor. "The Señors are quite welcome to enter; but Columbus no longer occupies the house, and, in fact, is dead," replied the gentleman, meantime holding the door firmly in his hand. "We are aware of the death of Columbus," we said; "but we would like to come in and see his house, and if permitted, to get a rose, or a leaf from his garden, by which to remember our visit."

But still the door did not move, except, perhaps, to narrow the opening so that only the face of the gentleman could be seen. "The Señors are quite welcome to come in," he repeated in a firm tone of voice; "but Columbus is dead, and his family no longer occupy the house. As for the garden, like the house, it is mine, and Columbus has absolutely nothing in either." Having thrown this light upon the condition of the estate, the



heirs, the administrators, and the residuary legatees of the deceased Columbus, his polite successor in interest closed the door in our faces, locking it with a loud clank, and departed, leaving us staring at the outer walls.

He had evidently been annoyed before by friends of the Great Admiral calling at his house and disturbing his rest. Columbus was a sort of Monsieur Tonson, of whom he was never to hear the last.

We gave it up in despair, and wended our way to the other side of the town to a house which, if not more interesting to us, was at least much better known in Valladolid than the one we had just visited: it was that of the author of *Don Quixote*.

We had no difficulty in finding the house of Cervantes. Even the beggar boys could point it out to us. The fact that there is such a thing as a new world in the distant West is not so well known in Valladolid as was the most trifling exploit of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, or of his good esquire Sancho Panza. The house of Columbus affected grandeur three and a half centuries ago, but the abode of Cervantes could have been but little better than a hovel even at that remote period. Now it is wretched in the extreme. The ground floor was occupied by a cobbler, but not exclusively, for a she goat was tied by the leg in one corner of the room, and munched carrots at her leisure, as if quite at home.

What was above we did not venture to ascertain. The filth of the lower story forbade further explorations. Like the house of Columbus, this one had been within the last three days treated to a new marble tablet, with a medallion head of the occupant to whom it owed its celebrity.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

MADRID, says the guide book, contains 400,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the banks of the Manzanares, is over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, has the most elevated situation and the finest view of the surrounding country of any capital in Europe. For the truth of the above statement, Monsieur G. de Lavigne, the Bradshaw of Spain, is responsible. The view spoken of is a fine one in point of extent, but it is over what in our country would be called but little better than a desert. Standing anywhere on the west side of the city, a territory of many leagues is spread out before the eye. But it is destitute of trees and almost of vegetation. That side of the city is built quite up to the abrupt and precipitous side of the river, upon a sort of bluff bank, not less than 500 feet above the stream. Upon the very brow of the hill stands the queen's palace, a fine building, resembling in size and appearance the Old Louvre in Paris. The city is compactly built. So much so, that it appears incredible, at first, that so large a population could be huddled together in so little space. But the houses are all of three, and seldom less than six, stories high. A walk of ten minutes in any direction takes one quite out of the place. There are no suburbs, no villas, outskirts, or faubourgs as in American cities. It is built up solid with six-story houses as far as there is any town. With the last house of the row ceases the city, and all is country gardens or a desert waste, from that on, as far as the eye can see.

This is accounted for by the insecurity of life. When once the police are out of hearing, there is no safety whatever. If a man should attempt villa life he would be robbed, and perhaps murdered, in his new home before a week would pass. A peasant that works one day and begs the next, will not generally hesitate to steal or rob the third. As for murder, a people that is delighted at seeing a furious bull rip out the entrails of a poor blind-folded horse, would not stand upon much ceremony about that. If a house should be built a half block beyond the present line of habitations, it would remain without a tenant till the town reached it, if it did not in the mean time rot down. People try to get as near the center of the city as possible. As for a separate house for each family, such a thing is exceedingly rare. People live on flats or floors of houses; if they are able, taking a whole floor to themselves. The rich do this. The poor simply have rooms, many families living together on a floor. Here, as in all parts of Europe, the finest looking and ablest bodied men are in the army.

The Spanish soldiers are the handsomest men, so far as face is concerned, in the world. It is a handsome nation. But here the superiority ceases. Not one in twenty of the common soldiers can read or write. I had a written address of a house that I wanted to visit, and stopped as many as twenty soldiers, one after another, and inquired the way. I did not find one that could read the address on the card. Nor did they appear to feel in the least humiliated about it, but freely stated their inability, as if it were an ordinary matter common to all. I conversed with well-dressed, intelligent Spaniards, who expressed their surprise that English and not Spanish was the language of any part of America.

The term *people*, as employed in America, is inapplicable to any portion of the population of Spain. They have inhabitants, but no people.



The nation is divided into three classes: the nobility, the priesthood, and the peasantry. The nobility are devoted to pleasure or politics. Of what is understood by politics, I shall have something more to say. The peasantry are industrious, sober, and frugal. With a wise government much could be made of them. This class care nothing about matters of state. They do not know who is at the head of the government. Statesmanship in Spain simply means the intriguing and fighting necessary to hold power. A change of administration is generally brought about by violence, and is called a revolution.

The party is successful which obtains and holds possession of the queen. It is interesting to observe the influence that the inventions of the nineteenth century have exercised upon even revolutions.

Rifled cannon and breach-loading muskets have greatly shortened wars. The magnetic telegraph has produced the same effect upon revolutions. A Spanish revolution as worked by telegraph is a very simple affair. The fighting is all done around the telegraph office in the *Puerta del Sol*, at Madrid. The struggle is for the possession of that wonderful instrument. If the telegraph is captured the revolution is successful. For, the moment it is in the hands of the insurgents it is put into operation in the transmission of the news. The revolutionists tell their own story, and they take care that it is a good one. The lightning informs each provincial town from Irun to Barcelona that the people having submitted to the tyranny of Narvaez and the Camarilla, until all hope of justice from that quarter was lost, have risen in their might and hurled the tyrants from power. That the blessed queen, having been long overawed by these despots, has at last come to hear the groans of her subjects, and has called to her councils O'Donnell, or Prim—as the case may be.

That the oppressors, including the infamous Narvaez, have, by orders of her gracious Majesty, been shot to death, without the city gates, and that perfect order now reigns in Madrid under the new administration.

But if, on the other hand, the party attacking the telegraph is repulsed, no news of the attempt is transmitted to the provinces until the matter is at an end, and the ringleaders, which means any who happen to be caught, have been shot, according to the invariable rule. Then the public is informed that "a feeble party of malcontents have wickedly attempted to disturb the peaceful reign of our gracious sovereign, but that the treasonable conspiracy has been most loyally suppressed, and all the traitors immediately executed in accordance with the law and the will of the queen." The people in distant parts must act upon this intelligence, for they can get no other.

The party holding the telegraph holds the government. The queen immediately gives in her adherence, appoints the chief of the movement to office, signs all papers he may present for approval, and reigns by his advice until another revolutionary party gets control of the telegraph and of her majesty.

In the mean time, the ordinary business of the country has not been disturbed. The peasant who is tending his goats in the Pyrenees, the farmer of Estremadura, or the merchant of Seville or Barcelona, does not even know that a change has been made or attempted in the government.

The queen is as well satisfied in the hands of one chieftain as another. It is all the same to her. She has her palace, her carriages, her confessor, and her lovers, just the same under O'Donnell as under Narvaez, and so long as she is undisturbed in these luxuries, the country may be governed by those who like to do it. This is Spanish politics.

On the first Sunday morning after reaching Madrid,

we left word at the desk of the secretary of the hotel to procure for us two good places at the bull-fight.

To say that this is the national amusement of Spain would be to repeat a fact well known to all. It is to this country what the opera is to Italy, and what the beer gardens are to Germany. Bull-fights are to be seen in the greatest perfection at Madrid and at Seville.

In addition to the public bull-ring at Madrid, there is a private one belonging to a society of amateurs, not unlike the jockey clubs of England and America. This is maintained for instruction merely, and ranks in bull-fighting, somewhat as the conservatoires of Leipsic or Berlin do in the musical world. The graduates of this school take high places in the art of bull-fighting.

The *Plaza de los Toros*, in Madrid, will easily seat ten or twelve thousand spectators.

Each bull-fight costs the management about two thousand dollars. But the amphitheater being large, and the attendance almost invariably to fullness the prices are very low. We were surprised to find that our tickets with reserved seats cost only about twenty-five cents of American money.

To be a great bull-fighter in Madrid, is as much the ambition of every able-bodied young man of the class below the nobility in that city, as in Naples it is to be first tenor at San Carlo. And the position, when attained, is as enviable, the emoluments as great, and the personal prestige, with his class, as considerable.

Bull-fighters are divided into four classes. First in rank are the *Espadas*. These are the men who kill the bull after he has been sufficiently baited and worried. The *Espada*, as his name indicates, does his work with the sword, always a weapon of great honor. They are the *Maestros* of the profession, and must possess great agility, strength, and daring, a quick eye, a clear head, and a strong and dexterous wrist. Great skill must also

be possessed by the *Espada*, for the bull according to rule can only receive his death wound from the front, and between the shoulders, and the thrust requires a hair-breadth precision to be successful. And it is not without reason that these fellows lay claim to the title of *Maestro*, for the *Espadas* have each their own school of art. Each one kills the bull in a way as peculiar to himself as ever Mozart composed a symphony, or Raphael painted a great picture.

When a new *Espada* makes his *debut* before an audience, the *dilettanti* watch his performances critically, and approve or condemn according to his supposed merit. If the rising star is the pupil of any well-known artist, they give their respective opinions as to whether he is about to establish an original school, or whether his manner is more or less affected by that of his instructor.

The second class is that of *Banderilleros*, or flingers of barbed darts called *Banderillos*. Swiftmess of foot and dexterity is required in this branch of the art, not greatly short of that of swordsman.

The third class is that of *Picadores*, from the *pica*, or lance, with which they are armed. These latter are the horsemen of the bull-fight. They are padded with cloth and cotton, to save them from the horns of the bull. The business does not rank high, its members being rather looked down upon by those occupying the higher walks of the profession.

The fourth rank is occupied by mere attendants, active and ambitious fellows, it is true, and tenacious of the honor of belonging to a noble calling, yet nevertheless not much respected by their more exalted associates, or even by the public. They are sometimes stigmatized as drunkards.

Every soul connected with a bull-fight, from the *Espada*, with drawn sword in hand, who is to cover himself with glory by killing the bull, down to the boy who

holds the dogs with a string, carries himself jauntily, and takes all the airs of an artist, and, while in the arena, by every step and every feature, invites attention and demands applause.

No Ernani, or Genaro, or Don Giovanni, ever strutted up and down before a silk-robed and jewel-blazing audience of music lovers with more lordly grandeur, or made his bow with greater affectation of merit, than does *Marites*, or *Romeo*, or *El Chiclanero* stalk, sword and flag in hand, about the arena at a bull-fight in Spain.

The driver of the three mules, who at the end of the bloody scene gallops into the arena to drag away the lifeless carcasses, takes care to conduct himself in the performance of his brief part in such a manner as to be repaid, if possible, by the bravos and clappings of the ten thousand art critics who are watching with cultivated eye every step in the affair, with the laudable determination that it shall be performed in accordance with well-settled rules.

The bull-fighter feels himself not degraded, but exalted, by his profession; and demands from all classes of society a consideration due to his merits and the noble character of his calling. Even the Church acknowledges the importance of the institution by bringing to the door of the amphitheater the last consolations of religion. A chapel stands close by the entrance, where the artists repair, just before the fight begins, to confess themselves and receive absolution.

At one o'clock the General and myself took places in an omnibus running through the *Calle de Alcala*. A flaming painted sign, and flag borne upon the top, set forth that the vehicle was then *en route* for the bull-fight.

In a half hour we had crossed the *Prado*, issued out at the city gate, and taken our places at the amphitheater. The bull-ring is without roof or covering,



and is simply a modern amphitheater, from which this amusement is said to have taken its rise.

It is even presided over by a dignitary, in whose honor the games are pretended to be given, and who affects to direct the proceedings in the same manner that Cæsar presided over and directed the gladiatorial sports in the palmy days of Rome. At two o'clock the *funcion* began by what in *circus* parlance would be termed the "Grand Entry."

The doors to the arena were thrown open, and all the performers in the expected drama—swordsmen, horsemen, footmen, mule-drivers, and dog-holders, with their swords, pikes, flags, horses, mules, and dogs—entered, in grand procession, the *Espadas* leading, and the others following in order of rank, and marched around the amphitheater, bowing right and left, and receiving the plaudits of the ten thousand admiring spectators.

The bulls alone were not in this little army of congratulation. Their absence, however, did not appear to be generally observed. Poor creatures! they were understood to be in a pen beneath the building, having sharp goads thrust into their skins for the purpose of working them up to the requisite degree of fury. Having completed the circuit of the arena, the procession passed out by the gate at which it had entered. Then all who were to take part in the fight assumed their places in the arena. Four *picadores*, mounted on horses, with lance in rest, trying to look like knight errants, were stationed around the arena near the barriers; a half dozen *banderilleros* with flags, at intervals between the horsemen, and as many assistants back of these. In the center the *Espada* finally took his place, with all the dignity and lordly concern of a Field Marshal of the first Empire.

As these preparations proceed, showing the early approach of the eventful moment, the audience gradually becomes quiet, and looks at the business going on with

more attention, while I find myself taking shorter breaths and watching the door by which the bulls are expected to enter. I had read various accounts, and heard widely conflicting statements about the Spanish national amusement. From some, that the whole game was a serious farce, followed by a tragedy in which the bull was the only victim, there being no manner of danger to the men. That bulls would not fight, save when driven to the wall or bedeviled with dogs, and then only on the defensive. But I did not have much time to remain in doubt, for while I was gazing anxiously at the door it suddenly came open, and with a bound and a roar a red bull, strong in the shoulder, long-backed, deep-chested, broad-horned, and head and tail high in the air, came bounding into the arena like a wild boar. I do not know what bulls generally may do, whether they are goaded to fight, or fight without being goaded, I know this fellow never so much as stopped to count his enemies, not for a single moment, but fierce as the grizzly bear in pursuit of a flying huntsman, charged down the ring to where a mounted *picador* stood with lance in rest.

Quick as lightning, he stooped his horns, and before a breath could be drawn, horse and rider, lance and flag, were lifted bodily over his head and dropped upon the sand. And there they lay, for the horse was dead, and the rider fast beneath him.

"Down in front," I hear shouted in Spanish from furious throats behind us, for we are new to these scenes, and can not resist the desire to rise up in our places from sheer excitement. We can not sit still, we can scarcely breathe.

The furious beast only stopped while he could survey the field and find other foes to attack.

In less than two minutes all the horses were stretched upon the sand, and every human being, from the chief *Espada* to the lowest assistant, had either vaulted over

the barrier, or were perched upon it ready to escape when necessary.

For the first ten minutes no attack is made upon the bull, but he is allowed to pursue his furious course about the amphitheater, plunging at the horses and ripping them up, or charging the men and driving them over the wall. All stand upon the defensive. During this time the bull appears complete master of the situation. From the moment this one bounded into the arena, until he lay dead upon the sand, he never ceased to fight save while searching for an enemy, and one instant always sufficed for that purpose, for the *banderillero*, who jumps over the barrier at one side, in ten seconds appears in the ring at the opposite, with flag in hand inviting attack. In these dashes which the bull makes at his tormentors, the watchful spectator soon detects a peculiar habit of the animal which is his fatal weakness, and the secret of the possibility for human creatures to cope with him in combat. The flag borne by the bull-fighter is of red cloth, and ten feet in length. This is dexterously caught up in the hand, and held until the approaching animal is within a certain distance, when it is discharged with a twitch directly in his path. The bull is deceived by the roll of cloth at his feet and stopping short in his career, strikes at it with his horns. This moment is a sufficient diversion to enable the bull-fighter to escape, and when the bull presses close upon a flying enemy a flag is thrown before him by an assistant from another quarter, and he invariably stops long enough to lose the victory for the moment. From the first my sympathies were wholly with the bull, and each escape of a matador was an aggravating disappointment. I looked upon the flag trick as a wanton deception put upon the generous beast. When the flying *banderilleros* jumped the fence and escaped with their lives, I felt that the fence had been dishonestly made too low, and that the rules of the combat should require the wretches



to stay in the ring with the bull and fight it squarely out. Against the repeated and indignant protests of the ladies and gentlemen behind me, I constantly stood up in my place, or twisted about with excitement. At each instant my friend, the bull, appeared upon the very point of catching a rascally *banderillero* under the ribs and sending him over his head, and I held my breath with anxious hope, but the poor deceived brute always came a few inches short of the delightful triumph, and turning ferociously to dash at others, allowed the flying wretch to escape. But he never asked a favor nor avoided a contest. Whenever an enemy appeared he struck at him; and to the last, when his heart's blood trickled upon the sand, he did not turn from the foe. At the end of ten minutes the trumpet sounds for the second act, and the *banderilleros* come forward in their turn. Each is armed with a barbed dart, two feet in length, in either hand, and these must be fixed at one stroke in the neck of the bull from the front and over his horns. One at a time they stand before the animal, and meet him in full career. He comes always with a rush, showing that he means life or death, and as he stoops to strike, the agile *banderillero* reaches forward with both arms, passing the barbed darts from the front, between the horns and into the thick hide of the bull's neck. How he gets away without being disemboweled is the mystery of his profession, but he does, and in an instant the bull is seen prancing and shaking his head and neck, with the colored ribbons of the *banderillero* flaunting in the air, sure evidence of the success of the stroke. A moment is allowed for the artist to enjoy the plaudits of the admiring spectators, and then another comes forward to exhibit his skill by placing his colors beside the first, and so on, each one receiving such reward as his success deserves. Sometimes a total or partial failure is made, and no dart, or but one dart, is fastened in the bull's neck. Then the poor artist is

deservedly hissed, and retires with shame from the arena, for the intellectual public of Madrid are not to be lightly trifled with. In ten minutes the neck of the beast is ornamented with ribbons, of red, of orange, of blue and purple, and of party colors. Then, at a signal, the last and great crowning act commences. Conversation ceases in the seats, the careless become attentive, and all is hushed in breathless silence.

With lordly air and sword in hand, the *Espada* takes his place. He is dressed in Spanish breeches, and jacket of crimson velvet and gold. His long black hair is gathered in a bunch at the back of his head, such as is worn by ladies under the name of a waterfall. That, with his smoothly shaven face, imparts to the bull-fighter a peculiarly feminine appearance. With step so light that he appears to spurn the earth, he advances to the center of the arena. Then, turning to the bull, who seems to know by instinct that he is at last face to face with his mortal foe, the *Espada* invites the advance. True to his career, all through the struggle the bull does not hesitate or falter, but rushes upon his enemy with even more fury than before. As he comes, the bull-fighter, with naked sword glistening in the sun, leans forward to receive him. When within five feet, with his left hand he flings a red cloth in the bull's face, who, in accordance with the habit of his race, drops his head to toss the hateful color. Quicker than lightning the bull-killer springs in the face of the brute, and stooping forward between the rising horns, which appear to be almost entering his body, thrusts the sword forward and downward at the back of the bull's neck, and retires flag in hand. The air rings with roars of applauses. The bull-fighter walks slowly away from the bull, bowing again and again to the audience as renewed storms of bravos salute his ears. The sword has disappeared, and the flag alone remains in his hand, and, greater mystery, the bull, but lately so

ferocious, has suddenly become gentle as a spring lamb. He stands in the very spot where he stooped to strike at the red flag, and in almost the same attitude; and, though his foes in scores walk carelessly about him, he moves not to resent the insult. I look sharply for the missing sword, and at last find only the hilt. This is resting securely between the bull's shoulders—the four feet of glittering steel, avoiding walls of muscle and projecting arches of bone, and following some secret path known only to the bull-fighter, has gone down between the shoulders and is buried deep in the creature's heart. And, even while I look, a tremor passes through his frame, and, sinking upon his knees, yields the fight. Another blast of the trumpet, and an artist of lower degree advances with a heavy hunting-knife, and wins his little share of honor by finishing the work, driving its point with one downward blow back of the bull's head and dividing the spine. The head drops, and the bull is dead. Now comes the muleteer with his team, three abreast, and bedecked with ribbons. They gallop in and out, and in ten minutes the horses and the bull are artistically removed, and the arena prepared for the admission of another victim. Six bulls in all, and twenty horses, were slain that Sunday afternoon; but, I am almost sorry to say, no men. This done, the second act of the *funcion* commenced. This was a sham bull-fight for the benefit of the boys. Eight bulls, similar to those already killed, but with their horns padded, were led into the arena, one after another, and the boys of Madrid were let in with them to the number of five hundred. This is done to develop bull-fighting taste and talent. There was, perhaps, scarcely a male spectator resident of Madrid present who had not at some time of his life been in the ring with a bull. These boys were between the ages of eleven and sixteen, and showed a degree of skill in baiting the bull and keeping out of his way that would have

been creditable to the regular *espadas* or *banderilleros*. They had no arms, not even so much as the red flags; but took off their jackets and flung them in the bull's face. Now and then he would catch one of the little fellows upon his well-padded horns and toss him high in the air, or carry him in his career a hundred feet around the ring, but never to the boy's harm, and, when dropped, the little fellow would be upon his feet with the agility of a cat, and over to the other side to meet the bull as he would come racing furiously around the barrier and at him again. While this was going on night closed in upon the scene. But the boys insisted upon the full number of bulls promised to them in the bills, and so, in the shadowy evening, we could see a crowd of dark bodies rushing from one side of the ring to the other, or parting asunder as the bull would dash among his tormentors. But the audience of ten thousand spectators retained their places. They had paid, and obtained the right to stay. Cigars are lighted with wax matches, which are being struck all around the amphitheater, each flashing brightly for a moment, and then going out, while others are being lighted, looking like a swarm of fire-flies on a summer evening in America. At eight o'clock the last bull has been teased by the last boy, and a sound of trumpets dismiss the people to their homes. Getting into a carriage we pass slowly through the city gate, and with the crowd across the Prado, and take our way to the *Puerta del Sol*.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CALIPHATE OF CORDOVA.

THE country from Madrid to the mountains, called the Sierra Morena, is wild and deserted to a degree approaching portions of New Mexico. That it is thinly populated, is but the natural result of the poverty of the soil. No trees, no cultivation, and but few habitations relieve the everlasting monotony of the country, which has been very appropriately called "the eternal plains of La Mancha." Occasionally upon the brow of some hill, perhaps miles away, we could see a lazy shepherd with his long pike, attending, or being attended by—for it is hard to tell which—a flock of the beautiful merino sheep of the country. We stopped at Argamasilla de Alba, but not long enough to visit the village, the very center of the scene of Don Quixote's exploits, and where the good knight lived and died. All through La Mancha, the poor people believe in the actual existence of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The Venta de Quesada, the Puerto Lapiche, and the famous windmills are all pointed out at Argamasilla, and their identity fully believed in. But this sad and deserted country, for one hundred and fifty miles to the Sierra Morena, needs all its romance, and all the poetry of the past, to redeem it from the suspicion of being a desert waste, unfitted for human abode. The railroad had been finished but a short time from Madrid through, and we had the good fortune to be among the first drawn by the iron horse, over the road so often



traversed in romance by the champion of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso and his faithful Squire.

Twice we were obliged to get out, and walk around unfinished bridges over the Guadiana, while the cars were pushed over, one at a time. From Argamasilla to Vilches, about sixty miles, the railway runs through no less than twelve tunnels, varying from 300 to 2,500 feet each. Yet it has been accomplished, and that, too, by the Spanish—a people laying but little claim to any thing resembling American energy.

But La Mancha is not a fair specimen of Spain, the California of Europe. For in a few minutes after leaving Vilches itself in the edge of Andalusia, we were whirled to the brow of the mountain, and the valleys of the Guadalquivir were spread out before us. Soon we began to pass groves of olive-trees, and hedges of aloes. We were in the land of the date, the olive, and the pomegranate. At the foot of the mountain, and close to the village of Vilches, we were shown the ground where the Christian armies, under the kings of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre, had routed the Mussulman infidels of Mohammed Nassr. The sun shone bright and warm upon the fluttering olive leaves close by, while afar off toward the river, bathed in light, we could see the tops of the date-trees piercing the air, each surmounted by its elegant palm tuft. Well might the hostile forces fight for such a prize as Andalusia, the Paradise of the Moors.

At three o'clock we were in Cordova. There are two hotels in the town, one the Fonda de Suiza, and the other the Fonda de Rizzi. Each had a wagon at the station to carry passengers back and forth. We took the Fonda de Suiza, and repented it when too late, as possibly we would have done had we gone to the Fonda de Rizza. But I think it could not have been quite so bad as the one we went to. The Fonda de Suiza, is kept by a half Swiss, half Italian, who speaks both French and English. I

find, as a rule, that it is better to stop with the natives of a country. Foreign hotel-keepers in Europe depend upon the custom of travelers. The temptation for innkeepers to cheat persons with whom they deal for the first and last time is great. A Spanish hotel-keeper in Spain, has Spanish custom, generally Spanish prices, and occasionally a Spanish reputation for honesty to uphold and support. He seldom has a stranger in his house, and does not think of charging him more than another. The others are apt to have a separate price for each guest, dependent upon his appearance and the probability of what he will stand.

But how shall I describe Cordova! The city that has most of all surprised me; the city, the least European of all the cities in Europe. Of great antiquity, it was a place of importance in the palmy days of Rome. Cæsar Augustus built the bridge which to this day spans the sparkling waters of the Guadalquivir, and promises to cross safely the gentle and sure-footed asses of Cordova back and forth any time this thousand years to come. But it is to Islam that Cordova owes all her glories. When the fiery companions of the prophet had borne the Crescent from the Euphrates to the pillars of Hercules, they did not weep like Alexander, but courageously turned north in search of other worlds to conquer—invited, it is said, by a traitorous Christian to the country, they soon overran it completely, and here at Cordova the Moorish conquerors established their capital. Its history from this time, how it grew in wealth and power, until the chief seat of the Mohammedan Caliphate was established on the banks of the Guadalquivir, where commerce was fostered, manufacturers encouraged, and art nursed into life and vigor till the schools of Cordova were the Oxfords and Yales, its traders and manufacturers, the merchant princes and leather lords of the world, is a story too often repeated to require more than mention. But how could it have been, I asked myself time and again, as I wandered

about its deserted streets and ruined palaces and gardens. I had heard of all this, and as all do in such cases, had formed some idea of what the place was like. Has the reader ever seen a picture of the interior of Damascus, with its streets just wide enough for two donkeys to meet and pass, with its square unornamented dead walls for the fronts of the buildings, a cobbler or a merchant sitting at his business in a little nook dug out of the side, or against the wall, just as a man would sit in a large packing-box turned on its side? Such is Cordova.

From the railroad station to the hotel, we passed the whole distance through streets so narrow that not even a man could have passed the little narrow wagon without getting into a doorway. In many places the thick walls were cut out in a sort of furrow five or six inches deep to let the hubs of the wagons pass through. There are not three streets in all Cordova, that a man could not traverse by stepping from one house-top to the other across them. An active man could walk all over town in that way. I tried the width of many, and found that by standing in the middle, and stretching out my arms, I could reach at once each wall with my hands. The streets thus narrow are paved with stone, and run in every possible direction, up hill and down, right and left, with no more order than so many cow-paths. The houses, as originally built by the Moors, presented to the street, with the exception of the door, an unbroken dead wall. No windows opened upon the street. The door was a strong oaken affair, covered with iron, and closed the place up like a prison. But if the outside was forbidding, it was very different with the interior. The whole center fronted upon a courtyard, around which were galleries, made light and airy by arches and columns of the unique style of the Arabic architecture. Here delicious and cooling fountains gurgled and spurted over shells and pebbles, around which blossomed the orange, the pomegranate, and the jasmine.



And here, surrounded by the bright-eyed houris of his terrestrial paradise, the true believer obtained a foretaste of that higher bliss that awaited the faithful after a life spent in following the precepts of the Koran. But the mighty forces of Christendom rolled back with the returning tide, and the faith and followers of Mohammed were submerged beneath its gathering waves. In 1236, after Cordova had been for five hundred years the center of Islam's power, wealth, and learning in the West, the blessed St. Ferdinand led his invincible hosts within its walls, and again placed the triumphant Cross where the Crescent had so long defied the Christians of Castile. The Moor is gone, but his house has simply changed occupants. The houses of Cordova are still the houses of the Mussulman that has passed away. A few enterprising Spaniards have opened windows on the street, but it is rarely a house has more than one, and that cut with no regard to external appearances, but entirely to suit the convenience of the occupant of the room it is intended to light. The strong iron-bound door still guards the entrance, but it is seldom closed. In fact it was probably the same when the Moors occupied the houses. But an inner door, set back about fifteen or twenty feet from the outer one, and at the inner edge of the front wing of the house, is kept locked. This is invariably made of iron lattice open work, wrought into fanciful devices, and looking at night, when the light, always kept burning in this court, shines upon it, like wire lace. This lace door is strong, but does not in the least prevent the passengers in the street from seeing all that is in the court-yard. And here the Cordovan spends all his taste and much of his money. The orange and banana trees, and all sorts of handsome vines and flowers are trained around the central fountain so as to make a tableau as seen through the open work door, a perpetual living picture of fruit and flowers. It is astonishing how much taste can be displayed in this

way. I found myself stopping at each door and gazing through the frame at the little garden, and often I walked in and up to the iron door. What I at first feared would be considered rude, I found to be taken rather as a compliment paid to the taste of the family.

At night we walked out, it being bright moonlight. But in a town built with no regard to the outside world there appears to be little temptation to wander forth. Our footsteps ringing upon the pavement, and echoing against the stone walls, was the only sound that broke the perfect stillness. It was unpleasant at times. Both strangers, and in a city that was very different from what we had expected to find it, and from any that either of us had ever seen, I thought of some of the adventures of *Sinbad the Sailor*, and especially of cities that had been enchanted, the inhabitants and all living creatures either put to sleep till some one should discover a charm for waking them, or turned into statues of stone. Occasionally a man walking alone would turn a sharp corner and come into view directly in our path. My heart would fly up into my throat. It must be a robber, the sleepless ghost of some ill-treated Moor, or, in fact, any thing but just what it was, a decent citizen going home from business. When this occurred I doubled my fist as the stranger approached, and picked out a place under the ear where I resolved to hit him upon the slightest demonstration of a hostile character. But the poor Cordovan upon seeing us back up against the wall in a suspicious manner appeared generally as badly frightened as either of us, and would get by and hurry off along the wall as fast as he could. Once, upon seeing us prepared for defense, a fellow turned back and hurried off the other way, probably taking us for robbers.

After threading our way for an hour or two through the winding and narrow streets, each as silent and apparently as deserted as the side avenue of a cemetery,

we came upon the sound of the guitar. It proceeded from the court of a small house just at a cross street. We looked in at the door. A woman was playing upon one of those short-stringed instruments in use in the country, looking much like pictures we see of the ancient mandoline. Five or six other women, and two men, seated about the room, were keeping time to the music by striking together two flat pieces of wood held in the palm of each hand. They were evidently respectable people; but not of the wealthy class. They invited us to enter, which we at first declined; but, upon being warmly pressed to do so, consented, and were given chairs near the door. Directly one of the women began to sing a wild sort of Spanish song. The others all beat time by clapping together the pieces of wood or castanets. This was followed by dancing. The Spanish dance is as different from all other dancing as its music is wild and peculiar. But one couple takes the floor at a time. The dancing is done by swinging the body and moving the arms about the air with more or less grace. The feet are used just enough to move slowly about the room, taking little short steps in tune with the music. The swaying of the body and waving of the arms is all that is thought of, and upon the skill or grace with which this is done depends the success of the dance. It follows that none but tall, graceful girls, can dance well their native Spanish dances. In waving the arms about, the castanets are constantly used, not only by the dancer, but by the lookers-on. Most residents of American cities have seen the Spanish dance as performed at the theaters. But, except in dress and the use of the castanets, the cachucha, and the dances generally performed as Spanish, have not the least resemblance to this. Here the feet play so little part in the dance that they might almost be dispensed with. We sat for a half hour greatly amused, and then went our way.

A short walk brought us to the gate which leads to the bridge. Passing through it by the permission of the guard, first getting a promise that he would not shut us out, we walked out upon this stone memento of Roman power.

Built by Augustus, it seems, with its broad passageway of forty feet in width, to bridge over the whole gap in history, the dark ages and mediæval fogs that lie between this day of steam-engines and industrial greatness and that of tramping cohorts and cars of triumph. The bridge would have been built no wider and no more substantial if built to-day, with unlimited means at command. Yet, during fifteen hundred or more years of its duration, the laden ass has passed over its spacious surface, to enter the streets of a great city, feeling his way along the center stone to avoid damaging the burden against projecting walls.

At the center of the bridge stands a statue of St. Raphael, the patron and protector of Cordova. Passing this, we leaned over the parapet and watched the waters of the Guadalquivir sparkling in the moonlight as they rippled along in their way to the sea. Facing the town, we could see on the left of the bridge the walls of the Alcazar Gardens, with its four commanding towers, where the caliph had walked beneath the pomegranate groves and predicted the everlasting duration of his empire. If from these walls the commander of the faithful, as is claimed by Arabian tradition, could count two hundred thousand dwellings, eighty thousand palaces, and nine hundred baths, it was but a pardonable vanity to believe that no human power could subvert his authority. But he is gone, and with him all that was his, and still the old bridge stands firm and strong as the day the Roman mason rapped his trowel upon the last stone. It has outlived Cæsar and Alaric; it has survived whole lines of Arabian caliphs with queer names, and may be a good

bridge when the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons are no more.

At the end stands the Mosque of Cordova, with its vast Moorish tower, from which the muezzin for more than five hundred years summoned the pious Mussulmans of the city to prayer. Returning from the bridge, it stands on the right of the narrow street, while the Alcazar Gardens and ruined palace occupies the left. The holy zeal of its Christian captors has done much to deprive it of its peculiar character. But without total demolition it was impossible to make it other than a palace of Oriental marvels. Such structures can only be described by architects to architects. Read the story of Aladdin's palace on a summer's evening, and go to sleep. You may dream of this, or another as good. One peculiarity about Moorish architecture is the power of giving vast room and producing fine effects, without what would, in all other styles, be considered the necessary height. The Mosque at Cordova is 540 feet long by 387 feet in breadth. This is one of the largest buildings in Europe, and yet it is no more than thirty-five feet from the floor to the roof.

Of the strictly Mohammedan portion, one small room, or chapel, nearly circular in form and thirteen feet in diameter, alone was spared by the conquerors. It was the *Mih-rab*, or sanctum. In it was kept the pulpit of *Al-Hakem*, the finest in the Moslem world. It was all of ivory and precious woods and stones, inlaid and fastened with golden nails, and cost one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In it was kept the famous copy of the Koran, made by *Othman* and rendered doubly precious by being stained with his blood. The pulpit and relics are gone, but the jasper columns at the entrance, the arabesque work of its rich vaulted roof, and the splendid pavement, still remain. It was the custom for the faithful to prostrate themselves before the pulpit and pass around it upon the knees seven times. The trench



worn in the marble floor and against its stone sides by the knees of the zealous, though discontinued for six hundred years and more, is not less than four inches deep and eighteen inches wide.

Between the front of the church and the tower, formerly the muezzin but now the belfry, is the Court of Oranges. It is simply a garden in which fountains spirt clear water, and where the lazy Cordovans sit all day and half the night beneath the grove of orange, date, and pomegranate trees.

At eleven o'clock we returned to our hotel. If the town was dead at seven when we started out, when we returned home it appeared to have been buried. The lamps that had shone behind the laced doors, lighting up the court, with its background of oranges and palm leaves, were extinguished. The thin moonlight struggling through the narrow opening between the projecting roofs overhead enabled us to pick our way. With a hand upon each wall and talking in a low tone about Haroun-al-Raschid, his Grand Vizier, and their nocturnal prowlings about Bagdad, we returned to the Fonda de Luiza.

In the morning we were up at seven o'clock, and out for a stroll in the Alcazar Gardens. The word *Alcazar* appears to be the name applied in Andalusia to all Moorish palaces. Each city in which that people formerly resided has its Alcazar. That of Cordova is almost entirely ruined and gone to decay. The archbishop of the province occupies a small portion connected with his palace. The corner towers are in tolerable preservation, but overgrown with weeds, brambles, and often trees of considerable size. The baths, where the bright-eyed ladies of the caliph's seraglio were wont to disport in the clear water taken from the Guadalquivir, are now devoted to the ignoble purpose of raising carp for the dainty palates of the epicures of Seville.

The gardens, which contain more than twenty acres of

land, and where in Moorish times the earth scorned to give life to trees ranking beneath the mellow orange or the juicy pomegranate, are now the scene of a constantly renewed struggle, often doubtful in its results, between noxious weeds on the one hand and vulgar cabbages and beets on the other. Yet much that is rich and elegant and ancient remains. The Alcazar is an ordinary vegetable garden. A stone aqueduct laid in cement as hard as marble conducts the water of the river along the wide avenue, shaded its whole length by pomegranate-trees. All among the radishes and cauliflowers stand orange-trees covered with glowing fruit, and lemons, and occasionally the graceful date, while the walls and donjons are almost hidden from view by gigantic fig-trees. Of the orange-trees four are shown that stood when the Moors still possessed the land, and from which the caliph had gathered fruit.

The owner of the gardens, Señor Perez, told us that only last summer a prince from Morocco had visited Cordova, the land of his ancestors, and upon seeing the aged orange-trees he had embraced them with his arms, sobbing, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, lamenting the loss of such a Paradise. The young infidel, as I afterward learned, on the same occasion went to the cathedral, prostrated himself in the sanctuary of the Mih-rab, and on his knees seven times made the circuit, sighing and praying, and sobbing like a child. It was Muley Abbas, brother of the present Emperor of Morocco. His ancestors had created all this splendor, and it was lost. But the devout fathers who now possess the Mosque, observed with pardonable satisfaction, and related with pious glee, that the degenerate barbarian could not read the Cufic inscriptions on the walls of the sanctuary.

Of all the arts that rendered Cordova so famous, not one is now carried on within her walls. At Toledo sword-making is still continued with considerable skill



and vigor; but the cordwainers of England and America, have probably known for many years that the city, which by her excellence in the art gave a name to their calling, no longer is capable of manufacturing leather worthy of being exported and scarcely of being worn. I asked a shoemaker in Cordova where the best leather was made. He answered, with apparent surprise at my ignorance, that no good leather could be made except in France, and that it all came from Marseilles. Still a very inferior yellow leather is, I believe, manufactured in the vicinity. If Captain Miles Standish lived to-day, instead of wearing boots of Cordovan leather, he would probably walk about in Oxford ties and strapped-down gaiters.

The narrow streets of Cordova will forever prevent the introduction of wagons to any considerable extent. There are no carriages in use, and I saw but two omnibuses on wheels in the place. Donkeys not much larger than dogs are the universal carriers. A single line of stone a foot wide, laid in the very center of the street, is the pathway which these little creatures are taught to follow. This prevents them striking the sides of the houses along the line of march. These stones are worn down by this constant plodding, as if guttered out by design. Just as the young Oregonian refuses to walk, but must have his horse, so in Cordova the gayest youth mounts his donkey and jogs away on his errand, whether it be of love or business.

The houses of Cordova are all low but well built. The Moors seldom built over one story high, even in palaces. The whole ground occupied by a Moorish residence was inclosed by a stone wall of equal height, and corresponding exactly with the appearance of the house. In fact, all that was presented to the passer in the street was an immense wall with but one opening, which was the well-guarded door. Against these inside or garden walls oranges were trained, and ripened in the warm sun.

In Cordova no building appears to have been done since

the Moors left. Simple adaptations were all that was required for the constantly diminishing population. Each man's garden-wall, being twenty-five feet high, so completely shuts the family off from observation, that I suspect habits of seclusion, similar to those of the Moors with their harems, must have grown up among their successors. The few windows that have been opened upon the street are invariably high above the ground, quite beyond the possibility of reach or observation, and are all railed or caged in with rod iron, strong and secure enough to be so many prison windows. That a continued residence in such houses would result in making families dread and avoid observation, appears to be inevitable.

No provision seems to have been made for shops or stores in the sense understood by us. But each little stand is dug out from the wall. The stores are remote from each other, often one whole block possessing but one shop. In fact, it appeared to us that instead of trying to get together, as in our country, the traders and mechanics avoided each other and sought the most out-of-the-way and unfrequented places for the display of their wares. But in a town so completely dead as Cordova, I might possibly have mistaken for an unfrequented place the busiest mart in the city.

Like all Spanish towns, dead or living, the inevitable Plaza de los Toros, or bull amphitheater, is found just without the walls. I verily believe that when the population shall be reduced to one solitary Spaniard, he will be found on Sunday at the bull-ring, looking at the vacant arena.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SEVILLE AND THE GIRALDA.

THE trip from Cordova to Seville is made in about four hours by express train. The road follows the Guadalquivir the whole distance, crossing it to the south side, upon which the city is situated, a quarter of an hour before entering the city.

We, by accident, had the company from Madrid down of an American gentleman of Philadelphia, traveling with two sisters. His deliberate judgment, all the way from the capital to Seville, expressed alike in the plains of La Mancha, upon the Sierra Morena, and in the valleys of Andalusia, was that the country was one vast barren waste, a mere desert, unfit for human habitation. He was an intelligent, well-informed person.

The Californians of the party, on the other hand, saw in the whole country a perfect terrestrial paradise, lacking nothing but a good government to make it the home of the most favored of all the nations of the earth. It was another California. At every mile of the road, one or the other was exclaiming, Here is Napa Valley; there is Santa Cruz, San José, or the mountains of the Coast Range. If the residents of any of the valleys I have named could be set down by supernatural power on the banks of the Guadalquivir, he would be some time in discovering that he was away from his own home. A ruined castle upon the brow of some distant mountain, or a skin-clad shepherd hard by, tending his flocks, would alone lead to inquiry. The villages are as much like an

old California Mission as mud and straw, and open bell towers, with rope-tied creaky bells and white-washed walls can make them. The olive-trees at a distance would pass for California oaks, and close by for willows. The yellow-topped mountains, with golden sides to the sun, as innocent of trees as the hills of Alameda, and as much like them as one of the Alameda hills is like another, would go far to assure the Californian that he was in his own valleys.

All this accounts for the location of particular nationalities in America.

When the Pennsylvania and Tennessee farmers first beheld the fertile prairies of Illinois, they decided them to be so much waste space lost to agriculture. If trees would not grow, nothing would. It was a bold man that first resolved to put the plowshare under the turf, now the great agricultural soil of the Northwest. No Spanish-American ever doubted the productiveness of the California valleys. Yet thousands of good American farmers returned to the Atlantic States in 1851 in the firm belief that no grain could be grown west of the Rocky Mountains. In short, each people is almost sure to think that a country differing from their own is an unproductive desert. The English colonists came from a country of fogs, rains, winter-blasts, and especially from a land abounding in forests. They found in New England and Virginia such a land as they had left. Had their ships been wafted to Mexico or California, they would have found no rest. The land to them would have been a wilderness—a desert. The Spaniard came to Mexico and found a new Spain. As far as the type of soil and climate extended, they pursued their conquests, and with the trees and rains of Oregon they stopped. All beyond was an uninhabitable desert. Had Cortez or Pizarro entered Massachusetts or Chesapeake Bays, or the river of Hudson, they would have sailed speedily away from

the inhospitable shores back to Spain, where alone men could live.

In a dozen places we recognized *fac similes* of the hills that divide Petaluma from Sonoma Creek, and as frequently those that bound the valleys of Napa and Sonoma. Sacramento river and valley will be another Guadalquivir in time. The resemblance is so much as to require but little to complete the portrait. Here in Spain there are no fences, while on the Sacramento no ruined castles nor closely-packed villages add antiquity to the scene. Hedges of aloes divide the fields of Spain the one from another. The cactus, known as the prickly pear, is also much used for hedges. And in this may be traced to its very home a custom of the old Californians. The Missions are hedged with the same identical Andalusian cactus, brought by the pious priests from the south of Spain.

The abundance of olive-trees all through this country is amazing. For hours the train thunders along at a twenty-five mile rate through almost uninterrupted groves of this useful tree. They are kept trimmed down, so that the stock is allowed to be only about seven feet high. An olive-tree in Spain does not cover more ground than an apple-tree in America. This is different from their treatment at the Missions, where they are permitted to grow to the natural height and shape. Between the trees grain or grass is cultivated in the proper season. The plow used by the Andalusian peasants is that of the Basque provinces and Old Castile—a bar of iron fastened to a long pole, with a straight stock for a handle. The earth produces richly even after being insulted by this rude husbandry.

At two o'clock we were at Seville, described by the guide-book as “an ancient city of Spain with a population of one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants, situated in an immense plain on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, which separates it from the village of Triana.” We put

up at the *Fonda de Madrid*, a good Spanish house kept by honest men.

Seville is the jolliest little place in Europe. Full of life, bustle, and gayety. Though "the Figaro of the opera" is dead and his shop occupied by a carpenter; and Count Almaviva and Rosina, an old toothless couple, feeding upon posset and telling their rosaries twenty times a day—yet Seville is still the Seville of the play. You see Rosina's grand-daughter, accompanied by her duenna, at every turn of the narrow streets, slipping home from church, with a corner of the veil just raised high enough to show a black eye, ready always to receive a compliment or a gilt-edged billet, and with the answer written or unwritten prepared in her bosom. You meet twenty Figaros in a half-hour's walk, not barbers, but men-of-all-work—bull-fighters, in fact, as often as any thing else, but dressed in gay Spanish dress, with jaunty velvet hats, cocked on the head, and short, dark jackets, tripping along and making you think that, if they opened their mouths, it would be to carol *Largo al factotum, tra la la, tra la la*. There is nothing slow or monotonous in Seville. Everybody walks fast, talks fast, and laughs loud and gayly. The streets are narrow—sometimes, in fact, narrower than those of Cordova—but it takes the inhabitants so much less time to cross them.

The houses are built with beautiful courts on the Moorish plan, where fountains play, and oranges and pomegranates and bananas grow, but they are not prisons. Instead of one grated window here to be opened as in that city, each house has all the windows that can be made in its front walls. And as if this was not enough, all project at least a foot from the front making a little bay, where the ladies sit with their backs to the street, pretending to be engaged at some affair that draws their attention within; but nothing passes the house that they do not see. A side glance takes in the whole street as far



as it extends, and they know who is worth looking at, long before the approaching passer thinks he has been observed. In that part of the town occupied by the most respectable people, the streets are from four and a half to seven feet wide. The projecting windows enable people living in opposite houses to converse, and, if they desire, often to shake hands with each other across the street. The houses are generally three stories high, but the second floor is the one occupied by the family. How any young man could live in the town and not sing under the window of his lady-love, I can not see. The whole atmosphere, the houses, the projecting windows not eight feet above the ground, nor ten from where a man would stand to lean against the opposite house, the eternal summer evenings, all suggest the idea of making love in the open air. It is certainly no trespass to play or sing on the opposite side of the street from the family mansion of one's lady-love. A lover could not well get farther away. Yet in Seville, at that distance, he can hear the faintest whisper from his lady's window.

The first evening after our arrival we strolled about the place till a late hour, but we met no serenading parties. If Don Giovanni was abroad, it was not in musical guise that he figured for the evening. But we discovered an odd custom of courting at the windows of the houses. We passed at least a dozen well-dressed cavaliers standing at windows and conversing in a low tone through the grating. The quarter and the appearance of the houses indicated the inmates to be the best people of Seville. But the night was pleasant, the moon shone brightly and the air was balmy: why should not the youths of Seville stand at the window for an hour or two and talk to the unseen lady at the iron-bound window of the darkened parlor?

Seville is the best built of all the towns in Spain. While the streets are wonderfully narrow the houses are



well preserved, modern in appearance, and painted and decorated with great taste. All the houses of any pretension are built with courts in the Arabian style, and separated from the streets by vestibules faced with black and white marble. The vestibule is fifteen or twenty feet deep and leads to the court, from which it is separated by a door of iron-laced or latticed work, as is the case with those at Cordova. In the construction of these doors the mechanics exercise all their skill, and some of them are marvels of delicacy. In the court is shown the taste of the owner in grouping his trees, flowers, and fountain so as to show a handsome tableau through the door and vestibule.

The kings of Spain have, in times gone by, been at considerable pains in the invention of titles of honor to bestow upon certain cities and provinces, as cheap rewards for acts of loyalty or devotion. Cuba, it will be remembered, rejoices in the high sounding title of the "Ever loyal and ever faithful Island of Cuba." And by this title it must be addressed and referred to in all royal decrees and official acts or correspondence.

So it is with most if not all the principal cities of Spain. Each has some special title applied to its name. San Sebastian is called, "the very noble and very faithful." Madrid rejoices in the same, with the addition of "imperial, crowned, and heroic." When Alphonso the Wise was engaged in war with Don Sancho, his son, all his towns left him, one by one, leaving only Seville, which remained faithful to the last. In gratitude the monarch conferred upon her the title of *Muy noble, muy leal, muy heroico y invencible*, and added, as a device, a monogram of the letters N. O. and D. O., with a skein of silk between. The Sevillians call this *El-Nodo*, but it is said to be a corruption of the words *no me ha dejado*—She has not abandoned me. This monogram may be seen on all the monuments, walls, gates, and public places of

Seville, sometimes cut in stone, again painted on wood or worked in silk, wool, or cloth of gold.

Seville is at the head of ship navigation on the Guadalquivir. Although some distance from the sea, a goodly number of ships and steamers lie at its port. The Sevillian guides claim for it the credit of having been the place from which Columbus, Cortez, and Francisco Pizarro sailed on their respective adventures; and I should, on their authority, have made the statement, had not an intelligent Englishman, resident of Jerez, assured me that such was not the case as to Columbus, but that he sailed from Mogues, a place some forty miles from Séville, and on another river. Those who have more convenient access to books than a traveler by express trains, can look the matter up for themselves. Of this I am sure, however, that there are no greater liars to be found than the rascals who live by showing strangers the sights of European cities. And if Seville has no better proof of her claim upon Cortez and Pizarro than upon the great Admiral, I should doubt if they ever saw the place.

But if there is doubt about the connection of these worthies with Seville, there is another name great in the arts, in which she may justly take pride. Here was born, reared, and died, the painter Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo. The school of Seville, which sprang up with the *renaissance* of art, boasted the names of Juan Sanchez de Castro, Francisco Zurbaran, Agustin and Juan del Castillo, and finally reached its great glory and culminating point in Seville's favorite—the “painter of virgins and children.” When Murillo died, the light was extinguished, and painting was a lost art in Seville. Seville is the second city in Spain, and having been the home of Murillo, is entitled to the possession of his works. But they are being, by royal decrees, carried away to Madrid, one at a time, and will doubtless finally all settle there. There are now left but twenty-four in the museum,

four in a gallery called "La Caridad," two or three in the cathedral, and as many in the palace of the Duke de Montpensier, the Queen's brother-in-law. What are left, the poor Sevillians claim to be the "Maestro's" best works, as they would do, no doubt, if they were all gone but one. A statue of the painter stands in one of the public squares, and is, I believe, the only statue outside of the churches in Seville. In fact, Seville lives by Murillo. His fame is the breath of her nostrils. His biography is exposed for sale at every book-stand; and pictures of him and of his pictures are offered for sale by all photographers and print-sellers. The house where he lived and died vies with the cathedral and Plaza de los Toros for public notice and attraction.

In the way of architecture, Seville boasts of her cathedral as second to none but that of St. Peter's at Rome. It certainly is large and elaborately ornamented, covering an immense area, and capable of holding all the people Seville will ever be likely to send as regular attendants upon services within its sacred walls. If the true test of the value of a church be its capacity to accommodate the congregation, my judgment is that this establishment is as good as it can be. But my knowledge of architecture being exceedingly limited, I am constrained to stop my criticism of the structure at that point.

A marble slab in the floor marks the burial-place of Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the great discoverer. It appears that the son, more fortunate than the father, is popularly supposed to have been rich enough to leave a large sum of money and a library to the cathedral, and thus secure a tomb within its sacred precincts. At the foot of the stone are the words: "*A Castilla y a Leon, Nuevo Mundo dio Colon.*"

At one corner of the cathedral stands a bell-tower, known in Seville as the Giralda. This tower is the pride of the city. It is supposed to be especially identified

with its prosperity and with its misfortunes. Murillo has painted a picture of it, supported on either side by one of two patron saints of Seville; and the picture hangs in the museum—a patriotic gift from the master to his native city. Its name is derived from the Spanish word *girar*, to turn, and comes from a colossal statue of Faith, used as a weathercock at the summit. The Giralda is worthy of all the pride and praise of its enthusiastic admirers in Seville. It was built nine hundred years ago by an Arabian caliph for a muezzin tower, from the top of which true believers were called to prayer. It is in the square Moorish style, and three hundred and fifty feet high. From its lofty summit, the city and valley of the Guadalquivir, for fifty miles in every direction, can easily be seen. It is ascended by a spiral-inclined plane of brick, up which the visitor can mount by an almost imperceptible grade. The Emperor, Charles V., ascended it on horseback when he visited it—not a difficult feat if one had the horse. I would have gone up on a donkey, if permission could have been obtained.

After the Giralda, the “House of Pilate” is the one most visited by strangers. It appears that some centuries ago a certain nobleman, the Duke de Alcala, was Spanish ambassador at Rome, and that during his term he paid a visit to the Holy Places in the East. While there he took a fancy to build in Seville an exact *fac simile* of the house of Pontius Pilate. This resolution he speedily carried out, and the building I refer to is the result. It is large and fine, having cost in its construction and decoration an almost fabulous sum of money. The first question put to each stranger in the city is, “Have you been to the House of Pilate?” It is in the style of the Moorish houses in Seville, having the marble columns and horse-shoe arches of that order, and is embellished with the arabesque ornaments upon wall and ceiling so common in Cordova. The house is kept in precisely the same state

that the house of Pilate was in when the Saviour was tried and condemned. The court is adorned with busts in marble of not less than twenty Roman emperors, commencing with Cæsar Octavius, and including several of the Lower Empire. This may appear like an anachronism, but that is not my fault. On the right is the room where Judas received his thirty pieces of silver, and the very table is shown upon which they were counted out. Next, the court-room where the trial was had; and above, in a little wire cage, stands a painted representation of the cock supposed to have sounded the signal for the denial of his Master by Peter. Just without the door stands a jasper cross, which marks the end of a path of the exact length of that followed by the Redeemer when bearing his cross from the tribunal to Mount Calvary. The path traverses a considerable part of the city, ending at another cross called the Cruz del Campo. The several stations—fourteen in all—where occurred the various events of the sorrowful march, as recorded in Catholic tradition, are all marked by appropriate monuments.

The Spanish, like the French Government, retains a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of tobacco. In Paris the Imperial tobacco stores front almost every street and boulevard in the capital. In Spain, postage-stamps and snuff, stamped paper for legal documents and “fine cut,” are bought invariably of the same person and over the same counter. At Seville, I went to the post-office to post a letter. “You can not buy a stamp here,” said the polite clerk; “you must go to the place where such things are kept. Any tobacco shop will furnish you with them.” I accordingly dropped in at the first shop of that description, stamped my letter, and dropped it in a locked box kept for the purpose.

Seville contains the most extensive government tobacco factory on the Peninsula. It is an old monastery, most extensive in its dimensions, and stands between the palace



of the Duke de Montpensier, and the celebrated Alcazar, or residence of the Moorish kings of the country. We visited the place. The works, like all in Spain, are of the most primitive character. No steam is used, but mules furnish all the power necessary to propel the rude machinery, by which snuff and cigarrito material is reduced to the required fineness. The rolling of cigarritos, the folding of paper boxes, and putting up of the tobacco generally is done by girls. There are employed in the establishment at Seville not less than five thousand women, besides one thousand men. We passed hastily through the snuff department and chopping works, to the room where the women were putting up the tobacco, as that is thought to be the most interesting. The rooms are about six in number, and take up each the whole floor of a wing of this extensive building. We expected to find the operators seated at tables, well dressed, and looking orderly and neat, as would be the case in such an establishment in America, were one in operation; but upon opening the door, our ears were saluted by a perfect babel of discordant sounds, the predominant one of which was the squalling of babies.

The first room contained, we were told, one thousand operatives. We thought there must be more, judging from the number of infants, and could account for the apparent discrepancy only by assuming each to be the mother of twins. The last floor was crowded to its utmost possible limit by women and children of all ages, from infants in arms to those of eight years old. A majority of the women upon the floor were young, mostly under twenty years old. There they sat working away for dear life. The baby generally laid in the mother's lap, who gave it a swinging motion with her knees, while she rolled the paper around the tobacco as rapidly as possible. The larger children were either standing by the mother or about the room, as no playing appeared to be allowed

by the authorities. As we passed through the long central passage, almost every hand was extended and a supplication made for alms. The poor creatures get but about twenty cents per day for the hardest day's labor. All begged, almost without exception—the young and pretty with a smile intended to be winning, the old with the habitual look of sorrow and distress so naturally assumed by all the poor of this country, when the *rôle* of mendicant is to be enacted, either temporarily or otherwise. It was almost impossible to refuse the petition of the poor women. Their necessities were patent; badly dressed and with children in rags, they could not be otherwise than in want. We soon gave away all the small coin we had and still felt like giving more.

They come to their work at six o'clock in the morning, and work without leaving the room until eight at night. Then they are searched, the women by a person of their own sex employed for that purpose, and the men by the male overseers, and sent home. The Spanish Government has no idea of the poor girls being worthy to be trusted with such treasures as tobacco, snuff, or cigars. The filching of a cigarette, or a paper of snuff, can be guarded against in no way but by a careful and complete examination of the person of each employee before they are permitted to depart. Yet the majority of these women, though obviously poor, are as bright, and as intelligent-looking, and as pretty, as any we saw in Spain. There are five thousand of them glad to work from morning till night, with their babies in their arms, for less than enough to purchase the barest necessities of life. The position of a convict in an American state prison is so vastly better than that occupied by these women of Seville, that it seems a charity to wish them safely located in that happy place.

It is such scenes as these that makes the American thank Providence for the inestimable boon of his nation-



ality. There are five thousand women in San Francisco, happy wives and mothers, with children that come home from public school five days in a week to find a table spread with food known only to the rich in Europe, who owe the whole difference in their condition to having been born in America, and residing in San Francisco instead of Seville. If they were here, they would be as likely as not toiling in the tobacco house at twenty cents per day, with their half-starved children on their knees. It is a good thing for those that labor to be in our favored land, and they should never forget to be thankful for it. If there is any woman with an income under five thousand dollars a year, who has not thanked God within the last twenty-four hours for being an American, let her do so now on bended knees, and keep it up the balance of her natural life.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SHERRY OF KENNETH MACKENZIE & CO.

SHORTLY after leaving Seville the railway quits the banks of the Guadalquivir, and crosses a high, open country, planted with olives, and gradually approaches the neighboring river, Guadaleta. We were at the station promptly at the time, and left at seven o'clock. For a half hour after leaving we leaned out of the car window, against all rule and prudence, to get a last look at the Giralda of Seville, the pride of the city and the admiration of strangers. Again and again, after many times bidding it adieu, its graceful form and exquisite tracing would break upon our view from behind some hill or olive grove, like an old friend obliged but regretting to part with us finally.

In four hours we were landed at Jerez de la Frontera, a flourishing town of 35,000 inhabitants, situated near to the Guadaleta. It had, until the evening before we left Seville, been our intention to proceed directly to Cadiz. In fact, the idea of stopping at Jerez de la Frontera was as remote from our thoughts as that of visiting Timbuctoo. But on the night previous to our departure we were sitting at the *table d'hôte* of the Fonda de Madrid, in Seville. There is but little foreign travel through Spain, and consequently strangers can indulge freely in conversation with a comparative certainty of not being understood. This graceful privilege we were enjoying.

to a reasonable extent on the evening in question. In short, we were discussing European nations generally, and the Spanish Government and people especially, in a rather comprehensive manner. This in the American language.

Directly opposite to us sat a stoutish, round-faced gentleman, with strong side-whiskers, heavy eyebrows, like mixed tufts of hair and wool, shading a pair of full blue eyes that, when they looked at us at all, looked squarely and steadily without flinching. He did not resemble any Spaniard that ever I had seen, and as for being a Frenchman, the thing was evidently impossible. His eye was entirely too steady and clear for that. He soon, however, put the matter at rest by politely addressing us in English. He was a Briton certainly, and a Scotchman probably. Either was enough for me. I had been carrying on a species of irregular warfare against that nation ever since the *Trent* affair. My operations had become more active from time to time, as that perfidious people had taken part against us more and more decidedly, until the *Shenandoah* depredations in the North Pacific had driven me to consider that nothing short of their entire annihilation could heal our wounded honor or work retributive justice upon the British, our natural and everlasting enemies. It is true that from my isolated position in California I had as yet been unable to meet with the British Government, or, in fact, any responsible subject of that realm, upon whom to pour the vials of my wrath. And I had worked myself, to a certain extent, into the idea that somehow they owed their continued existence as a nation to their success in keeping out of my reach. But at last, here was a chance. I had already been four months in Europe, and had not met with a single Englishman upon whom to avenge a nation's wrongs.

We soon were at it in good earnest. He led off by hinting at the danger of a fresh civil war in America,

growing out of the heated political contest between the President and Congress. I countered by broadly charging the absolute certainty of a bloody revolution in England, the first steps of which had commenced at Hyde Park on the Reform question. The Britisher, with true national pluck, countered at this, and came back manfully with a charge of cruelty in the continued imprisonment of Jeff. Davis. This was fortunate for me. I caught him in chancery and held him, while I battered him with the Indian executions and Jamaica massacres. This was the severest punishment he took during the contest, and carried him to grass. I did not allow him much time to breathe, but peppered him with Irish church rates, opium wars, Jewish disabilities, and such miscellaneous projectiles as came within reach, until he began to fight wild, and finally threw up the sponge by pulling out his watch, and saying that he must hasten to meet the train bound for Jerez de la Frontera, where he resided.

But while evidently terribly damaged, to use nautical terms, both above and below decks, with most of his standing and running rigging carried away, his turrets battered, and his sides badly stove by my Dahlgrens, and his Armstrongs all falling short, while I, on the other hand, was apparently as fresh as when the fight began, yet the gallant old buffer, barely afloat and no more, pulled out his card, and invited myself and the General to renew the contest on the following day, at his establishment at Jerez, and over a bottle of Amontillado, to be furnished by himself. The time was of his own choosing; the place, his domain; the weapons, his. It was to meet him at his home and on his own ground. But by this time it had become evident that my adversary was a Scotchman, and the memory of the Glasgow blockade-runners decided me. We consented to the meeting. At seven o'clock we were following a spindle-shanked Spanish boy, laden with our carpet-bags, into the counting-house

of Kenneth McKenzie & Co., wine-merchants, Jerez de la Frontera.

Jerez, sometimes spelled Xeres, is the great entrepot and central magazine of the wine which takes the name of the town, and which has been corrupted by the English into the common word "sherry." It is a wine that has earned its reputation by centuries of good conduct. The wine of Falstaff, though called "sack," was only sherry, and time has been witness to the correct taste of the Fat Knight. There are in Jerez about twenty-five merchants engaged in the shipping of this wine. The *bodega* or cellar of each is a building so spacious that they make the best, and, in point of architecture, the most imposing part of the town. The office of my adversary is situated in one of these immense "bodegas," is twenty feet square, and its walls occupied with shelves for vials containing samples of wines. We found Mr. McKenzie in his office, with an elegant cut-glass goblet in his hand half full of that liquid. After shaking us cordially by the hand, and bidding us welcome, he remarked: "I am tasting, a business that I have to devote a good bit of time to." He was, in fact, engaged in classifying sherry.

To be able to assort wine at Jerez is an accomplishment of a most valuable character, and requiring years to attain. A few persons possessing unusually fine smelling perceptions, have been successful after a training of two years. But generally to sample wines skillfully and safely requires six or seven years' experience. As for myself I never have been able to get beyond the point of distinguishing what is called cooking sherry, bought at fifty cents a bottle at the nearest corner grocery, from fine old Duff Gordon kept for company. In fact, my taste is essentially vulgar, generally preferring lager to champagne. But the General is a very different sort of person. Having laid the foundations of his ap-

preciation of wine deep and broad during the halcyon days of a bright and sunny youth spent in Yreka, business and pleasure enabled him to develop and improve his taste by frequent opportunities of stamping the various productions of the Dead-falls between that city and Shasta, extending, occasionally, down the stage route as far as Sacramento. In his mature years, and while his judgment was, to a certain extent, still crude and unfinished, he was called to San Francisco, where he graduated at the schools of Frank and the Bank Exchange.

Had I presented myself at the *bodega* of Mr. McKenzie alone, all Briton and therefore natural enemy as he was, my conscience would not have permitted me to have gone beyond drinking a half bottle of his liquor; for it is at least the duty of the guest to be able to enjoy the good things gratuitously set before him. But in presenting my friend, the General, to the wine merchant as one capable of not only drinking but understanding his goods, I felt that I had done all that an honorable foe-man could expect under the rules of civilized warfare. Filling the sample glass about two-thirds full from one of thirty or forty bottles, evidently just brought in for that purpose, our host presented it to the General. Try that, he said: That gentleman, made bold by his well-established knowledge of wines in California, admitted as he is to be a thorough judge, took the glass in his hand, and throwing up his arm and jerking back his head threw himself outside of the liquor in a twinkling. "By jingo, that's bully!" he said, without hesitation. I could see in a moment that our host was disconcerted. He had, as is customary at Jerez, commenced with his poorest wine, and here was a taster using already the strongest terms of encomium. At this rate what would be left unsaid when the old wine should be reached? I saw the mistake and determined to avoid it.

Not belonging to the Pacific Club, of course my knowl-



edge of all the higher accomplishments, among which wine-sampling stands unsurpassed, is naturally limited. Every art has its own peculiar language, and its professors their signs, motions, and grips. I had often with pleasure observed experienced wine-tasters go through the solemn ceremony of tasting wine, when their judgment was required, and knew pretty well how it was done. There are many fine connoisseurs of wine in California besides the members of the club above named. Any one who will take the trouble to drop into the various sample rooms of San Francisco will become satisfied of the fact. The old Land Commission has passed away, but its members were high up in the mystery. The Supreme Court has possessed and still possesses very expert judges of old and fine wines. Of course, not one of them ever heard of any drink other than wines of vintages dating in the sixteenth century. It is a rare treat to see one of them sample wine.

I determined, since the General had so signally failed, to myself make an effort to redeem the credit of my country. He should not underrate our knowledge by judging our ignorance of the mechanical portions of the art. I took the wine-glass, passed full to me by our host, by the extreme edge of the bottom rim, holding it securely, but apparently in a careless manner, in a position to cause the liquor to almost run over the edge. Then raising it up to the light, I dropped the lid of my left eye slowly to about a half shut, at the same time contracting the pupil of the right and gently agitating the brows. Having pretended to contemplate the liquid through the glass for about fifteen seconds, I brought it down with a graceful curve to my nose and affected to smell it for a moment, meanwhile swinging it with a pendulum-like motion beneath my nostrils. To this entire part or stage of the sampling, I gave about, as near as I could estimate, twenty-eight seconds. I have seen a judge of the Cali-

for California Supreme Court consume thirty up to the point of smelling a glass of Chablis, but it was my first attempt, and I was a little nervous. But I could see that I was producing the desired effect. The worthy Briton was already looking at me anxiously. He saw that I was a judge of wine, and of course my opinion was important. But without in the least indicating a judgment, I continued by opening my mouth just far enough to show the edge of my tongue. This member I managed in such a manner as to enable me to adroitly place about one and a quarter drops of the precious liquid on the little basin by curling up the edges. Holding it thus for thirteen seconds, keeping the eyes about half shut, or, when open, rolling them from side to side, I closed my mouth with a delicate and appreciative smack, and again repeated the movement of holding the glass to the light. This time, however, not only inclining it so that the liquor approached the edge, but actually agitating the glass sufficiently to spill a few drops upon the ground, a movement that I had just seen our host perform. And here I will say to my friends in California, that this last trick of carelessly spilling a few drops when tasting, is in Europe considered quite elegant, and would recommend them to try it the next time they get a drink under the pretence of purchasing wine at the Bank Exchange. This hint will, I am well aware, at first entail the loss of much wine at the rooms of the Pacific Club, but the thing is so neat I must mention it. When Mr. McKenzie did this, I affected of course to have been always in the habit of doing so; but the General, with all the natural simplicity and freshness of a character formed in the northern mines, asked him why he spilled the wine when shaking it up. "They say here it is lucky to spill a little on the earth," McKenzie replied in his quiet way; "but I always tell them that it is more lucky to put it back in the butt." The amount he spilled was very trifling, often not exceeding two or three drops. In

fact, to execute the movement with gentlemanly elegance, not above four drops at the utmost should be spilled. To throw one more would indicate a coarse and rude profusion, savoring of the common drinker. Our host was evidently staggered at my knowledge of wine. I had taken the precaution to assure him in advance that I knew but little of it; but he saw that this was merely a blind. He became alarmed for the reputation of the establishment, and remarking, "Ah! I see how it is; you would like something a little better," turned to look for it. As soon as he slipped away, I swallowed the balance of the wine in my hand all at a gulp, and passed the empty glass to the General, who stood holding it when the wine merchant returned with another bottle. Exchanging with me smiles of pity for our friend who could greedily drink of wine of such indifferent quality (it proved to have been less than forty years old), he filled me another glass. Again I went through the old ceremony, throwing more unction into my manner, more solemnity into my looks, and generally imitating more closely the California model wine-tasters I have named. But still no word of censure or praise escaped me. It is one of the first rules to be followed in wine-tasting—never to express an opinion of any sort till you have drank all you want. That point reached, there are certain generalities that may be used, such as "a little more body," "older vintage," "fruity," "nutty," and the like, but it is better, and produces more effect, and is generally better understood, to do the whole by looks and motions. Meanwhile, the General was loud and profuse in his encomiums of the wine. Splendid, beautiful, magnificent, were words constantly proceeding from his mouth.

It is the custom of Jerez wine-merchants to commence showing the poorest wines. But the fact is that there is but little poor wine kept by first-class houses. McKenzie & Co. stand the fifth in class as to quantity of shipments

out of the twenty-five shippers of Jerez. This he told us in his unaffected way, making no pretence of being more than he really was. His place was so enormous that one could have readily believed his establishment the first. There are about 50,000 butts of wine shipped annually from the sherry districts to all parts of the world. It does not all go to California, as one would naturally suppose from the amount consumed there. Mr. McKenzie assured me that a portion of the wine is used in other parts of the world; in fact, that some is sent to London. But inasmuch as the amount consumed in San Francisco rather exceeds the whole amount shipped from Jerez, I suspect the London shipments must be of an inferior quality, if not pure imitations. But these are doubts which the wine-drinking reader may, if he pleases, settle for himself. A butt holds about 100 gallons, making 5,000,000 gallons per year, as all the genuine sherry wine the world gets down its throat. Of this 30,000 butts go from Jerez, and 20,000 from Puerto de la Santa Maria, on the Bay of Cadiz, a place a few miles away. A list of the shipments shows that Gonzalez and Byass of Jerez ship 4,500; Manuel Misa, 3,091; P. Garvey, 2,938; Cossens & Co., 2,446; and Kenneth McKenzie, 2,103 butts. The others decrease down to even less than 200 butts of wine. Puerto de la Santa Maria, or Port St. Mary's, has about twenty principal shippers, of whom Widow X. Harmony & Co. ship 1,900 and Duff Gordon & Co. 1,674 butts per annum.

We were shown through but one of the three bodegas of McKenzie & Co. This was a vast open building without floor. A simple roof resting upon stone sides and supported by pillars. The wine, to the amount of 1,500 butts in this place, was stored along in tiers, one butt upon another, four or five tiers high. The top row ripens the quickest, he told us. In fact, like Bourbon whisky, which is improved by the sun, sherry wine should

be kept out of cold and damp cellars and put up in the warm air.

The grapes from which the wine is produced grow in the immediate neighborhood of Lenz, and between the rivers Guadalquivir and Gaudaleta. The district contains eighty thousand acres of land. The grapes are of many different varieties, mostly white, but many dark, and some of mixed colors. They are sorted with great care and laid on reed mats, where the sun dries them. It is important to have them picked at a particular stage of ripeness. They are left on the mats eight or ten days. After this they are first tramped under foot and then squeezed in a press. The juice is then put in boxes and allowed to ferment. This is completed in from six weeks to two months, and then the wine is racked off and put into butts, where it is kept four or five years, when it is old enough for exportation. When about to reach this age of maturity it is clarified, which is done by dissolving a fatty substance in the whites of eggs, at the ratio of twenty eggs to the butt, and pouring it into the wine. This, after being allowed to stand till it settles, is again racked off into another butt. When this is done there is but one more operation to perform before selling or exporting the wine.

Each firm of wine merchants possess a certain quantity of old sherry, that is really the most important part of their stocks in trade. It is prized as a Dutchman in olden times prized rare tulip bulbs. It is called *Madre Vino*, or Mother Wine, and is as near perfection as to age, quality, and flavor as the skill and capital of the merchant can make it. The tone and character of the sherry to be sold is imparted to it by the addition of a greater or less quantity of the old wine. No sherry merchant will sell this wine at any price, for he can not replace it. This wine is the product of occasional extraordinary vintages that occur at intervals of several years. When one of



these years occur, the "Mother Wine" butts are replenished ; but, of course, leaving as much of the old wine as possible.

As we passed through the vast bodega, tasting the wines, our host kept telling us "drink this if you like it, but I have one butt that I shall ask you to drink from as a favor to me, so reserve a place for something which I consider very good." At last we reached it, and with great care he served us each a glass. "Be sure and drink it all," he said, "It will do you good ; it is good wine and a hundred years old." I thought it a pity to drink such wine, when to me it was no better than the other I had been drinking all through the bodega up to this point. It was all good enough for my taste, and here was wine a hundred years old. There was no sense in drinking, except for the mere idea of doing so. It had lain there in the half-rotten butt all the time that Napoleon had been making himself master of half the world, and while he was losing it again. When the half-naked Spaniards were treading the grapes, George Washington was cultivating his farm in Virginia, content with the laurels gained in saving a portion of Braddock's companions from being scalped by savages in the wild forests surrounding Pittsburg. I omitted the tricks of the sampler while drinking this wine, but supped it with reverential awe, and at the end pronounced it good. "It is not bad," he said. "I bought it many years ago of an old Spaniard, whose grandfather put it up." "What is the price?" I inquired. "Oh, bless you, we don't sell it. It's a mere fancy to keep a little of such wine, just to show to people."

After doing full reverence to the old sherry, we passed on to his sweet wines. The dry sherry is the wine one generally gets in America, and is especially popular with the English. The sweet sherries are not much used in our country, or at least not to my knowledge. There are



three sorts of sweet sherry, Pajarete, Muscatel, and Pedro-Jimenez. The Pajarete is made from the Pedro-Jimenez grapes, which are sweeter than the ordinary sherry grapes and are left exposed to the sun twelve days, thus becoming almost like raisins. It is but little different from the Pedro-Jimenez. The last-named wine, used rather as a *liqueur*, is known to some extent in America, and requires no description. Of the dry sherries there are two varieties. First, the "pale" (*Jerez Claro*), sometimes called *amber*, and the brown or golden (*Jerez Oscuro*). The former is generally new, raw wine, from four to five years old. The latter owes its rich color to age. Second, the *Jerez Amontillado*, a wine much talked of in America, but I suspect seldom seen. It is made from grapes grown not in the sherry district, but at Montilla, near Cordova. It is also drier than the other, and celebrated for its almond flavor.

The most remarkable thing that I observed in these fine wines was the marked flavor of hickory nuts which they possessed. The Amontillado sherry is so unlike any other, that few American drinkers at first would think it sherry, or, in fact, like the wine. It is as unlike the ordinary sherry as the ordinary sherry is unlike hock. It is of a pale straw color, and has none of that rich golden brown so much admired in other dry sherries. The barrels of Mr. McKenzie are all made in the cooperage adjoining the bodega. The timber is brought from New York and the hoop iron from England. Only a small part of the wine of any wine establishment in Jerez is made by the proprietors. But McKenzie & Co. do make some wine from grapes bought in the vicinity. The exportation of wine from Jerez and Port St. Mary's has more than doubled within the last twenty years. Age darkens the color of sweet sherries, and lightens that of dry.

We saw no wine at the bodega of McKenzie & Co. at

a price under £60 the butt on the premises. This is about equal to \$3 a gallon in Jerez. From that we were shown wines ranging up to about £90, equal to \$4.50, which is an average price for No. 1 sherry. We were also shown some at £250 a butt or \$12 50 a gallon, but this runs the sherry up to what Mr. McKenzie acknowledged to be rather a fanciful value than otherwise, as the cheaper sherries were just as good, except, perhaps, a trifling difference to be estimated only by the finest judges.

At three o'clock the whistle of the train for Cadiz warned us that this most delightful visit to an honest and courteous gentleman must be brought to a close. We therefore shook hands with our late enemy, slipped a bottle of Pedro-Jimenez into our pockets, that had been forced upon us, to take to our wives, and hastened away. Farewell, honest Briton! long may you dwell in Jerez. May you live to empty the oldest butt of the oldest wine in your *bodega*, is the prayer of the traveler. The generous train of mind in which we were placed by the sherry did not leave us at the *bodega*, but lasted all down the street to the train.

Four needy-looking old women received alms of the gay and festive strangers to the amount of as many coppers. Who cares for expense? said we. The ragged boy who had carried our shawls was surprised at receiving two pesitoes, when as many reals would have satisfied him. This, and our hilarity of manner generally as we worked our way down the street, convinced the youthful descendant of the Hidalgoes that we were two crazy fellows at large by accident. So he demanded an additional pistarreen of us. The whole thing appeared to our be-sherried minds so excessively funny that we paid the boy the sum demanded, and left him probably much disgusted at not having asked for more. Thus it is that one generous action produces others. The wine of McKenzie & Co. was going about Jerez, giving Spanish coppers

to poor women, and pistareens to ragged but ingenious boys.

A ride of a half hour in the train brought us to **Puerta de Santa Maria**, the other shipping point for sherry wine. This place is opposite to Cadiz, and across the bay of that name. Although Cadiz can be plainly seen, and in a straight line is not more than eight miles distant, yet it takes more than an hour for the train to make the circuit of the long tongue or strip of land that leads to the city.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FROM CADIZ TO THE ALHAMBRA.

IN Cadiz we put up at the *Fonda de Cadiz*, on the *Plaza de la Constitucion*, it being the only first-class house in the place not kept by French landlords. Cadiz is simply a seaport, and the most important one in Spain. But all seaports are alike, and when one is described, all may be understood. It has a handsome cathedral, finished within the last two years, after a protracted construction running through two hundred and sixty years. The town is strongly fortified, and is inclosed by solid walls thirty feet in height and the same in thickness. The streets differ from those of all other towns we have seen in Spain. They are straight and cross each other at right angles.

The only attraction in the way of art at Cadiz, is a picture by Murillo at the convent of the Capucines. The subject is the marriage of St. Catharine, and is in the very best style of the great artist. Besides, it possesses the melancholy interest of having been the last picture painted by Murillo. It was painted in its present place over the altar of the chapel, the artist standing upon a wooden scaffold for that purpose. When nearly finished, the painter, then in his sixty-fourth year, fell from the scaffold and received injuries that caused his death a few days after. He was at his own request, removed to Seville, to die in his native city. The picture was, at his desire, finished by Meneses Osorio. A faint downward

line near the bottom is pointed out as the last stroke of the immortal brush. Every town in Spain possessing a work of Murillo, claims it as his masterpiece. This is no exception to the rule, and we were solemnly assured that no other work could compare with the *Marriage of St. Catharine*.

After spending one day and two nights in Cadiz, a time too long to stay in such a place, unless obliged to do so, we embarked for Malaga. Having arranged over night with a boatman to take us on board, for in Spain a wharf is unknown, we retired to rest. Two hours before daylight we were aroused, and, without breakfast, followed the boatman and a boy loaded with our carpet-bags down to the stairs. A pull of half an hour brought us to the side of the *Ebro*, a fine little Clyde-built screw steamer, that was to bear us on our voyage. All the officers and men, cooks and waiters, were Spanish, except the engineers alone. These, as in all Spanish steamers, were English. No English was spoken except certain words peculiar to steam navigation. It was strange, but pleasant, to hear the thin-bodied Spaniards shouting out, "stop her," "ease her," "slow back," and all the commands known in our own language—English is the language of the sea.

By eight o'clock we were steaming out of Cadiz harbor into the Atlantic Ocean. The city is built upon an island, connected however at low water with the main land, by a low sand spit five or six miles long. The island is too small for the town. It is built over solidly with five-story houses. In the center, the grand cathedral rises above all, with its two lofty Corinthian towers. The effect from the sea is that of a city rising from the waves, and as you sail away, the houses appear to bodily sink back into the elements from which they came.

We were told by our Spanish guide, Pedro by name,

that the present place is not Cadiz, but the site of a small fishing-village near to where the ancient city stood. That many centuries ago Cadiz was submerged in the ocean by an earthquake, since which time the present place had grown up and taken away unjustly the name of the lost city. "By going in a boat three leagues southwest of the wall and throwing good oil of olives upon the water, Señors," said the guide, "you may this day see the towers of the churches, and even the tops of the houses far down in the water, just as they stood thousands of years ago upon solid land. I have often seen it myself," he continued, upon seeing us smile, "and will row you to the spot." "Have you ever taken any one there, Pedro?" "No, Señors, I have not, for the simple reason that none would accompany me. We always put olive oil upon the water when we wish to see the bottom. It is very simple." If the story of Pedro be true, we passed directly over the true Cadiz in sailing from the counterfeit one. And as we gazed back at the white walls and lofty cathedral turrets sinking slowly into the bosom of the sea, we could almost imagine it in the act of joining its predecessor.

Two hours' sail brought us abreast of Cape Trafalgar, the scene of the last great crowning triumph and death of Lord Nelson. The bay where the battle was fought is a mere recess in the shore line. There is a lighthouse on the point. Long before reaching Cape Trafalgar, the mountains of the African coast began to show their dim outline, and another hour brought us in view of Tarifa, the first town on the Spanish side of the Straits of Gibraltar. Directly opposite is the Moorish village of Tangier, but hidden from view by a spur of the lofty shore-mountain that comes up to the straits almost like a wall.

The run through the "gut," as it is called by sailors, took about three and a half hours. Although the passage is from twelve to fourteen miles wide, yet so high are the



hills on either side that the whole line is as distinctly marked as the Golden Gate of San Francisco. And the resemblance does not stop here. The mountains, like all the hills and valleys of Spain, are Californian in appearance. The hills bordering the Straits of Gibraltar are the same bald, treeless, brown, thirsty-looking mountains, that confine the waters of our own bay from Lime Point to San Pablo. Even the rocks exposed by the breaking off of the face of a hill or point, look enough like the spurs of Saucelito to be easily mistaken for them. On the European side the monotony is relieved by the Moorish watch-towers of stone that still stand to attest the everlasting feud and constant struggle that was kept up between Christianity and Islam during the eight centuries' sojourn of that people in Andalusia. These are tall round towers placed at intervals of eight or ten miles, generally upon the mountain tops, that kept up a continuous line of communication by means of signals from the shore, and from the Castilian frontier to the ancient capitals of Cordova and Granada. All down the valley of the Guadalquivir, along the Sierra Morena and the Sierra Nevada, as well as through the straits and up the Mediterranean coast, these towers still stand grim monuments of the watchfulness of the people that has passed away.

Gibraltar occupies the extreme eastern point of the European side of the straits. A low tongue of land runs out into the sea from the rock called Point Europa. Twelve miles across is Point Africa, upon which is the little town of Ceuta, which can be easily seen from the fortress. We stopped eight hours at Gibraltar, and then steamed away for Malaga, arriving there in the morning, several hours before daylight. Here we left the good steamer *Ebro*, and tried for the first time traveling by diligence. We did not leave Malaga till night. It appears that in the summer months the weather is so warm,

that, for the sake of the animals, all traveling is done at night. The Spaniard is such a creature of habit, that what he does one year, week, or day, he must do all other years, weeks, or days. The idea of his making any change of action merely on account of a change of circumstances, is a thing quite beyond his philosophy. Now that the railways are becoming an important means of communication, still it is almost impossible to get them to run a train in daytime. They have never been known to do it until night trains could no longer do all the business. Many lines of railway send but one train in the twenty-four hours, and that at ten o'clock at night.

The diligence of Spain is not understood in any other country. It is the most uncomfortable, ease-destroying machine that ever was dragged over a road. Imagine an immense wagon without springs, two stories high, and divided into nearly as many compartments as it is intended to carry passengers. This last is the fault of all European conveyances, and is what makes the diligence the abomination it is. In Europe, a man would rather be packed like a fig in a box, and be exclusive, than to have plenty of fresh air and ease and comfort to be enjoyed with him by persons who, by some possibility, may be his inferiors. It is upon this idea that the wagon is divided up into a *berlina* and *imperial*, each intended for four passengers, but too small for one—an interior designed for eight, but certain death to any number beyond three, and other little rooms as close and strong as so many fire and thief proof safes, unfit to carry a healthy dog. But if the *berlina* and *imperial*, which is the lower story, should be thrown into one, like the American eleven-passenger coach, or mud-wagon, resulting as it would in both being almost, but not quite, as comfortable as that horrid contrivance, the *hidalgoes*, when they traveled, would have to endure the contaminating presence of common people. If the *imperial* and the Black Hole of Calcutta, directly back of

it, should be made one, the horrible common people would be more comfortable than the nobility in the berlina. Neither of these things are to be thought of for an instant.

From Malaga the road leads directly up the mountain lying back of that city, and for four mortal hours the wagon creaked and wheezed, and the dozen drivers and postilions shouted and beat the mules, till finally we attained the summit. How we longed for a good Troy coach and six horses, with one American driver! Here were twelve mules fastened with ropes to the stage, sometimes two and sometimes three abreast, just as chance directed, shambling along just like a flock of sheep. The harness of untanned leather permitted the mules to run ten or twelve feet apart, or close together, at pleasure. At the extreme head of the drove rode the postilion, on an old horse, while the driver and two or three assistants sat upon the box, holding the lines that reached only to the wheel mules. The eight or ten animals between the wheelers and the one ridden by the postilion had no lines or check attached to them. Two fellows on each side, with stout sticks, ran on foot, shouting and beating the animals to make them gallop; and on either side of the wagon a foot-soldier, armed with sword and musket, kept pace with the team at a dog trot. This was understood to be a protection against brigands. These changed at every three miles for soldiers of another district, each looking, if possible, a little more villainous than the last. At each change, upon getting a glimpse of the new face, I slipped my purse down under the seat with the full conviction that we were attacked by brigands. All night long this great crowd of drivers, postilions, soldiers, and runners, more numerous than the passengers, all shouting and hallooing, cursing and swearing, running into the loose flock of mules and scattering them, first to one side of the road and then to the other, kept the poor fellows

in the coach bobbing and jolting about, half-dead with heat and fatigue.

At daylight we arrived at Loja, and at eight o'clock at Santa Fé, an ancient town standing in the far-famed Vega of Granada. From here the city is distinctly in view across the level plain before its walls, so often the scene of desperate pitched battles and gallant single-handed combats between the chivalry of Spain and the infidel Moors. It appears that upon the very spot where Santa Fé now stands, the armies of Castile and Aragon were encamped during the memorable siege that resulted in the final fall of Granada, the last foothold of the Moors in Spain. On one occasion the tent of Queen Isabella took fire by accident, and the fire being communicated to the others, the whole camp was laid in ruins. This was hailed by the inhabitants of the beleaguered city as a most happy event. But the stern Catholic Queen soon put an end to the rejoicings, by causing to be erected upon the spot a camp of stone capable of accommodating the whole army, and almost as strongly fortified as Granada itself. This was the present Santa Fé. The distant cities of Seville and Cordova, to show their patriotism, assisted in the pious work, and the whole was completed, with the fine stone church that stands in the center, in eighty days from the day of its commencement. The cross that adorns the holy edifice appropriately rests upon the severed head of a turbaned Moor carved in stone, the face being turned imploringly toward Granada. A half-hour's drive from Santa Fé put us down at the *Fonda de la Alameda* in Granada.

All the way up the Vega the peasants were busily turning the waters of the Genil from their bed and pouring them over the gardens, orchards, and olive-groves of this fruitful plain. It is an easy task to describe the Vega of Granada. It is easy, very easy to describe all this country. The only danger is in having to repeat the

same story too often. It is California all the time—nothing but California; mountains, valleys, and landscapes, streams and shrubs, rocks and empty river-beds. The Vega of Granada would be called in California a valley; in Spain it is called a plain, the word valley being applied to the narrow strip or gorge upon the immediate banks of a stream. There are more than a dozen valleys around the bay of San Francisco exactly like it. That of San José might easily be mistaken for it. The hills that surround it are about the same height, the plain is equally level, and both the plain and mountain alike destitute of natural trees.

The city is situated at the extreme southeast or upper end of the Vega, where the rivers Daro and Genil, or Xenil—as Irving spells it—issue from the Sierra Nevada and join. The Daro flows directly through the town and joins the Genil a half mile below. A tongue or spur of the mountains comes down between the rivers to the center of the city, so as to overlook it more boldly and abruptly than Telegraph Hill commands San Francisco. The point of this “divide” rises abruptly to a precipitous height of several hundred feet. Upon this stand the towers of the Alhambra; the point of the hill hemmed in with walls that extend along its steep sides to a ravine in the rear inclosing about ten acres of land. Across the ravine, and still higher up the mountain spur, the ancient fortified palace of the Generalife overlooks the gardens and grounds of the Alhambra.

There is an air of high breeding about the Spanish people, wholly unknown to the nations coming from the north. The smooth olive skin, the dark curly hair, the pearly teeth and bright eye, crowned by the arched brow, thought to be the special token of lofty extraction, is here as much the gift of the peasant as of the prince. A vulgar-looking person is unknown in Spain. Pepé, the guide whom we engaged, as soon as we arrived at Gra-



nada, to show us about the town, looked as much the hidalgo, and walked with as lordly an air, as if he had boasted an origin as old as the Braganzas, and claimed the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the queen. I could not summon courage to be familiar with Pepé, although he was as affable as a prince of the house of Austria. I know of no place or position in America, apt to be filled by men of a presence equal to his. He was not quite stout enough for our notion of the proper appearance of a senator of the United States, and he was altogether too intellectual looking for a mayor of New York. Perhaps a first-class ambassador would have been nearer the mark of what Pepé would be taken for by a stranger in our country.

The General was dressing when Pepé came to see us the first morning, and I was sitting in the room. His commanding style and appearance was sufficient to stop the conversation when he entered. I was bold enough to ask him to be seated, which he did with an easy air of self-possession. The General continued his toilet while I conversed with Pepé about Granada. While this was going on, I observed that my traveling companion was for some reason in a state of uneasiness. I soon discovered the cause. He wished to change his shirt, and did not like to do so in the presence of the distinguished guide. Seeing what was the trouble, I moved around and took my position in front of Pepé, so that his back would be toward the General while he was performing this delicate task. But I could not, do or say what I would, prevent him from turning his eyes constantly toward my friend, as if curious to see what he was doing. The General was in the mean time trying in a furtive way to get off his nether garment and slip it into his carpet bag, which was open before him. It was not, strictly speaking, a new shirt, nor was it in an advanced state of decadence. It was a shirt which might, with



reasonably tender care in the wash, and with an occasional stitch from a friendly hand after leaving the mangle, have served the turn required of that class of garment from Spain to Jericho and back, and perhaps longer. But I could see that my friend was uneasy on the score of Pepé's sharp looks. The shirt was not such as could be preserved longer in the presence of so respectable a person as Pepé. One look of contempt from that gentleman would have caused the sacrifice of two dozen such articles of apparel. The affair had reached that point, that if it could not be slipped into the bag without the knowledge of the personage who was seated in the room, it would be lost to the General. In the mean time he was tugging away with all his might to get it off. This was the critical moment. Just as it came over his head I put a bold question to the guide about the court of the lions at the Alhambra. But I was nervous, and my voice had not its usual strength. Pepé did not hear me, and turning his head, he caught the General's eye at the instant that that gentleman had the shirt made into a neat roll, ready to tuck away in the bag. But in vain, he was caught in the act. Blushing crimson, but struggling to affect an air of indifference, the General turned around and, blurting out something about the shirt being too much worn for further use, threw it into the remotest corner of the room under the bed. It had scarcely reached the floor, when to our amazement we saw the feet of Pepé twinkling in the air like a cat after a fugitive mouse, he was out of sight in an instant beneath the bed, then came crawling out again red in the face, and covered with feathers and cobwebs, but with the shirt firmly in his hand. We both stared at him as he brushed the dust from his knees. He looked at the General more in sorrow than in anger, and pronounced but one sentence. "They would have got that shirt, and I would never have laid eyes on it again." "Who?" said the General. Pepé kept on puffing and

brushing his legs, not condescending to answer so absurd a question. It had never occurred to the General to offer the garment to so well dressed a person as Pepé. "Who would have got it?" he said at last. "They, the people of the house." The very thought of so horrible a result appeared to throw him quite out of his usual dignified deportment. "I would never have seen it again." This said, he rolled the shirt up into a neat bundle, put it in his hat, and putting that article upon his head, became again calm and self-possessed, looking, I think, just a little more dignified and condescending than when he first entered. The General having completed his toilet, we all set off up the hill, passing through the Gate of Pomegranates to the Alhambra, the route taken by Washington Irving when he first visited Granada, and Pepé walking all the way with so noble a carriage that I was lost in admiration.

The Alhambra is all that, in the eyes of travelers, gives Granada any prominence over a dozen Spanish towns; and Washington Irving has done more to raise the Alhambra to a high place among the ancient Moorish palaces of Spain than did its architects and painters. It is a fine specimen of the Moorish castles and palaces, but not finer nor in such good preservation as the Alcazar at Seville. But this sweetest of American writers has thrown such a charm about the place that his countrymen go to it as the devout Christian makes a pilgrimage to the shrine of some saint. Irving has immortalized the place, and in doing so has done more for it than it alone could do for him. If he had not lived, Granada would have but few visitors. I saw nothing about the place more interesting than the rooms where the author of the *Legends of the Alhambra* dreamed away a half year in writing them.

Almost the first thing I did upon entering the place was to wend my way to the Mirador de la Reina, where

the author used to sit for hours gazing upon the distant Vega, the busy city at his feet and the Generalife up the mountain side. From here all the villages of the plain, not less than twenty in number, may be seen, spread out like a large map inclosed in a border of mountains. Let the Californian reader stand upon any hill that overlooks the valley of San José, with that city and Santa Clara and the other minor villages of that delightful valley before his eyes, and he will know how the Vega of Granada appears. On the left is the Genil rushing down the mountain side, to be spread over the lands by the industrious farmers. The Sierra Nevada, covered with perpetual snows, glistens in the sunshine not twelve miles to the southeast. Prominent among the villages of the plain may be seen Santa Fé, all of solid stone, as on the day Ferdinand and Isabella marched from its strong walls to take possession of the Moorish capital. The double towers of the church, between which is the Moor's head, are distinctly visible from the Alhambra, and with a good glass that melancholy emblem of the destruction of a people might be seen. The unfortunate Boabdil el Chico could stand here and watch the swaying ranks of friend and foe in the struggle of battle, as easily as Professor Lowe, from his balloon, overlooked the wars in Virginia.

I find that Americans are altogether the most numerous of all the foreign visitors to the Alhambra. Guides all understand this. They have Washington Irving almost committed to memory. They show you each room that he inhabited, where he slept, where he ate and walked, and rode. This even commences before you get to the place. At Madrid a Spanish guide assured us that he was the identical one that accompanied the ambassador to Granada. He went so far as to relate to us, with great exactness, the full particulars of the journey, and especially the story of the dance witnessed by Mr. Irving in the court of his inn on that occasion. But upon asking when

this all occurred, he fixed the time at the year 1841, full twelve years too late. All the inhabitants of the Alhambra and of the Generalife claim to have been personally acquainted with him, and more than half to have been his body-servants. He must have had a little army of attendants if they all speak the truth. Copies of Irving, translated into the language of the country and neatly bound, are for sale at all the shops of the city. Besides, the attendants at this place all deal in Irving's books, and have shelves of them for sale in the Alhambra itself.

The visitor to the Alhambra is almost sure to be disappointed at the diminutive size of the palace. The *Court of Lions* is not more than sixty by eighty-five feet in superficies, and its far-famed galleries and the columns that support them are only eighteen feet high. The fountain in the center with the twelve lions resembles about as much the king of beasts as twelve carpenters' saw-horses resemble a field of Derby winners. The hall of the *Abencerrages* opens upon the court. It is said to get this name from the fact that Boabdil caused thirty-two young men of that family to be beheaded at the fountain in this hall. A discolored slab is pointed out as being still stained with the blood. Washington Irving disputes this story entirely; and as for the blood stains, there are certainly a half dozen other slabs in the room with the same kind of spots. Our guide explained the cause of the execution to have been jealousy—that one of the ladies of the king's seraglio had been conversing with one of the Abencerrages in the garden of the Generalife. For this she was beheaded, but without disclosing which of the ill-fated family had been guilty with her. All refused to confess, whereupon the king, with a barbarous ingenuity, beheaded them all to be certain of the right one. I tried to get the same intelligent youth to point out to me where the mason of Granada had dug up the money of the priest, as well as the vault where stood the "two discreet

statues." But Pepé assured me that the house was no longer to be found; and that as for the statues, with the enchanted Moorish army, he had of late entertained some grave doubts about their ever having existed. But he pointed to the exact tower on the Generalife where the trained pigeon of little Dolores was supposed to have flown, as related in the journey of Irving to the Alhambra.

Granada contains about seventy thousand inhabitants. What they do in the way of business, as understood in our country, I was unable to ascertain. It is a lively, gay, and spirited city. It has an elegant *paseo*, as it is called, lined with beautiful trees, where the band plays in the afternoon, and where all the wealthy, the gay, and the beautiful congregate and walk and flirt. I have seen no better-dressed people in Spain, nor prettier ladies in Europe than in Granada. The ladies all wear the full Spanish costume, with scarf and veil. Paseo chairs are let at about one cent of our money for the benefit of persons who wish to look on at the gay throng. The band consists of not less than forty instruments, and generally consults Spanish taste by playing Verdi's music. I suspect the youth of this city to be rather wild fellows. All about the aisles of the cathedral I observed large placards, giving notice that men found talking to women within these sacred precincts would incur the penalties of excommunication and be fined two dollars. This notice I have seen nowhere else in Spain, and the evil that would provoke so desperate an onslaught upon the souls and purses of wrong-doers must have become almost unbearable. This cathedral, like all in Spain, is a noble monument of architectural skill, and not wholly unworthy of the claim of being the finest in the country, made in its favor by zealous partisans. It contains the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. Side by side they are buried, with effigies of each in marble supine upon the tombs.



The sword of the Catholic king leans against his last resting-place.

Like all Spanish towns, Granada suffers from the curse of lotteries. These have obtained a hold upon the poor to an extent not to be conceived of in our country. If I should be asked what was the worst evil I saw in Spain, I should answer lotteries, without doubt. The poor people often starve their children and even deny themselves the necessaries of life to get money to spend in the purchase of tickets. They are sold everywhere, in highways and by-ways. The market-places have always a booth for furnishing them conveniently to the poor. One is to be found by the side of every church. Beggars sell them to beggars. Poor women have them from the Government officials to sell on commission. If you refuse to give alms, you are next implored by the mendicant to make your fortune by investing in the lottery.

The first day we spent in Granada being ended, we paid our guide, Pepé, telling him to return in the morning. "I have got it," said he, triumphantly, upon entering our room the next morning. "Got what, Pepé?" we asked. "The ticket, señors." And then he explained that for seven years past he had, without fail, purchased at each drawing of the grand lottery the number 37, 24, and each time he had drawn nothing. "Now you will readily understand that after seven years the matter is becoming very important, for it is naturally now liable to come at any day. The drawing takes place to-morrow and I was without the means to procure the tickets till your Excellency fortunately came and furnished me with the necessary sum. This I hail as an auspicious omen." This statement Pepé made with much gravity. And continued, "what could I do after seven years of failure? If I should omit to buy at any particular lottery, my numbers would be absolutely certain to come, and then I would be obliged to hang myself; would I not?" he in-



quired. We assured him that we could see no other course for him to pursue under such circumstances. "Of course not, Señors, anybody would do so after having acted so foolishly. And I should have been without the means if you had not arrived just as you did."

## CHAPTER IX.

### SLEEPING IN A DILIGENCE.

THE Estremadura had already reached Malaga when we arrived, and was lying in the harbor at anchor. In her we coasted along, touching at Almeria, Carthage, and Valencia, going on shore at each place and spending the day; for these little vessels in the Mediterranean do their steaming at night and lie in port by day. At Barcelona we left her finally, and took to the land.

Catalonia is the richest province of Spain. It is—depending upon the art or science to which the writer wishes to resort for a figure—the garden, the workshop, or the stomach of the country. It is the New England, or the Scotland, or the North Germany of Spain, if compared to the most energetic and industrious of other nationalities. Barcelona is the Liverpool of the kingdom, and the country around it is the Lancashire.

The railway from Barcelona into France is completed as far as Gerona, and here a break occurs in the connection of twelve hours by diligence to Perpignan, across the frontier. Just before night we reached Gerona, or the station of that place, which, as usual in Spain, is in the fields, a mile from the nearest house. We had taken our tickets through to Perpignan, and had a right to expect a diligence to be in waiting for us; and true enough, a dozen or more of those ponderous instruments of torture stood hard by the station, but with no horses put to them. We immediately commenced inquiring how we

were to get on our way, but no one could give us the least information. If the arrival of the train from Barcelona had been as extraordinary a circumstance as the falling of an aerolite, there could not have been less appearance of preparation for the mysterious visitor. We asked fifty citizens in plain clothes, who stood staring at us, how we were to get on to Perpignan. They looked as if they would be glad enough to tell us what to do if they themselves only had known; but so wonderful a thing as the arrival of a passenger train from Barcelona had quite upset them. We showed our tickets to five-and-twenty railway officials, all in the uniform of the company; but they appeared, if possible, more perplexed than even the citizen outsiders.

A last a fellow, brighter than the others, kindly helped us to an idea. "Go and eat your dinners," he said. The suggestion was replete with the profoundest wisdom. We did not even discuss it, but set off for the town, each bearing his baggage in his hand. Our company from Barcelona up had been enlarged by a new acquaintance, Mr. Townsend Harris, from Japan—a pleasant old fellow for a Japanese, and who had been all over the world twenty or thirty times. The hotel at the entrance did not promise much. The lower part was used for a stable, and through this we were obliged to enter to ascend to the dining-room. But once within that portion set apart for the entertainment of man, things improved rapidly, and we soon found a substantial Spanish dinner in readiness. But what was better than all, we learned that the diligence which was to convey us to Perpignan took its departure from the stable under the inn, and would start as soon as we were ready. It did not take us long to satisfy our appetites, and in a quarter of an hour we were galloping out of the walls of Gerona, and upon the high road to France.

By a happy chance, there was but one passenger in the

vehicle besides our party of three. He was a rough cross between a Catalonian peasant and a Barcelonian small-trader. His language was the Catalan—a language approaching much more closely the French than the Spanish. His most notable point was his shoes; they resembled in size and shape a pair of rough horse-collars. The General and Mr. Harris got into the coupé together. My ticket being first-class called for a place in the same aristocratic compartment; but I waived rank, and with the stranger, took the berlina, for here were two seats fronting each other, and extending quite across the body of the coach. The seats were long enough to permit a full-grown man, provided he had lost both of his legs, to lie down with a considerable degree of satisfaction. For a person so circumstanced, they were just right. Unluckily for our present comfort, both myself and the stranger had escaped such mutilation, and the position was in consequence a little inconvenient. We, however, partially remedied the matter by lying squarely on our backs, with our legs elevated at right angles from our bodies, and extending upward against the side of the stage, like a half-open jack-knife, with our feet resting firmly against the under-side of the roof.

My place was nearest to the horses—only a thin partition dividing me from my companions, the General and the Japanese gentleman. I could hear their conversation distinctly. Mr. Harris had entered upon a comprehensive account of a journey due-east around the globe, commencing at Japan, and I believe intending to end at the same place, embracing an essay upon the manners and customs of the Japanese. By the time that we in the berlina had adjusted ourselves in our places, Mr. Harris had disposed of the Japanese, and all intermediate nations, and had reached Rome. Art, and especially the old masters, kept them for a long time in the Eternal City. The Transfiguration of Raphael alone detained the expe-

dition for a good half-hour, and I dropped to sleep with such mysterious words as "foreshortening," "light and shade," and "background," sounding in my ears.

I could not have slept more than three or four minutes, when I was recalled to consciousness by a violent crash, which in the suddenness of awakening, I took to be some terrible convulsion of nature—an earthquake at the very least. But I looked out of the window, and by the moonlight saw that the diligence was rumbling along the road at a good pace, while the cheery shouts of the postilions assured me that, whatever the catastrophe might have been, at least it was neither the end of the world nor the day of judgment. I soon learned what had happened. The Catalonian had fallen from the opposite seat upon the floor. I could see him get up without speaking a word and regain his place on his back, and one at a time slowly elevate his shoes to their original position against the roof. I lay still for ten minutes longer, during which time the General and Mr. Harris progressed in their travels farther east, discussing the ancient Greeks and especially dwelling upon art in the time of Pericles. Then my Catalonian companion gave two snores in apparent security. But it was merely fancied, for at that juncture one of his shoes left its place against the ceiling and then the other, and down they came, carrying the feet, the legs, and finally the Catalonian himself with them, to the bottom of the coach with a thump louder than before. I could now see the cause of the accident. The shoes of the traveler were so large and his body so light, that when the order of nature was reversed, and his feet put above his head, the center of gravity was thrown without the base. Nothing but a special miracle interrupting the laws of gravitation could have kept them up. But if he had been another Newton engaged in investigating that interesting science, he could not have been more persistent in his experiments. For eight hours I lay watching the efforts

of my companion to sleep with his feet against the roof of the coach. I took out my watch and timed him. I found that after a fall he was invariably forty-three seconds getting from the floor upon his seat. The whole time between a fall and the moment of replacing his shoes against the roof, never varied above two seconds from one minute and a half. Eight minutes from that period always produced the first long respiration, and the crash generally came with the fifth snore. At twelve o'clock, just as Mr. Harris was entering the territory of the Deb-Rajah of Bootan, the General gave his first snore; this continued without interruption all through Thibet to a point near the western part of the Chinese wall, when both the narrative of Mr. H., and the slumbers of the General were brought to a close by our arrival at Perpignan. At this point my Catalonian had, according to my account, fallen from the seat forty-three times.

We were set down at the door of the office of the Diligence Company at four o'clock in the morning, which in December was at least three hours before daylight. From the diligence office to the railway station was about a mile, and the connection was to be made in an omnibus which had not yet arrived. We were only half awake, but managed to make our way into the house, where we were besieged by the station-master to change Spanish money for French. This was just what I desired. I wished to pass upon some one, I did not care who, a counterfeit five-dollar piece of Spanish coin. This was absolutely the last chance I would have. To carry it into France was to lose it. In order to inform the reader of precisely how I was brought to the commission of this crime, it will be necessary for me to go back to the early part of my travels, and show how I became possessed of the base coin in question.



## CHAPTER X.

## MY FIRST STEP IN CRIME.

IF I were asked what is the chief occupation of the people of Spain, I should say, without hesitation, passing and rejecting counterfeit money. Not only small traders and innkeepers pass it constantly upon their customers and guests, but even the most respectable bankers make a business of mixing with the money they give to strangers a certain portion of counterfeit coin, and invariably deny the transaction if not discovered at the moment. The great struggle constantly going on is to take as little as possible and pass off all you can, in order to keep as nearly even with the world as may be. No one ever thinks of giving change, paying a debt, or even lending money, without taking care to mix with the sum paid out a certain quantity of coin of bad quality. All parties understanding this, the thing does not work so badly as one would at first think. One soon gets in the way of throwing out a part when offered, and of adroitly passing the rest to the unwary, thus keeping nearly even. If there be any thing in the doctrine held by some of our own statesmen, that the wealth of a country is estimated by its currency, and that the more currency there is in circulation the greater prosperity to the people, then is Spain the richest land upon the earth. But it is the stranger that suffers the most; and of all strangers in the world, those from America are most likely to be taken in in this way, for they are, of all others, perhaps, the least accustomed

to such small cheats, and, therefore, the least on their guard.

I had progressed half the distance of our lengthy voyage before I began to suspect the extent of this evil, when, gradually, I made the discovery that I was the possessor of twenty or thirty base pistareens. I had received some indications of this flow of bad money to my coffers before, but had not suspected the extent of the evil. As long as the matter kept within a reasonable limit, as it did about Burgos and through Old Castile to Madrid, confining itself to a few tin reals and pewter half pesitoes, its effect upon me was simply to slightly increase that natural benevolence which has always characterized my disposition. It directed my thoughts more frequently to the duty charged upon us to relieve the poor and comfort the needy. Up to that point I had been in the habit of bestowing alms in sums never exceeding two copper cents, valued according to the American standard of currency. Now, with these pieces in my possession, bearing the Spanish imprint representing a value of five times that sum, I felt that my means of conferring happiness upon others was largely increased. I therefore passed away the bogus half pesitoes and reals, as fast as I received them, to the various aged and indigent females who beset me demanding alms as I passed through the streets. The dry and chilly air of Madrid tends to make ophthalmic diseases greatly prevalent, and, in consequence, a large proportion of the beggars of that capital are blind. This I found to materially facilitate me in getting rid of the yellowest and brassiest of my coin. I feel confident but for this fact I should have found great difficulty and perhaps wholly failed in disposing of many of the worst specimens of which I found myself possessed.

I think I have seen it mentioned, somewhere in my reading, that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. If I am correct as to the aphorism, nothing could be more

true than it proved to be in my case. I have no cause to complain of the good faith of my debtor. For every bogus real with which I gladdened the hearts of the suffering poor of northern Spain, not less than three copper pistareens were promptly repaid to me in Andalusia. All down the valley of the Guadalquivir, by ancient Cordova, the seat of the caliphs, through gay Seville, home of sweet oranges and sweeter women, to white-walled Cadiz by the sea, the flood of brazen wealth poured into my pockets. And here, for the first time, I began to mark an infirmity of my nature that I had not before known of, and which gave me much uneasiness. My benevolence began to fail me. I regretted the sums that I was lavishing upon the poor of Spain, and looked about for other investments. I had no trouble. I had been lending to the Lord with great apparent success. I determined to sell my coin.

We were visiting churches every day. Each town had its vast cathedral, dating back to mediæval times, its churches filled with paintings, relics, and sacred things, or its monastery celebrated for the virtue, the piety, or perhaps the martyrdom of its founder. For being admitted to these places no charge was made, but an oblation was expected, in return for which prayers of great efficacy were offered by the holy men in behalf of each generous donor. The people of the country and many strangers gave to the church copper coin of good quality but of exceedingly small values. Upon these sacred waters henceforth I cast the accumulated bread that I had hitherto been feeding to the poor. I ceased to give copper cents, and gave brazen pistareens. I found this custom to have a good effect upon my mind in instructing me in matters of architecture, an art up to that time wholly unknown and unappreciated by me. It led me to note the distinctive features of the two great leading orders of this art that have been struggling for ascendancy for centuries past. I found the Grecian to be lighter and more airy

than the Gothic, and therefore much worse for any transaction requiring secrecy or privacy for its execution. On the other hand, the vast composite columns of the Gothic churches, supporting the dark vaulted roof, the pointed windows, with stained glass, letting only a few faint rays of light reach its stone pavement below, seem to be designed by both art and nature to facilitate the passing of brass pistareens upon an over-credulous sacerdotal order.

It may be thought by some that prayers and saintly intercession obtained in this way would be wholly inefficacious; that the fraudulent quality of the money paid as the moving consideration would so taint the entire transaction as to render them void, *ab initio*. Of that I am unable to form any opinion worthy to be written down, and shall not attempt to solve the point. Of one thing I now feel certain. It is that I did wrong to impose this currency upon the church, but think it would have been more becoming in me to have kept up my generous course of open-handed liberality to the distressed, the poor, and the blind. And I think that, left to myself, I should have done so; but the General who was with me, and gave his countenance and advice on all this matter, stood up for the church as a matter of right. And this he justified upon the ingenious ground that as it would be undoubtedly right to give her the tenth of this, or any goods of which I might be possessed, as a necessary consequence I must be at liberty to give her the whole. This, which I now perceive to have been a sophism based upon the fallacious reasoning that it was right to give the tenth of bogus money as a tithe to the church, at the time misled me; and to this first wrong step I attribute all my subsequent troubles and losses with counterfeit coin in Spain.

I changed a £10 circular letter of the Union Bank of London for Spanish coin at the bank of Cahill, White &

Beck, of Seville, and found by that transaction that they were unprincipled rogues; for they only gave me \$46.50 for the £10, and in the change gave me a five-dollar piece in counterfeit money. Nor did I discover the knavery until a week afterward, when I attempted to pay for my passage from Carthagena to Valencia. I had in fact paid it out to the steward of the ship, received my ticket, and supposed the transaction at an end. But ten minutes after, that functionary walked aft to the cabin where I was stretched at full length on the lounge and, laying the five duro piece on the table, looked at me with a very cunning smile that meant something. "What is it?" said I. "No buena?" "Si, señor. Muy buena, pero muy blanco." I saw that it was no use to argue the matter; so laying another piece in his hand, I took up the "good but too white" coin, and went to consult the General.

I soon found him engaged in looking out listlessly at the date and olive trees on the Andalusian coast. "What do you think of that?" said I, in a hoarse whisper, laying the money before him. He turned it over slowly and uttered but one word. "Bogus" said he, and handed it back. The remark convinced me that the General was not a sincere friend, and that I could not rely upon him in an emergency. I am now satisfied that I did him injustice and that he was with me for good or evil from the first, and meant nothing but for my welfare, both present and future. He was prompt with his opinion of what I ought to do, which he based upon what he would have done under similar circumstances. He was clearly of the opinion that I ought to throw the piece overboard at once; that we should visit no more churches in Spain was certain, and that to give so considerable a sum to a beggar would be to throw him into a luxurious mode of living calculated to endanger his life. And that, finally, as for passing it away in the course of business, involved the idea of there being another as stupid a fel-



low in Spain as myself, a thing which he could not, from his knowledge of that intelligent people, admit. He went on further to say, that as for himself, were the coin his, he could not think of passing it with the slightest doubt of its genuineness, on the ground of the dishonesty of the act. In short, that a thing immoral in Yreka was immoral in like manner on the coast of the Mediterranean sea. In this I felt that he was sincere, and therefore respected the motive, while I did not intend to act upon the suggestion. "But," he continued, "if you conclude to make the attempt, I am willing to do all I can to assist you." I assured him that, having been brought up in the West, where the crime of counterfeiting was one of the most prevalent evils that beset the infant community, and where lynch law had often within my recollection been called in as an auxiliary in its suppression, I had naturally been taught to look upon the passing of false money as one of the blackest of all the felonies known to the law. And further, that this opinion had continued with me till the last few minutes, but that I felt that a material change had taken place in my views, and that if I could find any Spaniard, blind or lame, day or night, upon whom I could pass that image of Queen Isabella the Second, I should do so, and not carry it with me out of her Majesty's dominions.

If any one had told me three days before, that in so short a time I would be found forgetting all the teachings of my youth, the examples of the good, the precepts of the pious, and embarking upon a career of crime short in duration, but almost unexampled in persistency of purpose, I should have laughed at the bare idea. Yet from Valencia Harbor to Alfaka Bay, and thence to Barcelona by sea, and all through Catalonia by land, in all sorts of modes and under all manner of pretences, I daily and hourly committed the crime of attempting to pass counterfeit money. Not only in English, pretending igno-



rance of all other tongues, but in bad French, worse Spanish, and infamous Catalan, the poetical language of Oc, fit language only for troubadours, did I continue the nefarious business. I made an estimate, based upon the *Criminal Code* of California, assuming the laws of Spain to be similiar to that enlightened system which has been so triumphantly successful in purging our State of all wrong doing, in order to ascertain the extent of punishment that I had incurred. The result was my finding that between Barcelona and Gerona, had I been convicted of each offense, one hundred and sixty-three years and six months in the state prison and a loss of all civil rights except that of participating in primary elections and acting as delegate to State conventions, would alone expiate my crimes.

After the coin was rejected on board the ship, I soon found that we, and especially the General, were objects of suspicion to all. The officers appeared to get an idea that we were part of an organized gang of foreigners that were going through the country ostensibly as travelers, but really as coiners. That we were a gang of counterfeiters all appeared to agree, and that my companion was the leader and high up in the ranks his commanding appearance, as well as the deference paid to him by me and the high title of General, settled beyond a doubt. Probably we had the presses, dies, and sinks in our baggage.

In Missouri, a great many years ago, there was an old fellow named Spurlock, who used to make counterfeit Mexican dollars down in the swamps of the Chariton. To put him in jail of course was no use, for he would get out in a week or two and go back at his old business. But the farmers of the neighborhood concluded that if they could get hold of his machinery, called by them "the moles," they could safely let the old fellow go, as he would be for the future harmless. They accordingly,

with that readiness of resource which has always characterized the hardy sons of the West, tied old Spurlock's arms and bending down a stout hickory sapling put the old fellow's neck right in the fork. Now, they said, tell us where "the moles" are and we will let you go about your business, otherwise we will let this sapling go up with you and we will go about our business; but the hoary old sinner had been too long in the backwoods to be frightened at trifles. He refused and up went the tree, and with it up went old Spurlock. Having waited long enough to afford the ancient manufacturer of the coin of our sister republic a reasonable time for reflection, the tree was again brought down and he was taken out and the question was repeated: "Spurlock, where are the 'moles?'" But still he was game. Again he went into the air with the elastic young hickory. This experiment was repeated a third and last time without success; when the party, feeling that they had exhausted every means justified by the enlightened sentiment of the age to get at the instruments of vice, started reluctantly on their way home, leaving old Spurlock hanging by the neck in the sapling. But they had not proceeded more than one hundred yards on their way, when the hindermost of the party fancied he heard a squeaking sort of sound proceeding from the direction of the suspended man. A close attention in that direction proved that the sound was made by old Spurlock, who, in a hoarse, squeaking but distinct whisper, was trying to say, "*Moles! Moles!*" He had surrendered. He was speedily brought to earth, and when restored to respiration, which was well nigh gone, discovered the place where the coining apparatus was concealed, and was set at liberty. The getting possession of the "moles" proved as efficacious as the warmest advocates of that drastic measure could have desired. Old Spurlock immediately reformed, and took up a pre-emption claim in the Chariton

bottom, where I have no doubt he or his children are living to this day in great respect and virtue.

The politeness of the Spanish people toward persons in the business of passing counterfeit money is wonderful. Not one ever hinted that any of my coin was bad. It was all, they assured me, perfectly good, but it was too white, or it was short weight, or it was too yellow. It was never bad. But all look at you with a sort of concealed smile of triumph, as much as to say: "No, you don't; you can't play me." But to pass counterfeit money in Spain with success requires experience. When you buy any thing and lay down your money, they first get out their requisite amount of change, taking care to mix in about one-third bad coin, and this done, they examine the piece tendered. If bad, they reject it and ask you for another piece. If you feel guilty, as I did in each case, you speedily throw down another, and seizing whatever is offered, hurry off to find on examination that instead of decreasing your stock of bogus money you have added to it not less than half a dozen pistareens of brass so plain that even the shades of night will not enable you to pass them away.

At the frontier, of course, both myself and the General conceded that all efforts to get rid of the bad money must cease. But when the station-master came and made the offer, I saw that I had one more chance, and resolved to avail myself of it. Every thing depended upon the skill and care with which the crime was managed, and it was necessary for all to be exceedingly circumspect to avoid suspicion. But the offer of the man to take Spanish money recalled our old troubles to the General's mind, and without thinking, he demanded of Mr. Harris, with a careless manner: "Have you been stuck with any counterfeit money in Spain?" I felt this to be an unfriendly act, inasmuch as it tended to bring up the subject of false money in a prominent way, and to put the money-

changer upon his guard. "Oh, not much; I knew in advance how the thing was, and kept on the lookout. I took one pistareen in the night." "What did you do with it?" I gasped. If he had passed it away there would be between us a fellowship in crime, and I could counsel with him. "What did I do with it? Oh," said he, "I threw it away, of course," thrusting his thumbs through his armholes with an air of jaunty honesty. "Yes," I responded, "of course. Oh, of course, there was no other way to do." How I envied the old fellow his clear conscience and freedom from brass money. But I soon satisfied myself that I might as well go on as I had begun. Mr. Harris was full thirty years my senior and had, therefore, so much less time in which to repent and set about a new mode of life; a thing I was resolved to do the moment I got rid of my bogus coin.

But the station-master did not understand English very well, and passed the conversation without observation. And when he again approached me, which he did soon after, to know if I would exchange Spanish money for French, I said yes, without hesitation. Mr. Harris, hearing me reply, came up and whispered, "That fellow will skin you out of your eye-teeth." "Let him skin," said I boldly; "I'll try it." "Don't give him any doubtful money," said the General, playfully. I felt hurt at this remark, but he afterward explained that he had no idea that I intended to try the thing on a regular dealer. "What do you give?" I demanded. "Five francs for a dollar," he replied. "Oh, I can do better than that at the railway station." He assured me, on the contrary, that they were great thieves at the railway station, and would not give me near as much. I finally consented, and threw out all my gold, which he examined carefully, and paid me in francs. Had I gone to the station I would have got more for my good gold than the fellow gave me for good and bad, but the human

mind is so constituted that when a man resolves on the commission of a crime he will pursue his reckless course although he loses the whole fruits of his wickedness. The knowledge of this fact, which was brought home to me as soon as I arrived there, resulted in an immediate and thorough repentance of the whole transaction, a course, however, which I had resolved upon from the first. Before actually passing over the coin, the General, who was still I think in good faith co-operating with me, took Mr. Harris out of the room on some pretense and kept him there till the crime was fully consummated.

Grabbing my carpet-bag and shawl, and without stopping to count my change, I left for the omnibus at a prodigious speed. Suddenly I felt a hand laid firmly but heavily on my shoulder. It was quite dark, but if it had been broad daylight I should not have been able to distinguish the face of the officer of the law who had evidently apprehended me. Old Spurlock's mild fate, together with unknown Spanish tortures, garrote and death, crowded confusedly into my mind. I clutched at the handful of uncounted French gold in my pocket with the resolution of offering to disgorge the whole as the price of my liberty. But it proved to be kind Mr. Harris who was coming to again warn me of the dishonesty of the fellow with whom I was dealing, and to tell me how much better I could do at the station. Trembling in every joint from the fright he had given, I contrived to tell him that he was too late, and that the iniquitous transaction was closed.

Going down the street in the omnibus, we could see by the light of the large coach-lamps that a man was pursuing us again. I gave up all for lost, but it proved to be the guard, who jumped up behind to collect the fare. If the fellow had but just looked fierce, and demanded money without stating what sum, he would have gone off with all I had. We were at Narbonne by daylight,



where we changed cars, the train we left going on to Bordeaux. From this point I began to feel more at ease, though the strong extradition laws subsisting between the two nations of France and Spain were not calculated to encourage that feeling. The General, with a feeling of security, no doubt greatly encouraged by a lengthy residence in Siskiyou County, California, seemed to feel himself out of danger as soon as the train started from the frontier town of Perpignan. At Marseilles I did not feel entirely safe, nor was my confidence fully restored till we reached Naples.



## CHAPTER XI.

### GOING TO THE ORIENT.

NAPLES is a fine place no doubt in fine weather, but it is subject to storms, and we were treated to a first-rate one while there. It has been said, I believe, by the great lexicographer, "Go to Naples and then die." I see no reason for it, unless it be for conscience sake. The craters of Vesuvius and the sulphuric fumes of Solfatara on either side, suggest the notion that some souls might not have far to travel if they did so. A storm commenced at Naples the second day after our arrival. Like most harbors in the Mediterranean, this is good enough in ordinary weather, but a terrible snare in stormy. The second morning I waded out through mud and mire to see thirty vessels piled up on the beach, or grinding to pieces against the walls and jetties of the little artificial harbor. All around the crescent-shaped port from the Castle even to Portici, at the foot of Vesuvius, the rich and varied cargoes of dry goods and wet, timber and tobacco, fish and fruits, were tumbling about, while thousands of bare-legged Masaniellos were eagerly braving the angry flood in search of the tempting wealth. For two weeks of our three spent here the tempests increased day by day. No vessel could land short of "Castel-Mare," sixteen miles away. One American ship captain, with a cargo of petroleum, excited the admiration of the town by holding his own vessel and a half score of Italian and Greek craft that got foul of him. The fishermen declared

it a miracle—but no doubt good chains, heavy anchors, and plenty of them, with watchfulness, was the secret of the matter. But we came to Naples in flight from the winters of the north. We were searching for a climate as genial as our own California, and it was not to be found in Italy. After ten days the weather settled sufficiently to permit excursions to Pompeii, Vesuvius, and Puzziola, but having already during the storms visited San Carlo, and spent all our loose cash in coral and lava jewelry, we were in condition to exact of Naples what had been promised to us in its behalf—fine weather—under pain of leaving the place. Fine weather—a thing of which Californians are not the worst judges in the world—failed to appear.

We therefore shook the mud of Italy from our shoes and took passage in the Cunard steamship *Olympus* for Alexandria. The ship had sailed from Liverpool eighteen days before, with two passengers on board—young Scotch girls going to Egypt to visit relatives. How they had been buffeted by the storms of that time, from the English Channel to the Bay of Biscay, and through that, bringing snow on their decks quite to the Straits of Gibraltar; and how they had been rolled and tossed about as they came up the dreary Spanish coast, never seeing so much as a pleasant day nor a moment's comfort till they entered the Bay of Naples; and how, if they ever got back to dear old Scotland, nothing would ever tempt them to leave it again—was a story that we all listened to with sympathetic eagerness as we ran down the toe of the great Italian boot, searching for the Straits of Messina.

The *Olympus* is a steamer of one thousand two hundred tons, and belongs to the "British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company," as the Cunard people call themselves. We had been brought from America to Europe in a French ship. We had done all

our ocean traveling since in Spanish and Italian vessels. I had never been to sea in an English ship before. Indeed I had contracted a prejudice against almost every thing English, and it extended doubtless even to their ships, and especially to English ship-captains and officers. They might be safe enough, I thought, but it was certain that they were uncivil and overbearing toward passengers. But two trips at sea with Spaniards, who know as much about a steam-engine as they do about the science of good government or the advantages of religious toleration, and one with Italians, who know, if possible, even less than do the Spaniards, had made me wide awake to the pleasure of feeling comparatively safe when I should be sleeping with but one plank between myself and the bottom of the ocean. I do not care how much an American may feel aggrieved at English depredations upon American commerce, or how deep may be his determination to have a settlement with that power on the first favorable occasion, but let him be traveling in these barbarous countries, such as Spain and Italy, and after trying the people in all the various relationships of hotel-keeper, banker, and ship-master, and then let him find himself on board an English steamer, commanded by an English captain and manned by English engineers and sailors, and he will be willing to go far toward settling the difficulties in a friendly way, out of gratitude for the pleasure he has enjoyed in the almost unknown feeling of safety and confidence during the voyage. It is worth the price of one's passage to hear the word of command passed forward in good round intelligent English—"stop her," "go ahead slow," "half speed," especially after being humbugged about in the Mediterranean for weeks listening to the verbose Spaniards, trying in vain to say the same words in our glorious language, the only one known in the engine-room all around the globe.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we pulled

alongside the *Olympus*, as she lay at anchor in Naples Bay. The sun was sinking behind the new mountain reared by Pluto's fires, more than a thousand years since that Roman citizen, St. Paul, plodded his weary journey on foot along the Appian way from Puteoli, where the *Castor and Pollux* had landed him, to the capital of the Roman world, carrying up his appeal to Cæsar. We could from the ship's deck see the mountain and the town, and almost the road the illustrious prisoner followed so long ago, while to the left Capri, with its twelve palaces of Tiberius and its olive groves, seemed to float like some great sea-monster at the entrance to the bay, keeping guard over its blue waters. Turning to the east, Vesuvius loomed up over our heads, with its old and new cone, with its frozen torrents of lava, black and grim, marking its scarred sides, covering farms, olive orchards, fields and vineyards of lachryma christi, as the shadows of floating clouds on a sunny day in June darken the golden fields of growing grain.

"Good day, ladies and gentlemen," said a cheery, pleasant voice, as we walked aft toward the wheel. We did not then know the speaker; but the tones were unmistakably friendly and assuring. He was about five feet eight inches high, and not a great deal less than that measurement in beam, wore a tight-fitting sack coat, reaching halfway to the knees, and seeming to fit that part of his person as closely as any point farther up. But his hands and feet were small, his neck neatly dressed, and his round head covered with light, curly, close-cut hair, under a regulation naval cloth cap, with a lion rampant embroidered on the front, was firmly set on his square shoulders. His face as round as the shield of young Norval, showed the veins full of red blood, under the thin but weather-beaten skin, raising in the stranger at a first glance, an unjust suspicion of intemperance in drink. A second look, however, dissipated the wrongful

notion, and left the true one that a jollier, a kinder, or better sailor never trod a plank. This was Captain James Dubbins, of the *Olympus*, my first English captain; and my advice to all of my friends is, that they are never to miss a chance to go in his ship. If they are waiting for a vessel, and none go in the right direction but French or Spanish steamers, and Captain Dubbins passes, though going the wrong way, take passage with him. He'll come back with you, and there's no certainty that the others will. We were fully at home in the *Olympus* in five minutes. Had our trunks all come aboard, and were they properly stowed away? inquired the kind captain; if not, he would go and order it done. We thanked him, it was already attended to. We had been traveling too long with high-toned California steamship lords to expect any aid from those in authority. Every fellow for himself, was our rule, and we had carried up our own things.

In the mean time, more travelers for the East came up the side to be greeted in the same way, and made welcome to the floating mansion. Emboldened by courtesies so unusual, we began to ask questions: "Which side of Capri do we go, captain, in leaving the bay?" "To the eastward," is the prompt reply. "Do we have a pilot?" "Oh, no, bless you, it's no trouble to get in or out of Naples. Wait a bit, and I'll go and fetch the chart and show you." "Oh, no," we say in great fright, "don't do it," but the protest is lost to the captain, who is already half way down the ladder, and away to his office forward of the engine. Soon he comes puffing back, his face even redder than ever, and all covered with a pleasant smile, at a chance to do a kindly or polite act to some one. The great chart is soon spread open on deck, with its elegant steel engravings of rocks, headlands, and shoals, all colored and finished and mounted in rich style in London. By this time, the passengers have increased to twenty, and all flock around looking on, and



all except myself, who had, by my question brought on the catastrophe of the chart, are enjoying it hugely. When all have had a look, it is rolled up and carried back to the office.

The agent having come off with the papers, and all passengers being aboard, the anchor is hoisted, and we begin to steam down the harbor. Passing Portici and Herculaneum, Torre del Greco, and Pompeii, and at last getting from under the lofty shadow of Vesuvius, the ancient and modern enemy of them all, we finally feel that we are bidding adieu to Naples and to Italy. But all the evening the passengers remained on deck, gazing upon the classic shores that glided past us in panorama rich as their own history. Amalfi, once an independent republic, and boasting the double discovery of the mariner's compass, and the lost codes and pandects of Justinian, could be faintly seen to the left; while down the coast, Pæstum, no more a ruin now than in the days of Cicero, could be faintly traced against the eastern sky. By eleven o'clock reluctantly we separated, lingering, as we went away to our beds, to gaze again and again at the fading shores.

The first sound I heard in the morning was the pleasant voice of the captain calling for volunteers to look at Stromboli. I was out in an instant, but found that others had entered the service as willingly as myself. There the grumbling monster stood broad and tall, right up from the bottom of the sea, like a great hay-stack in the center of a meadow, but smoking and sputtering like a charcoal-pit. It was the first volcanic smoke proper we had seen, for Vesuvius was torpid, and showed no signs of life from Naples. True, we had been to the summit, and met the thin vapors that proceed from the crater, but a volcano smoking away like a great blast furnace, and visible as far as the mountain itself, was a novelty worth a long look. But it did not get it from us that



morning, for there, right dead ahead in the track of the vessel, stood the monarch of the mountains, old Etna himself, cold and gray against the morning sky, by the side of which, Vesuvius and Stromboli, and all the fuming furnaces about, were the veriest mole-hills. Although we were gazing at Etna with the bulk of the island of Sicily and leagues of sea water between, yet clear above the clouds and vapors that hung around the little kingdom and over the straits and city of Messina, the giant reared his snow-clad head, wreathed with a smoky plume that swayed with the winds from earth to the bluest arch of heaven. It stands alone, rising directly up from the seashore in one single point far within the region of perpetual snow. And at the top the volcanic cone, like a large hogshead resting upon all as a funnel, from which issues in volumes the smoke of Vulcan's furnace, stands above the horizon. We saw Etna at daylight. At eleven A. M., having passed Scylla and Charybdis, so terrible to the ancients, we changed our course to the east, and all day long sailed directly away, yet when night came upon us it still stood up out of the bosom of the sea eighty miles away, and as plain as when first we saw it. We left it quite out of sight in the night, and in the morning we have only the sea, the ship, and the pilgrims for Jerusalem to look at, till the flat sands of Africa shall come in view.

There are more than twenty persons on board—all, except two Scotch girls, howadjis or pilgrims, bound for the holy places. All were Americans, except three English boys just out of school and finishing their education with a sprinkle of travel. Of the Americans I would not like to say how many were preachers on leave of absence for a year (salaries going on) for delicate lungs. If I should tell how near it was to half the entire number, I would disclose an amount of bad health among the clergy of America that might create a panic in many a congregation. I will only say, that had we been at sea

over the following Sunday—a thing reasonable to calculate upon when we left Naples, and which nothing but an extraordinarily short voyage could prevent—we should have had an amount of square preaching in that ship that would have been a warning of some sort to every sinner of us for the balance of our natural lives. Whether the devil loving his own, and fearing the loss of some of us under the unctuous teachings of some pious howadji, greased the ship's keel and slid her through the water with extra speed, or whether Capt. James Dubbins clapped on full steam with the view to turn some of this eloquence among the heathens of Alexandria as a more rich and extensive field, I know not, but certain it is that on Saturday, at four o'clock, we dropped anchor at that port, after an unprecedentedly short run of less than four days.

We had been told that the African coast was low and flat, but we were scarcely prepared to see the masts of shipping in the harbor, before the town of Alexandria or the land upon which it is built. The guide-books state that the first object seen in approaching is Pompey's pillar, but such is not the case. We saw the ships' masts and the light-house about the same time. The pillar can not be seen for near an hour after, and not till the vessel is within the harbor. History relates how Alexander, after conquering Syria and Asia Minor, passed along the coast and saw that nature had designed this for a great city; that he immediately had it surveyed off into streets, squares, and water lots, and set the people to piling and capping, building and filling in, electing superintendents of streets and letting contracts for paving and cobblestoning. The position of Alexandria, with reference to the trade with India, is of course admitted and demonstrated, but a worse harbor than this can not be found among all the snares for ships that go by that name from one end of the Mediterranean to the other. "It is all well enough," said Capt. Dubbins to us one pleasant afternoon

on the quarter-deck, "in Alexandria while the weather is fine, but let it come on once to blow, and then it is every one for himself. I went against a lot of their Egyptian craft last winter, and left them scattered about like a basket of eggs that has had a hard fall. But fortunately in Egypt nobody pays for any thing, so we got off without loss. They fetched us in court, and humbugged us about a while, but at last it was brought in that it was a case of *force majeure*, as they call it, and nobody to blame, so we paid nothing."

## CHAPTER XII.

### CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AND THOMPSON'S PILLAR.

A MILE short of the harbor's entrance we saw the pilot pulling out to us, and stopped to wait for him. He sat in the stern of his two-oared yawl, dressed in flowing trousers and fez hat, the very personification of Oriental dignity. The oarsmen, both Arabs, stood up as they tugged away against the wind and current. One was a venerable old fellow, with a beard of snow that reached to his waist. Both wore long flowing gowns and full turbans. It was our first view of the Mussulman in his own land. This, like the sight of the first palm-tree, touches a chord in the memory that is responded to by strange and indescribable emotions. The pilot soon sprang up the side and walked forward to the bridge. His venerable boatmen settled themselves to rest in their boat, with a strong towing-rope made fast to the *Olympus*, and in five minutes we were running between the two floating buoys that alone mark the entrance, or show that there is such a thing as a harbor of Alexandria. Just at this point the bell rang for dinner earlier than usual; for the captain could not think of allowing his passengers to enter into the life and death struggle of landing among the Egyptians upon an empty stomach. The greater part of the dinner hour was spent on deck, there being a rushing to and fro, a rising up and sitting down all through the meal, that showed how interested we all were in what was going on above. Anchor was dropped between the

soup and the fish, and before the salute all had finished, and dinner was over.

In Mediterranean ports passengers can not pick up their carpet-bags and rush off on the first plank that is shoved over the ship's side, as in America. First, ships do not lie alongside wharves, nor can passengers go on shore when they please. The port authorities must be consulted about the very serious political affair of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, or General Thomas Jefferson Smith, from the United States of America. No one knows what might happen if they should land before the Port Admiral had signed a permission to that effect. Brown may have incendiary proclamations in his pocket addressed to the people, or General Smith may be the secret military agent of some club designed to subvert the government. Of course all these nefarious plans can easily be check-mated, provided the chief officer of the port can have time to read the names of the conspirators, and compel them to sign a paper.

We, therefore, stood for a half hour looking over the ship's side at the crowd of Arab boatmen, not less than fifty in number, that flocked about, each waiting for the chances of getting one of the five-and-twenty Christian passengers to trust their valuable fortunes in his craft from the ship to the neighboring custom-house. No two of these were dressed alike; and as for their complexion, that varied more in color than even their costumes. It was evident that we were surrounded by specimens of all the mixed nations of the East, but how to recognize them was a task to which none of us as yet was equal. Addressing myself to a fine specimen seated in one of the boats, and possessing that jet black skin and fine curly hair, known in our country as being peculiar to the loyal resident population of the District of Columbia, I said to him: "What countryman are you, my Lily of the Valley?" With a genial smile, that a Constitutional

Democrat would have called a grin, and which, in fact, did disclose a great deal of ivory, extending all over his intelligent face, he promptly replied, "I 's a Affican man! Ca-hyah-hyah! hyah!" In truth, I had already suspected as much. A grave-looking Arab sitting in the next boat, and overhearing the inquiry, endeavored to mislead me by saying in a solemn manner, and pointing to the Ethiop, "He Irishman." I paid no attention to this, but soon after saw the Mussulman surrounded by a crowd of admiring friends, all looking at me and giving vent to peals of laughter. It was plain that he was telling them how he had humbugged the verdant Frank from the Far West, who had never seen a black man before. There was a pale-faced and straight-haired assistant or partner in the boat with the "African man." Overcoming by a strong effort a natural prejudice contracted against his color, upon hearing the news of the Memphis and New Orleans riots and the elections in New Jersey, I put to him the same question. "Where are you from, my 'Tulip of the Nile?'" "Me 'Giption" (Egyptian)—pronounced hard as in gumption—he said, and I passed from him to others. But they were all more anxious to secure a fare than to give information upon points bearing upon the science of ethnology. "Me Arab," said one fellow, "and got good *boattee*; carry your luggage and all for one shilling." "What is your name?" "Hassan," was the ready answer. I had read of him in the *Arabian Nights*, and took his boat from the association alone.

It was now near dark and the custom-house half a mile away. But through the energy of Hassan and his partner, Yusef, we were soon seated on our trunks and pulling along under the sterns of a great crowd of steamers that fill this harbor from all parts of the Mediterranean world. One fine screw, of at least 1,000 tons, was the *Californian*. I read the name and mentally thanked the unknown owner for the compliment. When we got to



the pier of the custom-house we were told that the high and excellent *Bashaw*, whose duty and privilege it was to circumvent the wicked Smiths and Browns in their attempt to destroy Egypt and the true religion, by compelling them to sign their names on a piece of paper before setting foot upon her sacred soil, was still at his Excellency's dinner. There are no tides worth mentioning in the Mediterranean, so that the piers are but a foot or so above the water's edge. There we lay for two mortal hours, until far into the night, with a guard of the police, or Egyptian soldiers, bravely holding us in check at this slight parapet until dinner should be eaten, and perhaps digested, by that distinguished personage who had the interests and religion of the country in his special keeping.

At last, when patience was all gone and despair fully in its place, a great outcry of "clear the way for his mightiness," followed by stillness most profound, announced that the chief officer had come. Low bows were made and in he stalked, six feet two inches high, in flowing Eastern robes and lofty turban, and as black as the great-great-great-grandfather of Parson Honeycutt. I was not in a first-rate humor. If the Grand Bashaw had proved of white skin I should have been mortally offended. As it was, his politeness, amounting almost to affability, soon quite won me over. I thought what a pity to throw so fine a system into a state of ignoble dyspepsia by hasty eating. Besides he appeared to be utterly free from any weak bias against caste or color. I, for a short time, almost envied him his entire freedom from any sort of prejudice against the white race. And it was admirable. But it must be remembered that he had never in his life seen a Democratic primary election.

Before finally reaching the shore we entered into an agreement with Hassan, to act in the multiple character of general undertaker of carriages, dragoman, custom-

house broker, and to put us down at our hotel for a fixed compensation, which was to be five francs for each person. Hassan had already given us to understand that by judicious management, he could get us, goods and all, through the custom-house without the opening of a package. Now I am certain, that of the whole dozen or more of trunks, great and small, carpet-bags, and valises belonging to the company, not one of the lot contained even the slightest thing, from a cigar to a proclamation of revolt against the authority of the Pasha, that could have upon the most rigid inspection been deemed contraband. Yet such is the natural aversion of travelers to having their baggage searched, or perhaps the natural desire to smuggle if possible, that the greater part of the sum agreed upon was understood to be in consideration of the smartness of Hassan, in the bribery or circumvention of the Viceroy of Egypt. But the direct opposite of that which we desired and bargained for was the result. The Collector walked into the baggage-room with a lordly air and allowed himself to be bribed with the beggarly sum of one franc, when we had been assured that all Egyptian officials were absolutely incorruptible under five shillings English money. And what was still worse, after having been bribed, he was evidently determined to earn his money. The fact that we had bought him, was proof conclusive to his mind that we were smugglers, and that our trunks were filled with contraband goods. It was necessary, therefore, for him to find the goods in order to show us that he was as good as his word and would let them pass. In vain was each trunk, one after the other, opened and probed to the very bottom. Not a thing was there; and at last the noble African turned to us and inquired with wonder what was our objection to our trunks being opened if we had no goods that owed duty. By this time we began to ask ourselves the same question, Why attempt to evade the law when you are all right and honest? Had

the high-minded official found so much as a box of snuff in one of the trunks, sufficient to show us that he knew what he was conniving at, he would have immediately discontinued the search. But as it was, he opened all the trunks and carpet-bags, and detained us twice as long as he would have done had we opened them at the start, instead of the dishonest course we did pursue.

There are two hotels in Alexandria frequented by strangers, the Hotel de l'Europe, at which the Prince of Wales stopped some time, but I do not know when, and which has that important fact stated in enormous letters painted across its front, and the Peninsula and Oriental. The two houses stand on opposite sides of the Grand Square in the Frankish quarter, and are lively, if not cleanly caravansaries. We put up at the first named. It is three stories high, has no carpets nor bells; has Arab waiters with bare legs; has plenty of mosquitoes, and charges four dollars, or sixteen shillings English, per day. The travel overland from England to India, by way of the Red Sea, keeps these houses well filled with extremely transient customers. As at Aspinwall, the Alexandria of the Western world, passengers stop here only long enough to eat, or perhaps to sleep, while the steamer is getting ready for sea.

Although it was long after dark when we had got settled at the hotel, we procured a dragoman, and sallied forth to see the place. The peculiar location of Alexandria, with reference to the overland transit, has given it probably the most thoroughly mixed class of population in the world. As we passed down the street, we could hear the English language spoken by an average of at least one man in ten that passed us. The mixed costumes of the Eastern type, worn by Egyptians, Turks, Greeks, Copts, and Jews that poured along the narrow, unpaved, and but half-lighted streets, were so varied, so queer, and so Oriental, that we were stopping in wonder at every

step of the way. Public street-lamps are unknown, so that the crowd frequents the chief business thoroughfare, which has light from the interior of the shops. There being no sidewalks in the Egyptian quarter, the streets are usually filled to the center, and that part which in our country is used for sidewalks, is devoted to the purposes of trade. And here, sitting cross-legged, the tailor, the cobbler, and the barber, ply their busy occupations.

A commotion occurred just ahead of us as we strolled along, in which the loud voice of a coachman seemed to rise above all other sounds. Everybody in the street ran, as did we, to learn what was going on. The coachman was sitting on his box when we arrived, engaged in shouting at the top of his voice, and at the same time laying his whip about the head and shoulders of the people within reach as hard as he could drive. Out of the tumult issued a coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men, and as they hurried out of reach of the furious cabby with the whip, the crowd seemed to fall into a sort of procession to follow it. It was a funeral party, and the coachman was in the very midst of it, thrashing the mourners with might and main. The solemn look of the long-robed pall-bearers, the velvet-covered coffin, with its silver-headed nails flashing by the light of the shop lamps, and the unseemly disturbance of the burial-service, combined to render the scene half horrible and half grotesque. "What is it all about?" I demanded of Achmet, the name of our dragoman. "Dey going to bury the Jew," he answered. "Coachman say one man scratch the carriage, and he goin' whip 'em. Nobody likee the Jew," Achmet contigued, after having explained the cause of the row. It appeared that the coachman, with true Mussulman insolence, while driving through the funeral procession, fancied that one of the mourners touched his carriage in passing, and as they were Jews, he com-

menced beating all that came within his reach, as a faithful Mussulman should and ought to do under the circumstances.

Leaving this, we followed our guide into an Arab coffee-house, and taking a seat called for coffee. All in the place were dressed in Eastern costume, but the arrival of our company in Frankish dress created no attention. No liquors appeared to be sold here; nothing but coffee and tobacco were ordered while we were in the place. It was a large room, or rather suite of rooms, leading the one into another by curtained doors. Divans were arranged around the rooms against the walls, but the chairs that were placed at the tables in the European style appeared to be the most used by the Orientals, as well as the Europeans. We saw no one sit upon the divans except a band of Arabian musicians, who sang and accompanied their rude voices by playing upon a sort of stringed instrument. Lazy-looking Turks from Stamboul sat baring their arms upon the table, and dreaming over the great half-gallon pipes or smoking bottles, called the *nargileh*. Gayly-dressed Syrian dragomans in flowing breeches and spangled jackets, watched us, and waited a chance to offer their services for a consideration. A half-dozen Circassians, once the loyal subjects of Schamil, but now faithful to the Czar, stalked about the room with their tall camel-skin hats, reminding one of the cheap lithographs of the equestrian adventures of Mazeppa, so often seen in American bar-rooms. Greek merchants, Jew money-changers, and Egyptian and Arabian men of all or no work, passing in and out, kept the place lively and picturesque with the changing and varied costumes of as many nationalities. We called for coffee, which was served to us in cups twice the size of thimbles, thick with grounds, black and sweetened in advance. Arabian coffee is better in Eastern tale, or Oriental poetry, than in the mouth. It is not quite



abominable stuff, but comes near to being worthy of such a descriptive epithet.

In the morning we procured a carriage and went to see the monuments of ancient Alexandria, which are Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. In going to the Pillar we were obliged to pass by the Mecropolis or chief cemetery, which is close by. The great Mohammedan feast of the Ramadan was to commence the following day, and part of the ceremonies, it appears, were to take place in the burying-ground, in accordance with the custom of the people. Tombs in Egypt are ornamented with a low brick curb, painted in colors at the fancy of the friends. The place was filled with painters and whitewashers, giving each grave-stone a fresh coat for the coming holy-day.

Pompey's Pillar stands on an eminence a quarter of a mile without the walls of the town. The hill upon which it stands is destitute of the smallest show of vegetation, and covered with gravel and sandstones. But all around at the distance of a few hundred feet, the rich soil of Lower Egypt approaches it, covered with its never-fading coat of green and shaded with groves of date-trees. The narrow paths that approach the graceful monument, and along which the solemn camel and patient ass trudge beneath their heavy burden are bordered by the acacia and sycamore of Syria, famous in many a Bible story. There is no column more graceful or more perfect as to size and proportions in the whole world than this of Alexandria. It is enough to say, without attempting a description, that it was made when art was at its best in the Roman world, and that it leaves upon the mind of the beholder a lasting and most agreeable impression. After admiring for a moment the exquisite shape and polish of the column, which is about one hundred feet high, our eye was caught by the name of W. S. Thompson painted in letters a foot at least in size the



full length of the base. The ambitious Thompson has been more successful in gaining fame in this way than most travelers who scribble their name upon monuments or works of art, for his appears to have been painted on at considerable expense, and to have remained there for several years past. I have since seen photographs of the pillar with Mr. Thompson's name quite plainly repeated thereon. Would it not be strange if in the course of time some industrious and learned archæologist should discover, upon the occasion, perhaps of some fuller revival of learning, that the lofty monument on the seashore at Alexandria had been erected to the honor of one W. S. Thompson? It would not be more wonderful as a matter of fact, or more humiliating to the memory of the real Simon Pure in honor of whom it was erected, than are the disputes and doubts that have so long perplexed the world as to the real history of the column. And I am not quite sure that if I had dropped down upon this place unassisted by the profound researches of the learned John Murray of London, that I should not have been, a year or two from now, some pleasant afternoon, entertaining my friends at home with an exact description of Thompson's Pillar in Egypt. But there must be an end of all things terrene, and why not of Murray? And when he is gone, Thompson stands a better chance than Pompey, who has been ousted of the honor years ago, and quite as good as Diocletian, who just now seems to be uppermost in the struggle for the credit of the monument. In fact, his chances are better; for he has his name on the thing too high up for the lazy Arabs to even reach it, which is by no means the case with Diocletian, who has not so much as a chalk-mark in his favor. There was a little party of twenty or thirty Arabs of all ages and both sexes standing about the base of the column or lying on the sand when we drove up. About half of them came lazily to the carriage door and offered for sale genuine

pieces of the pillar, which they all assured us in bad English they had just broken off with their own hands. Upon our refusing to be parties to the vandalism, the most of the curiosity merchants retired slowly to their nests in the sand. The rest hung about asking for "backshish" on the ground of blindness or poverty.

From Pompey's Pillar to Cleopatra's Needle is about five minutes' drive. There is standing but one of the obelisks that bear this name, the other not only being thrown down, but buried out of sight in the sand. This stands on the shore of the old harbor, within the town, and inclosed by the houses and walls of the neighborhood so as scarcely to be seen from the street while passing outside. A dirty-looking fellow opened the gate for us, and demanded an indefinite amount of backshish for the privilege of entering, which we finally compromised upon the basis of one shilling for the party of four. Cleopatra's Needle is an obelisk of red granite, like all obelisks of Egypt, many of which may be seen in the cities of Europe, especially Rome. Paris has one, the obelisk of Luxor, in the Place de la Concorde, almost precisely similar in size and appearance with this. Rome has several as large, and one in the square in front of the Basilica of St. John Lateran, nearly double its size. The mate to this, now buried under the sands of Alexandria, was given by Ibrahim Pasha to the English government, which was ambitious of having one in London. But though this was many years ago, they have never removed it, and probably never will. Cleopatra's Needle is seventy feet high, with a diameter at its base of seven feet eight inches. This monument, like Pompey's Pillar, has been sadly undermined by the rapacious Arabs in search of hidden wealth, and the still more rapacious European travelers in search of curiosities or relics, all of which must inevitably, within a few years, unless restrained, result in their overthrow; both of the monuments have their founda-

tions already removed by this means to the extent of one-fourth or more.

The great increase of travel from Europe to India overland, as the journey by Suez and the Red Sea is called, keeps an enormous Frankish resident population at Alexandria, besides the crowd that flocks through the place day after day to join the steamer for Aden and Bombay. Of the one hundred and ninety thousand people here, no less than eighty thousand are Europeans. And several hundreds must be constantly in the hotels or about the streets, *in transitu* from sea to sea.

These generally employ the few hours' time spent at Alexandria in riding donkeys about the streets at a gallop, followed by a crowd of beggars and loafers shouting and laughing at the accidents or excesses, and begging for backshish. The first thing a young Anglo-Indian does, and the rule not unfrequently applies to old ones as well, is to purchase a Turkish fez or red skull-cap with a black silk tassel. This he slaps upon his head and wears day and night, at meals and in the street, as long as it lasts. Then hiring a donkey, which here stand in droves ready saddled and for hire at every corner, he mounts him, and, followed by the donkey boy at a run, they set off at a tearing rate through the narrow streets. The boy shouts to clear the way, and beats the donkey from behind with a long stick. The rider, excited by the novelty of his situation, shouts as loud as the boy, and thus they go at a grand gallop, often running over old women, knocking down egg-baskets or crockery stands that happen unluckily to be in the way; for a Mussulman, high or low, looks upon all events as inevitable, and foreordained by fate. To attempt to avoid any misfortune or casualty by preparation never enters his head. They have also a pretty good opinion of the capacity and willingness of a Frank to pay damages, and are very adroit in making claim for a sufficient sum to cover all contingencies. So that to have an

egg-basket smashed or an outside crockery shop broken up accidentally by a Frank, is often a good stroke of business for a whole month.

The streets of Alexandria, like all in Egypt, are unpaved, with the exception of one in the Frankish quarter, upon which front the hotels and European shops. The native population appears to have no idea of pavements or sidewalks. The soft mud or soil bed of the streets are alike traversed, narrow as they are, by all on foot, on horse-back, on donkeys, on camels, and in carriages. And no part of the narrow pathway is understood to be specially devoted to any class or portion of the motley throng, human or inhuman, that squeeze their way through the streets of Alexandria. You start along the street, you attempt, perhaps, to keep next to the wall, but before you have advanced ten paces you find that a sedate Turkish merchant, in flowing robes, jogging along upon a donkey so small that nothing but his ears and hoofs can be seen, has in some manner got between you and your intended route, and that you are forced into the middle of the street. Here you find yourself surrounded by a mixed flock of sheep and goats, under the marshalship of a woman so closely veiled that you can not tell whether or not she has passed beyond the age entitling her to the usual courtesies due to her sex. You get through this as well as you can, dodging carriages and trucks, to find yourself between two trains of camels laden with stone and sand, and going in opposite directions. They are fastened in a line, the one behind the other, with ropes, and tramp along with a solemn march, swinging like so many ships at sea, but as irresistible as a railway train. Six camels make a train nearly a hundred feet long, and are a half minute or more in passing. Getting clear of these Oriental monsters, you push on among crowds of men and women, mostly bearing burdens, some upon the head and some upon the back; water-carriers with skins

of that fluid over their shoulders made of the entire hide of a goat, the hair turned outside, and looking like a dead carcass of that animal; peddlers, with jars or packs of various commodities, crying them to the public in the most clamorous manner. Working through this, sometimes next the wall and more times in the middle of the street, you encounter a great drove of camels laden with green clover or perhaps cotton stalks for fuel, but piled so high up and extending so wide as to brush the houses on both sides the narrow street. Camels do not stop or get out of the way. One driver to every six or eight, and all tied in a row, they march along like the Macedonian phalanx. They are privileged characters, and the street must be cleared. The people step into the alleys or squat down, the carriages turn back, and the donkeys go I know not where. This was a mystery that remained to me unsolved all the time I stayed in Alexandria; but go they do, somewhere, and the camels march on their way. When they have passed, as if by magic all carriages, donkeys, donkey-boys and donkey-riders, water-carriers, blind women and blind men, and blind boys and girls, in a word, all Alexandria close up in the wake, as the waters close after the passing ship, and again the struggle is renewed to pass the streets of Alexandria.

The stranger landing in Egypt is almost immediately struck with the great number of blind and half-blind people he sees in the public streets. It is not too much to say that every seventh native he meets is either totally blind or with but one eye. I made inquiry as to the cause, and was promptly informed by a dragoman that the Egyptian and Arabic mothers are in the habit of putting pins in one of the eyes of their children, when young, in order to produce partial blindness, and thus incapacitate them for service in the armies. But a little observation of the character of dragomans convinced me that, like couriers in Europe, they were the greatest liars without exception



in the world, and that the statement was rather damaged than otherwise by coming from one of this class. The real cause can be quite sufficiently accounted for without resorting to this libel upon the office of maternity, and consequently upon the whole female sex. Ophthalmia is a prevailing disease in this country; and the profession of physicians of learning is a Frankish institution, almost wholly unknown in Asia or Africa.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### MUSR EL KAHIREH.

ALTHOUGH Alexandria is situated at one of the numerous mouths of the Nile, and has, besides, a canal communicating directly with Cairo, upon which the queer cross between the ancient trireme and the modern yacht, known here as Nile-boat, ply between the two places as often as enough passengers present themselves to make it an object to sail, yet we did not go to Cairo by water. It was not, however, from any disrespect to that noble stream, nor from any want of appreciation of the able authors of various countries, who have described such travel as being so delightful, but for the simple and unromantic reason that a train of cars left Alexandria station each morning at eight o'clock, and in four hours and a half put down its load within gunshot of the site of the corncribs of Joseph—equally near to the citadel and mosque of Mehemet Ali—that is to say, at Shepherd's Hotel, in Cairo.

From Alexandria the railway runs southeast, crossing directly without the city the Lake of Mareotis, and immediately after enters the rich valley of the Nile, flat as the valley of the Mississippi, and not unlike it in appearance. For an hour or more, as the train flies along, the line of the canal can be traced from the car window by the masts of the boats that are rowed or sail slowly up or down its sluggish waters. Occasionally we came near enough to see one of these rude floats, looking large and

uncouth enough to pass for Noah's Ark, and being drawn by the crew, who were out on the bank, harnessed together by a rope, like so many mules on an American canal. Passing the Rosetta branch and the delta, we were enabled to judge with our own eyes of the richness of the land that tempted Jacob to deliver himself and his seed into the hands of Pharaoh. The floods, which finally subside in October, had left the soil bountifully enriched, and the young crop of wheat was waving over the valley as far as the eye could see. Occasionally the perfect carpet of green was relieved by a break of dry cotton stalks of the preceding year, that had not yet been removed, showing how the Egyptians had gained by the dissensions that had made Americans such losers. Soon we passed the Damietta branch, and were on the south side of the Nile. And just here the tops of the pyramids tipped the horizon to the southwest. The queer baker's oven villages of the Egyptians, the mixed flocks of buffaloes and goats, the laden camels and asses, trudging along the roads or plowing side by side, fastened to the same rude limb, were no longer noticed, but every eye was bent upon the monument that had been gazed upon alike by Herodotus and Moses and Napoleon the Great—one of the seven wonders of the ancients—the unsolved riddle of the moderns—the Pyramid of Cheops.

At two o'clock we were at the station haggling with the hackmen and swearing at the baggage-carriers of Cairo. There are two or three hotels kept for the entertainment of European travelers at this place, each vying with the other for filth, discomfort, and high prices. Some years ago, a man named Shepherd had sense enough to know that it would pay to treat even strangers tolerably well, and had thereby made for himself a competency, and for the house he kept a name that serves to draw to it the bulk of the custom. I wish Shepherd had not been quite so prosperous, and had remained in the hotel busi-

ness till I got along to Egypt; for his successor, a Hungarian, whose name, though immaterial, is Zech, got hold of me, fed me upon bad buffalo and goat's flesh, lodged me in unclean beds, and charged me four dollars a day. May he remain the balance of his days in the land of Egypt, and that they may be long, is the worst wish I have for Mr. Zech of Hungary.

The Peninsula and Oriental Steamship Company have a hotel now completed at Suez and kept in good style by an Englishman. They will soon have one at Cairo. The first story of stone, large and substantial, is now nearly completed; and Mr. Zech of Hungary must make his harvest or change his management within the next year.

The great Mohammedan feast of the Ramadan, continuing for three days, was going on when we arrived at Alexandria, and this was the last of it. The American consul-general, Mr. Hale, as well as the whole foreign diplomatic corps, had come up by special train the night before to pay their respects to the viceroy. Good Mussulmans, dressed in clean clothes and new yellow morocco shoes—the pair that was, in some manner, to last the most of them for the whole year—were parading their bare unstockinged legs about the streets, or smoking pipes of strange and complicated devices, or solemnly sipping black coffee from cups no larger than thimbles, at the doors of the little shops all through the town. Infantile true-believers were even more plentiful than aged. These were in great glee—it was their Christmas; and each appeared fully impressed that the day would come but once in the year. Some had fire-crackers, which they let off one at a time, and not, as with us, in whole bunches. Others were assembled in the open squares, where wheels were erected, upon which twenty or thirty at a time could roll over and over, while the balance shouted and screamed, or threw stones at Christians, or diverted

themselves in some such innocent manner while waiting their turns to swing.

As soon as we had partaken of the lunch furnished by Mr. Zech of Hungary, we set out to see the sights of Cairo. Mr. Stickney, the General, and the author, and the wife of each, with Mr. Kendall and Master Stickney, swelled our party to a degree that it was a nice catch for a dragoman to make money out of. Wheeled carriages are more modern to Cairo than steamboats on the Colorado River. The originators of the town of Cairo never dreamed of such a thing, and therefore made no provision for them. There are only about two streets in the place through which a hack can be driven, and in all but one they can not pass each other except at certain wide points. Yet they had made their way hither. In front of Shepherd's hotel stand from morning till night a half dozen open two-horse barouches, to be let generally at five dollars a day. But this was Ramadan, and the price had advanced to twenty dollars. Just our luck, we all thought and said. Under these peculiarly distressing circumstances one hack was engaged, into which the ladies were placed, and the gentlemen followed behind upon donkeys.

The donkey, and his driver, the donkey-boy, like the camel, the mosque, and the turban, are institutions that mark and peculiarize the East. There is no corresponding institution in Western Europe and America. The cab approaches nearer to it than any other, but lacks its cheapness, its independence, and its adaptation to all classes and positions in life. The grand seigneur of the West can not call his cab and drive about town without losing caste. He must have his private dog-cart or buggy, with driver and tiger in livery. But in Cairo, all, from the poorest seller of herbs by the corner of the bazaar to the pasha himself, go galloping about, when occasion requires, on the everlasting donkey. There is a

donkey-stand at every square or street turn, by all the hotels, and in front of the mosques, where these clever little animals are kept at all times ready saddled and bridled for hire. Each donkey is commanded by a boy of between ten and fifteen years of age, who cares for the animal, hires him out, and who, upon his being mounted, runs after him with a stick, shouting and beating him into the required degree of speed. In Cairo I have found these little fellows especially bright and active. They speak several languages, generally excelling in English. There is absolutely no end to their endurance and good humor. They will take the carpet-bag, or even the small trunk, of a gentleman on their heads, and, lashing the donkey into a gallop, keep up with him for a mile or two; unladen, as is the usual way, they will follow at a run all day, chatting or gossiping with the rider or shouting to the donkey, occasionally stopping to throw a stone at a dog or a Christian, or to ask a question of another boy, and, with a whoop and a yell, overtaking him again in a manner that is wonderful to behold. The donkey appears to consider the boy as a part of himself, without which he can not and will not go on. A traveler would have about as good a chance to make a reasonable speed in a train without a fireman to the locomotive as on a donkey without his regular driver.

The boys know pretty well who all the strangers are that come to town. When we stepped out to look for donkeys, a dozen at least declared themselves the possessor of that wonderful and unparalleled donkey *Yankee Doodle*. "Are you going to ride *Yankee Doodle* to-day?" they demanded all in a breath. "He is in good order and can carry you to every part of Cairo in an hour." How that wonderful animal got to Egypt we did not learn, but the name is extremely popular with the donkey-boys. I did not take *Yankee Doodle*, but mounted a little animal used to the saddle, and driven by a black-



eyed fellow of twelve years. Down the great garden in front of the hotel we drove, or rather were driven after the hack, at a great pace. From this to the Frankish bazaar so many tumbles occurred that one or another of us was off the most of the time. Here we entered the little narrow passage called, by Europeans, streets, and were obliged to settle down to a sober walk.

If I should fill this entire volume with attempted descriptions of a street-scene in Cairo, still the reader would form but an inadequate idea of this, the queerest of all combinations of place and people on the face of the earth. If all New York should resolve to get up a masquerade and spend a year in preparation, it would fail to equal one bazaar in motley Cairo. To begin, the thoroughfares in Oriental cities are not, nor were they ever intended to be, the counterpart of the street as known in the West. Few in Cairo are over ten feet wide, and many are under five. The houses are built with vertical walls to the height of the first story, when timbers are projected over the street for four feet or more, and the walls again carried up from this point, so that at the top the windows and eaves meet across the thoroughfare. Where they do not quite shut out the sun's rays, as is the case with a passage a little wider than usual, poles are put across from one house to the other, and rush mats laid on so as to make an awning quite across the street. Under this crowds of people of all colors and classes, droves of goats and sheep, and long lines of camels and donkeys, pick their way from morning till night.

The shops are simply little dens six feet square, with the floors raised two or three feet from the ground. Here the merchant sits cross-legged, pipe in mouth and beads in hand, apparently not engaged in trade or even thinking of such a thing. It appears to be the remotest subject from his thoughts. Slowly he puffs his pipe, his eyes half shut. At intervals a bead is seen to pass from one



hand along the string to the other, marking the fact that one more orison has been offered to Allah, or one more assertion of the dogma that Mohammed alone is his prophet. You stop in front of his little establishment and look at his goods, but without evoking the slightest recognition of your existence. You pick up and handle a pair of shoes or a pipe, according to his occupation, but still he does not know that you have left the land of the Gaiour, much less that you are actually among true believers and in his sanctified presence. You lay down the article and pass on to the next. He appears still occupied with his pipe or with his devotions, and knows as little of your departure as of your arrival. Passing to the next shop in the bazaar, you perhaps see the proprietor rise upon his feet, and expect him to offer you his goods. But such is not the case, for no sooner has he reached his full height, his head extending quite up to the ceiling of the little raised den, and his person concealing, like a door, the interior of the establishment, than he comes down upon his knees and elbows, pressing his forehead against the outer edge of his floor four times, and uttering some solemn sentence in Arabic. He is engaged at prayer, and no business need be mentioned to him till this duty is performed. Meantime the great throng of human and brute creatures forced through the little passage-way not wide enough for one-twentieth of the number in either portion, is jostling, swearing, and shouting past the prayerful Mussulman. Waiting till he has finished, you approach, and ask to look at an article. Without uttering a syllable, and without removing his pipe from between his lips, he takes down from the wall every portion of which is within reach from his seat, the merchandise inquired after, and places it in your hand. If it does not suit and you give it back to him, or if the price is demanded and proves unsatisfactory, it is replaced on the wall and you move on your way, no word of soli-

citation, request, or banter proceeding from the devout and dignified merchant of Cairo.

The narrow streets of Cairo do not lead to as much contention and bad blood among passers as one might suppose. The inhabitants do not know what convenient thoroughfares are, and consequently have been all their lives accustomed to look upon streets as one of the greatest crosses of city existence. I never saw or heard of a native taking offense at being stopped in his course by another on horseback or on foot, or at being jostled by another in passing. I, in company with my friends, all mounted on donkeys, have stopped frequently in streets of four feet in width for half an hour at a time, making purchases at some little shoe or pipe shop. During the delay, all business on both sides of the bazaar, for a dozen doors up and down, would be brought to a complete stand-still. Men, women and children, goats, donkeys, and even horses, coming that way, would either squeeze by, turn back, or wait in a crowd for us to finish, and all without a murmur of disapprobation either from the public or the merchants whose trade was affected. The reason is obvious. Each feels this to be an inconvenience common to all. Your donkey stops me to-day; to-morrow mine will in like manner delay you.

And the donkey here appears to be, of all animals, the most thoroughly privileged in his movements. He trudges along the broadest country roads with the camel and the horse; he enters the narrowest bazaar, from which dogs, Jews, and Oriental Christians are excluded. He, with impunity, rubs against the rich garment of the effendi or the flowing robe of the dervish, when either of the others would be kicked and spit upon for presuming to defile their betters with unclean contact. And the sagacious little brute appears too wise to presume upon his position. He works his way through the crowded bazaars, lifting his dainty little feet over piles of oranges,

eggs, or brown loaves, spread out for sale, squeezing among the rich and poor that pass, stepping gingerly over the babies that lie about as plentifully as leaves in Valambrosa, respecting and respected by all.

Cairo is situated on the east side of the Nile, at a point where the mountains or hill-country of the desert approaches to within a distance of three or four miles of the river. The city is built on the valley below. On the point of the hill overlooking the town stands the citadel, and quite near to this the Mosque of Mehemet Ali. Though there are no less than four hundred mosques in Cairo, this, more than all the others, imparts to it the peculiar appearances of an Oriental city. Standing upon the brow of a lofty hill, with its half-score of domes, and its two delicate minarets almost piercing the clouds, the Mosque of Mehemet Ali can be seen many leagues up and down the beautiful river which it overlooks. It was to this mosque that we paid our first visit. It is generally forbidden in Mohammedan countries for a Christian, or, in fact, an unbeliever, to enter the sacred precincts of a mosque. But old Mehemet Ali possessed a wisdom beyond his day and generation. When he erected this beautiful edifice it was followed by a perpetual decree against the barbarous bigotry of his people. He ordered that this should be open to the visitors of all nations.

Alighting from our donkeys, and giving them into the hands of about a dozen ragged urchins, dressed each in one single shirt, we stopped to exchange our shoes for straw slippers, that are kept for hire, and put on the visitor at the door like so many skates at a New York skating establishment. Stepping into the mosque, several of us out of respect removed our hats, but were speedily reminded that no greater insult can be given to a Mohammedan than to uncover the head in the sacred places where he worships. This, like all mosques, is interesting to civilized people, not because of its beauty or richness of

ornament, but because of its peculiar architecture and use. There are no buildings in the East to be compared to the gorgeous cathedrals or even the fine churches of Italy, Spain, or Germany.

The Koran having forbidden the fabrication of any sort of images of dead or living things, no statuary or paintings adorn the somber walls of the Oriental mosque. The grotesque carving of impossible plants and animals known as arabesque, is but a poor substitute for the marvelous creations of Raphael and Correggio, to be found on the walls of the Western churches. There is nothing in a Mohammedan mosque worthy of special account or description. They are all alike. The entire interior is generally thrown into one large room without furniture and without ornament. There is not so much as an altar to designate one part being more sacred than another. The walls are either bare stone, or covered with very coarse straw matting. And here the faithful come, each one alone, and perform their devotional exercises. This is as simple as the interior of the edifice in which it is carried on. The Mussulman bends upon his knees, facing Mecca, and repeats his creed: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." Then he touches the floor with his forehead four times. There were not over half a dozen at prayers while we remained.

Passing through the mosque, we came out upon the citadel which overlooks the city, the valley of the Nile, and the great desert of Sahara, extending away to the westward beyond. Right at our very feet, along the foot of the mountain, to the right and left, lay Cairo, with her four hundred mosques, the domes all sparkling in the afternoon sun. To the east we could see the obelisks of Heliopolis. On the other side, looking across the river, we faced Ghizeh, an Egyptian village, with its oven-roofed houses, and still beyond, the pyramids lift their points above the groves of sycamore and

palm trees that lay between Ghizeh and the borders of the desert.

Our dragoman was full of the mamaluke massacre that occurred on the spot in 1811, and would permit us to look at nothing until we had seen the place where Emir Bey, one of the doomed mamalukes had saved his life by jumping his horse over the wall into the city below. It was indeed a fearful leap. The massacre occurred in the great court-yard or esplanade in the center of the citadel. At one place the hill, upon the very brow of which the fortress is situated, is so steep that no wall is necessary for the purpose of defence. It is now not less than one hundred feet down to the street that is level with the city below, and is said to have been much filled up since the time of the massacre. A low parapet was built along this place as a sort of balustrade, and over this, when the terrible fire of the janizaries of Mehemet Ali was pouring into the ranks of his comrades, the gallant Emir plunged with his steed. It appeared to be simply a choice as to the mode of death. But his boldness met with its reward, and he escaped.

The circumstances of the massacre were these: Mehemet Ali was absent at Suez, attending to the embarkation of troops on his expedition against the Wahabees, who had driven the Turks from the Holy Land of Arabia—Mecca and Medina. While he was there he was informed that the mamalukes had laid a plan for his assassination while on his return across the desert. Instead of remaining at Suez till the next day, as was expected, this Egyptian Napoleon started for Cairo that night on a dromedary. In ten hours he had traveled the eighty miles between the two places, and with four out of his eighteen attendants, was in his capital. From that day he was resolved on the destruction of the mamaluke chiefs. The day fixed for the investing of Toosoom Pasha, his son, with the command of the army, was



fixed for the first of March, 1811. All the principal chiefs of the mamalukes were invited to be present. When the ceremony was concluded, the mamalukes mounted their horses and approached the gates, but found them closed. The place is admirably adapted for such an enterprise. A large court-yard surrounded by high walls that overlook and command every part within rifle range. A suspicion flashed on the minds of the devoted band that treachery was meant, and for some minutes they rode at the top of speed from one side of the square to the other. Then followed a flash of fire from every part of the impregnable wall, and the work of death was commenced. It never ceased till all but one of the four hundred and fifty chiefs present, with Ibrahim Bey, the commander, had bit the dust of the pasha's citadel. A proclamation was then issued to exterminate all in the city, and in pursuance of this order four hundred more were killed.

Before returning home we visited the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, said to be one of the oldest Moslem structures in the world. There is nothing peculiar about it except that the exterior is an imitation of the Kaaba, at Mecca, and that the whole is built of material taken from the Pyramid of Cheops.

Cairo, called by the Arabians *Musr*, claims four hundred thousand inhabitants, and in the Mohammedan world is second only to Constantinople. It is the capital of Egypt, that is to say, it is the principal residence of the pasha, as the viceroy is called, and the seat of his government. Here, travelers going up the Nile hire their dragomans and purchase their outfit. Engagements with these people are generally so made that the dragoman stands in the light of a contractor for every thing connected with the voyage, from subsistence and transportation down to backshish. He furnishes tents, provisions, and horses. His cooks cook for the party, his



servants wait upon it, and his soldiers protect it. They generally stop a few hours enjoying themselves in eating oranges, wearing red hats, and scampering about on donkeys. Cairo is the Panama of the Overland route, as Alexandria is the Aspinwall, and the resemblance is not inconsiderable. Many travelers also hire their dragomans for the Syrian trip at Cairo. The dragomans come all the way from Beyrout and Jaffa to meet the travelers and get engagements of this description. The dragoman finds it to his interest to meet the *howadji* at Cairo and make there his bargain, the reason being that in Egypt it costs each traveler to board and go about the country about ten dollars per day. In Syria the same traveler finds it difficult to spend over five dollars. When a smart fellow presents himself to the outraged guest at Shepherd's hotel with a proposition to convey him, board him, and show him the sights of the Holy Land for the sum of seven dollars and a half a day, all inclusive, he is hailed as a benefactor sent from heaven. The trade is speedily closed, and the traveler finds, upon arriving at Jerusalem, that he is paying out about two or three dollars per day for nothing.

Like all Eastern cities, Cairo is divided up into different quarters for the residence of the various populations. Each of them is separated from the other by a wall, the gate of which is locked at night. There is the "Copts' quarters," the "Jews' quarters," and the "Franks' quarters." By the latter name all Europeans, and of course, Americans, are known. Both here and at Alexandria there are no public lamps. But every person going abroad after nightfall, is obliged by law to carry a lamp. Especially the keepers of the gates leading from one quarter to another, refuse in all cases to open to one passing without a lamp. But they are obliged to open to one with a light at any and all times of the night.

In addition to this division of the population into three

respective quarters, all professions, trades, and occupations are placed in like manner in streets or passages to themselves, which go by the name of Bazaars. One street will have all pipe-shops, another all hats or caps, a third all shoemakers or tobacco dealers, seive-makers, millers and bakers, all in their little quarters, and all together. No shop is over six or eight feet square, and the stock of goods can be carried home in a hand-basket by the wealthiest merchant. The Orientals are very fond of perfumes of all kinds, and especially the otto of roses.

Directly that we arrived in Cairo all our party were seized with the mania for purchasing articles as souvenirs, it being a sort of general impression that no other visitor to those parts had ever thought of such a thing. I am now perfectly satisfied that no American or European traveler ever came to the East, without not only thinking of it, but actually doing all the foolish things in this respect that we did. The Turkish merchants who are generally in this trade are aware of this weakness in the Frankish nature, and are ready to profit by it. About the center of the city there is a long, low, covered passageway, about as large and as high as the hall to a small two-story house in America. It branches in many directions, and extends to an indefinite distance under the houses and around the mosques of Cairo. This is the perfumery bazaar. It has, like the other bazaars, its little shops, the size of an ordinary packing-box dug out of the side of the wall, the floor being about four feet from the ground. In the foreground of this little establishment the Stamboul merchant sits with his pipe in his mouth, and his Mohammedan rosary in his hand, looking as if half asleep, but really pretty wide awake to the main chance. Here we made our way and bought vials of otto of roses, each seated upon his donkey while the negotiation was carried on between the perfume merchant and our dragoman.

Not far from the perfumery bazaar is the Jews' quar-

ter. We rode through this on our donkeys after leaving the perfume shop, emitting as we went a strong but mixed odor of otto of roses, sandal wood, hyacinth, and other but unnamable smells. I am sure that we collected more of the real essence of rose upon our clothing while in the perfumery shop than we purchased in the small vials. The Jews' bazaar is wider than the perfumery bazaar by several inches at least. Two donkeys can pass in this, which they can not do in the emporium of sweet smells. The Jews' bazaar is devoted entirely to the little benches of money-changers. Each dealer sits in his little box in the street or just within the hole dug out of the wall. He has before him his pile of copper money, which is here the most active commodity in the way of exchanges, and in his hand a pair of gold scales. No sooner had we entered the street than a dozen voices sung out to us, "Change money, signor," "change the money!" But we wanted no change, and rode on. This was the cleanest street we saw in Cairo, and the dealers the best dressed and most prosperous looking. The persistence of the children of Israel in following commerce instead of any sort of manual labor is as noticeable in Alexandria and Cairo as it is in New York or San Francisco.

In Alexandria, and again in Cairo, I heard the cry of the auctioneer more than once. In each case, on drawing near the place of the sale, I found that it proceeded from a Jew Cheap John, engaged in selling clothing, just as it is done to-day in New York, with the difference that in Alexandria the outcry was made in the mixed Italian and French with which natives and foreigners converse, while at Cairo the business was being done in pure Arabic. The Hebrew is such a cosmopolitan that he knows all languages and all men. In Cairo the original Jacob of the Bowery plies his noisy vocation in the long robes and turban, the wide trousers and yellow slippers of the East. He looks and talks more like the Turk than the Turk

does himself—the only difference is that he is a little cleaner and brighter looking. In the Bowery he is seen in the strapped-down trousers, the long fur hat and queer coat of the universal Yankee, and quite his equal in sharpness, in energy, and perseverance.

The last day of the feast of the Ramadan we were invited to attend the religious dance of the strange sect or society, for I do not know precisely what to call them, of dervishes. The room was large, and evidently fitted up and kept for the express purpose of the dance. It was circular in form, with a diameter of not less than fifty feet. The place was lighted from a sort of dome raised above the center of the room, and a handsome gallery encircled the whole pavilion. A railing fenced the lobby off from the center or ball-room, if it be proper to so designate that part directly under the dome where the dance was performed. When we reached the place but few spectators had arrived, nor did enough at any time appear to fill the lobby or even the front of it quite around the railing. The dervishes, about twenty-five in number, were seated on the floor just within and around the center-railing, silent as if in some sort of devotion. We were provided with seats directly that we came in, by an attendant, and waited a half hour before the active exercises commenced. At this time, a signal was given by the High Priest, when all rose upon their feet and began to march around the room within the railing, making a low obeisance to that functionary each time they passed him. After continuing this for five minutes or more, another signal was given, when plaintive music, consisting of an Arabian guitar, accompanied by several voices, was heard proceeding from the gallery above. At this, each dervish threw off his dark cloak, appearing in dancing costume, and the services commenced. This costume consisted of a long frock with tight body and sleeves, color according to taste, but yellow and red predominating; a hat of felt,

looking exactly like an earthen flower-pot turned over the head, and generally with no shoes. As each one threw off the outside cloak, he swung slowly and gracefully into the dance. This is done by extending the arms at full length from and at right angles with the body, the head dropped over upon one side, and the body made to girate as in waltzing without a partner. From long practice they get to be most perfect in this exercise, all turning at about the same rate and maintaining their exact position on the floor relatively to the other. They turned at the rate of about forty times to the minute, but so gracefully and evenly was it done that it appeared to be much slower. As it was, each long frock swelled out to the regular motion like a swinging bell. Each dancer turned upon his place in the floor as upon a pivot, and so they turned slowly but surely around the room, keeping their relative places as exactly as we may presume the planets keep their positions in the solar system. For an hour they swung round and round in this monotonous devotion, until at last a signal was given, and all, coming to a dead stop, took their seats, were covered with their black robes, and the meeting broke up.

The dancers were young and good-looking fellows, none being over twenty-five years. They were all of Arabic or Egyptian complexion, that is to say, of a brown or dark-olive color, excepting one young fellow, who possessed the black skin, flat nose, and kinky hair of the Nubian or Guinea negro. Unfortunately for Sambo he was a little bent in the legs, and his ankle, if at all out of the way, was subject to the suspicion of being set into his foot just the least trifle in the world too far forward. This, I thought affected his perfect balance, and I am forced to confess, that he was the poorest dancer of the lot. If the admission should wholly defeat reconstruction on the congressional plan, still the truth must be spoken.

We went to the palace and grounds of Shoobra though



heartily tired of visiting palaces in Europe, to see what the East could produce in this very hackneyed line of sights. The palace is on the east bank of the Nile, four miles below Cairo. The road leading to it must have filled the Egyptians with wonder from the day of its opening. It is no less than one hundred and twenty feet in width, and planted on each side with magnificent acacia and sycamore trees. They were planted by Mehemet Ali in his lifetime, the palace having also been built by that prince. Its peculiar character is produced by the attempt to build an European palace for the comfort of an Oriental harem. It is situated in the center of an elegant garden, and consists of a covered corridor inclosing a lake of water three hundred feet square and eight or ten feet deep. The corridor fronts on each side of this square sheet of water. Along the open porch are arranged rich couches for those who desire to sit, while the more active may amuse themselves by riding up and down in wheeled vehicles turned by hand, in the nature of velocipedes and wheeled horses. In the fountains are several boats where others can sport and row races with the people on the little wagons in the corridor. At each corner is a room, in one of which stands a billiard table of handsomely mosaicked wood but with so indifferent a cushion that no newsboy in America would condescend to play a single game on it for the wager of a cheap cigar. In the same room is a fine portrait of Mehemet Ali in his Egyptian dress, and seated cross-legged on a divan. All the furniture, the upholstery and carpets of the palace are of French make, and yet the whole place looks tawdry and uncomfortable.

The garden is filled with handsome shrubbery, but is sadly neglected. I looked with great care to find if possible some tree or shrub that would be new in California, but saw not so much as one that I had not seen in San Francisco gardens, the date alone excepted. And here



let me say that there is no tree or shrub that can be produced in Italy, Spain, or Egypt that will not grow equally well in our own favored climate. The date-tree flourishes as far north as Nice, and at Rome, a climate much colder in winter than San Francisco, it grows beautifully. The orange and the pomegranate grow in Italy in climates much colder than either San Francisco, or Sacramento, and there is no reason why the valley of the Sacramento even should not abound with this fruit. As for the date, there can be no question that this beautiful tree, the most graceful and most characteristic of all Oriental growth, would grow to its full height in any of our valleys. I hope some gentleman will demonstrate this, and add this beautiful palm to the California scenery. The time will come, and that not many years hence, when every one of the trees I have named, and many others that are now considered strictly tropical, will ornament the valleys that border San Francisco Bay.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE PYRAMIDS.

I HAVE visited the pyramids twice since arriving in Egypt, and would like to go as many times more if I had time to do so. They are within plain view of Cairo, and one would think them easily reached. But, for that matter, so they are in plain view of the whole country around for many leagues in every direction. Napoleon's bulletin to his troops at the great Egyptian battle, telling them that "forty centuries looked down upon them," would fix the location of the encounter with considerable accuracy; but, in future ages, unless some more certain monument is established than the fact that it occurred in sight of the pyramids, the curious will search for the battle-field doubtfully over an area of fifty miles or more.

Our party consisted of eight persons, of whom four were ladies. A day's notice was given to the dragoman to get his supplies and transportation in readiness for an early start. A carriage had to be got to take the ladies as far as Old Cairo, three miles distant, in order to reduce the amount of donkey-riding as much as possible. Donkeys had to be taken for the whole party, from Cairo all the way, and beside these, extra animals for luncheon and servant. At seven o'clock all were up, had taken breakfast, and were on the porch of the hotel in readiness. In the East a Frank cannot move from one part of the town to another without being surrounded by a little swarm of unnecessary servants. It is the great plague of Ori-

ental travel. Venture ten feet from your hotel, and you find yourself followed or accompanied by a half dozen volunteer dragomans. They go along without request or leave, but with the intention of asking for compensation at the close of the walk. You may tell them that you do not want them, but without avail; they simply drop behind and follow you. If you stop to make a purchase, they step forward and either act as interpreters or remain silent. In either case, after you are gone they return and claim and receive of the tradesman a share of the profits in the shape of a commission.

Our traveling establishment to the pyramids proved to be as simple as it was possible to make one from Cairo, and was as follows: one barouche for the ladies, drawn by two horses, with driver on the box, and preceded by boy to clear the way; eight saddle donkeys, four to convey the gentlemen the whole distance, and four to be mounted by the ladies at Ghizeh; eight donkey-boys, to run after the donkeys and work them up to the requisite speed; from four to six mules, laden in some mysterious manner with what we could not learn, but understood to be in some way connected with our lunch; fifteen or twenty volunteers going along as friends of the donkey-boys, but for the real purpose of begging from the party under one pretense or another; and finally, over all, one dragoman, clothed in gorgeous Syrian costume, wide trousers and embroidered jacket, as commander-in-chief. This important personage rode upon a mule.

To get such an army under way is no ordinary achievement. But it was done successfully. At eight o'clock we filed along the wall of the great garden, and took the road to Old Cairo. The establishment filled up the way to the absolute exclusion of all passers except pashas and camels, for more than a quarter of a mile. The road from Cairo to the pyramids passes through a country indescribably rich and beautiful. It is one continuous Ori-

ental garden, sprouting, growing, and blossoming, from the soil of the Nile valley. Date-trees, not singly as in Italy, nor in twos and threes as in Spain, but in whole groves and forests, such as can be seen only here in Egypt, shade the earth for miles in every direction, growing with a luxuriousness of foliage equaling the gorgeous thickets of Panama. Vast trees of cactus hedging in orange groves, the yellow fruit on bush and earth beneath, almost increasing and tinting the light of the sun that struggles through the matted branches. Through this garden country runs the wide road to Old Cairo. And along this crowd the throngs of laden asses and camels that bring to the city the daily supplies of fruit and vegetables for the human, and fresh cut clover for the animal population. Hay and wagons are unknown in Egypt. And all the tens of thousands of asses that carry, of goats that feed, and camels that wait upon the four hundred thousand people of the capital, are subsisted upon green clover cut fresh every morning, and borne upon asses and camels to the great market-place for sale. The road is at least one hundred feet wide, but it is filled all day long with this slow moving procession of clover carriers.

Just without the city we met the carriage of the pasha coming in, preceded by his two "forerunners" to clear the way, and followed by guards on foot and on horseback. I have seen the splendid equipages in Central Park, with coachmen and footmen in livery, the rich establishments of the Bois de Boulogne and of the Prado at Madrid, with postilions and outriders, but none of them compare, for style, with the forerunners of the East, the primitive bare-legged footmen, that run before the horses or carriages of the great, waving their white wands, and crying in a loud voice, "Make room for his high mightiness!" Four thousand years ago, Pharaoh set Joseph in a chariot, and made his footmen run before him, proclaiming to all, "bow the knee." And to-day the

custom is as fresh as when Rachel's first-born ruled the land of his forced adoption. The rich merchant or resident Frank has but one of these heralds to clear the way for his carriage. The pasha and his family have two, dressed in white robes, with girdle at the waist, and with long sleeves that wave behind like streamers in the wind, as they run side by side, keeping step, in advance of the dashing carriage. Ordinarily, a word from one of these, is enough to turn the footman or laden ass to the right or left. The plodding animal receives the command, and obeys instinctively, for the herald indicates whether to the right or to the left he will have the obstruction removed. But when the ass is disobedient, or the driver slow or sleepy, the white wand is used without mercy and without remonstrance over his cringing shoulders.

It is astonishing to an American or European to see how far this custom of clearing the street by forerunners can be carried. One day we were coming through Cairo, four in a carriage. Wishing to visit the museum, we turned aside from the usual route, and passed through one of the markets. The place was much too small for the business crowded into it. Not over fifteen feet wide, it was literally filled with every possible species of man and beast, as well as all sorts of commodities. Here a flock of goats waiting to be milked as fast as customers would arrive to purchase the proceeds. There a dozen camels lying down, waiting for a purchaser for the load of green clover upon their backs; all around, men, women, and children, packed, jammed, and crammed into the little place, buying and selling, shouting, scolding, and talking, all at once. It appeared to us absolutely impossible to get through. Behind us was a second carriage, containing some American friends. We were about to order a retreat, when the boys, one from the box with our driver, and the other attached to the one in our rear, jumped down from their places, armed with



stout sticks, and made an onslaught upon the crowd. Without the least hesitation, the little rascals struck right and left, shouting and yelling all the time at the top of their voices. The market-people were punched and pounded; men riding upon donkeys found their animals jumping forward from blows in the rear, or turned aside by the bridle and stowed against the wall, with an unceremonious kick in the ribs. No remonstrance or objection to this high-handed conduct was made. But the way began to open before us, as if by magic. The boys continued on in advance, shouting, driving, kicking, and swearing—the donkeys, goats, and people silently yielding place before us as we drove on through the crowded market-place.

After scampering down the Old Cairo road for three-quarters of an hour, we arrived at the ferry or crossing-place of the Nile. Old Cairo and Ghizeh stand facing each other on opposite sides of the river. The crossing is done at the upper end of the island of Rhoda, on which stands a palace inhabited by Hassan Pasha.

On the point stands the celebrated nilometer, by which the rise of the river is measured. Inasmuch as the crops of Egypt depend upon the annual overflow of the Nile, the calculation made on Rhoda Island, determines in advance what will be the condition of the country as to food for the following year. And as it is a rule in Oriental statecraft, that the fiscal burdens of the people depend wholly upon what they can stand, and not upon what the government needs, it follows, that the nilometer is the national board of equalization that fixes the amount of taxes to be raised each year. It consists of a graduated pillar, about forty feet in height, placed in a well fifteen feet wide, down which stone steps lead to the bottom, winding round the pillar. The well is covered by an elegant wooden dome. The present nilometer has occupied this spot for more than a thousand



years. Arabian inscriptions around the stone coping of the well, set forth that it was erected in the eighth century. The lowest height that the water ever rises to is thirty-two feet, and when this occurs a famine is considered inevitable. A perfect year is when the pillar indicates a rise of forty feet, and then the taxes are put at a proportional rate. I suspect that Joseph laid his assessment in some such ingenious manner. A rise of forty-three feet, it is said, would do great injury to the country. Within one hundred yards of the nilometer, a sunken place in the marble floor of the palace corridor, overlooking the river to the west, indicates the precise spot where Thermuthis, daughter of Pharaoh, discovered Moses in the bulrushes. To the left of the ferry stands the Coptic church, built over the spot where the holy family resided while sojourning in Egypt, to avoid the wrath of Herod.

The Nile is a noble stream. Its appearance is quite in keeping with its historic fame. There can be no more majestic river in the world. It is, I think, a little wider than the Mississippi, and not quite so rapid. The color of its water is about the same. The Sacramento, if trebled in width, would resemble it more. When the banks of the Sacramento are, as they will be in time, ornamented with date-trees, ours will be the most perfect miniature Nile in the world. Anywhere but in Egypt the stream at this point would be crossed by steam ferry-boats, leaving either shore every five minutes. As it is, two or three hundred rough-decked barges, carrying each a single lateen sail, are scattered up and down the shore for a quarter of a mile from the ferry, each waiting for a cargo to pass over, and with no fixed rate of ferriage. The moment we reached the bank no less than three hundred masters of ferry-boats seized upon us and our luggage, our donkeys and women, each hauling and pulling toward their respective crafts as if for dear life. Before

we had time to count noses the whole army of exploration that had marched out of Cairo in such fine style, was broken up and on the point of if not actually embarked in as many vessels as there were persons or articles of equipage. Fortunately our dragoman was equal to the emergency, or the expedition might have ended disastrously at this point. But by some flank movement that great strategist "Scander," brought us up out of the hostile fleet and got us on board of the craft with the owner of which he had arranged to divide the double fare that we were to be charged. In twenty minutes we were landed at Ghizeh, and men and beasts, donkeys and dinner, huddled ashore as they had been huddled aboard—that is, all in heap.

Mounting the bank, which is here about fifty feet high, we formed in good order at the summit. A counting of noses showed that instead of being short of any of the party, we had increased in number by about twenty-five extra camp-followers, fellows like those that had come from Cairo, who were going along on the general chances of what they could get out of the party upon one pretext or another. Ghizeh is a village on the west bank of the Nile, nearly opposite the great pyramids, which from this fact are sometimes called after the place. It is built of stone, contains six thousand inhabitants, and is celebrated for nothing that I know of except that here are ovens where chickens are hatched by artificial heat. There is an embankment or dike along the river from Ghizeh south, to restrain the water and regulate irrigation. It would be called in America a levee. The road for near a mile follows this bank, and then turning square to the right runs directly across the valley or river bottom to the pyramids. These the forests of date-trees that cover the country hide for a time, permitting only occasional glimpses over or through them; but one mile from the river a little village is passed, and here, the trees ending,

the pyramids stand before us just as they have appeared in each of our-story books and primers, from the time we were little children to the day we now look upon the reality. How this is, all know, and are equally familiar with. One picture of the pyramids is as good as another, and all are perfect. Salvator Rosa, or Claude, if living, could not convey on canvas a more genuine impression of these monuments of the past than does the cheapest wood-cut in a child's Sunday-school book. As we approach them, coming from Cairo, the whole three stand in a row facing us, and abreast of each other. The valley from the bank of the Nile to within half a mile of them, is as level as a billiard table, and green with growing crops.

At this point the sand of the great desert of Sahara commences, upon the edge of which, but elevated a hundred feet above the plain, the three pyramids were built and stand. The little village of Caffra is upon the extreme edge of the fertile Nile valley, and over this the pyramids occupy the background to the picture. There is a gradual slope up the sand from Caffra to the brow of the hill where the row of pyramids stand, and half way between the village and the middle pyramid sits the Sphinx, buried up to the neck in sand, but looking out upon the Nile valley sadly and patiently, as she has done this four thousand years past. The enormous magnitude of the pyramids produce the optical phenomena of their proportions appearing to be unaffected by distance. They look as large from the citadel at Cairo as they do on emerging from the date-grove that borders the west bank of the Nile. While from this latter point they appeared to me to be quite as large as I expected to find them, and filling the whole western horizon, the head of the Sphinx that just peered above the low sand-ridge below their base, was a mere speck not to be recognized except on prior information of its existence and position. Proceeding on

toward the edge of the desert, over at least three miles of fields and flats, still no change in their apparent magnitude could be perceived; and not till we were at the very base of the structures did any of us begin to appreciate their real size.

The pyramids are among the very few natural or artificial wonders of the world that the traveler finds he has not been led in advance to over-estimate. The probabilities are that nine-tenths of all who will read this book have known the precise measurement of these structures from almost their earliest years. And yet I feel equally sure that not one in a hundred of them has formed any real mental estimate of their stupendous proportions. A mountain seven hundred and fifty feet broad at the base by four hundred and fifty feet high would be a notable object in any of the Atlantic States. It is not probable that one of such dimensions can be found in either of the great States of Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois. Standing close to the base and looking up the sides of the great pyramid, it is difficult to admit that this is the work of human hands, and not a vast mountain of stone.

The Arabs of the neighboring village of Caffra claim a hereditary or prescriptive right to be the custodians of the pyramids. There are about six hundred inhabitants in the village, of whom half are Egyptian and the balance Arabs. There are four sheiks, two for the Arabs and two for the Egyptians. I asked one of the Arab boys why the Egyptians of the village did not also come out and assist travelers for backshish. He stared at me for a moment as if the idea were in itself so intrinsically preposterous as to require no reply. At last he condescended to inform me that if one dared attempt such a thing, the sheik of the Arabs would bang him over the head, and send him home again to work his plow and cut his clover. Long before we reached the village we were met by out-lying parties of pyramid Arabs, on the lookout for approaching

*howadjis*. Joining our gang, they swelled it into a little army. Without invitation or encouragement, they got behind our donkeys and lashed them into a gallop, hurrying the cavalcade—if the term may be used to designate a donkey party—over the valley at full speed.

I had heard Arabs abused by returned travelers and book-makers for begging, thieving, and extortionate practices generally, until I looked upon them as the natural enemies of the human race. I am now satisfied that the poor Arab is not half as bad as he has been represented. It is true that they use every sort of pretext and device to get backshish out of the visitor that comes their way. But they are content with small sums, take refusals kindly, and generously, and are pretty good sort of fellows, considering where and how they live. After having visited them twice at the pyramids and passed once through their village, I left them impressed with the fact that, all things considered, they are the most wonderfully honest people on the face of the earth. It is true that occasionally they get a Frank on top of the pyramid, jayhawk him, and rob him of three or four dollars. But I do not know of over three men in America who, if they were in the places of these poor fellows, would act differently.

As for myself, if I were an Arab and had to live at the pyramids on grasshoppers and dried beans, I fear that I should rob every white man that ventured within ten miles of my tent. Not one would ever get back to Cairo with a rag to his back. I would strip him without mercy. And I am not willing to admit that I am much worse than the majority of my fellow-countrymen. Yet these poor fellows do not do so, but, on the contrary, permit Europeans to come here and go away again, only asking to be allowed to help them down from their horses, to lift them up and down the pyramids, and in short to do the most laborious offices imaginable; in return for which they are permitted to dole out to the Arabs such small copper



or silver coin as they may think just. The Arabs do not beg outright, but they watch every thing you do and every step you take to offer you some sort of real or imaginary assistance. This, no matter how slight it be, is the basis of their request for backshish. If ascending a hill, no matter how insignificant, you find one or more behind you pushing you up. They will even get behind your donkey, and pretend to lift him along. When you alight, three or four get about the animal and hold him. One or two take charge of your coat. A half-dozen follow you about with jugs of water. Whether you drink or not they feel that they ought to be paid. A dozen or more offer to ascend to the top of the great pyramid and back in nine minutes. If you consent, even by a look of doubt, the fellow is off like an arrow. Prompt to the time, he is back demanding at least a dollar for having risked his neck in your service. If you start to look at a neighboring pyramid, the Sphinx, or a tomb, a dozen go along as volunteer guides. Arriving, if you are not very careful, there will be more ascents and more risks of necks at your expense. In short, there is nothing you can do that an Arab will not manage to assist you in doing, and for which he will not want pay. Yet this claim is always presented kindly and pleasantly. A refusal does not make them angry or uncivil. They simply go on doing for you and begging for pay.

The Arabs about the pyramid are a bright set of fellows, generally speaking more or less of the European languages. I saw very few that could not speak English quite plainly. They understand the different nationalities, and generally have certain catch-words or expressions designed to please them. Learning, in some manner, that we were Americans, nearly the whole tribe flattered us, as they thought, by singing, to the wild Arab's music, *Yankee Doodle*; the following verse seemed to be an especial favorite :—



“Yankee Doodle came to town,  
On a little pony;  
He stuck a feather in his cap,  
And called him macaroni.”

I found it to my interest to select one from the crowd to be my boy for the day. Mahomet was his name. He followed me about the whole time we were there, anticipating every step, or wish, holding my donkey, bringing water, watching my coat, and acting as interpreter and guide. And finally, when we left he accompanied me half way to the river, and was entirely satisfied when I gave him ten piasters, equal to less than a half dollar American money. I got from him two dollars' worth of service, and information that was priceless. Why he did not rob me, is a question that has puzzled me ever since. Had our positions been reversed, I am not sure that I would not have stripped him to his shirt, and turned him out in the desert. I doubt if I should have left him a rag. At parting, instead of demanding of me my watch and purse, he simply requested a written indorsement of his honesty. This I gave him, upon a leaf torn from my pocket-book, in pencil, as follows: “Mahomet is an honest Arab. He took me to the top of the pyramid, and brought me back without stripping or robbing me.—S.” The statement that he took me to the top of the pyramid was inserted merely for grandeur, as I did not go more than half way. He was greatly delighted with it, and when I returned the next time, he showed the precious document sewed up in his shirt. Mahomet walked beside my donkey and told me about his poverty and his misfortunes. He had been, indeed, unfortunate. He had only one wife until about a year past, when his brother died, leaving a widow, whom he had felt it his duty to marry. That now he had more wives than garments. Would I pity his very hard situation and give him backshish? The misfortune of two wives was most touchingly told.

The sheik of the Arabs claims and exercises the right to levy a tax of one dollar upon each person who ascends the pyramid. In consideration, however, he furnishes one or more young men to accompany and assist the adventurer in his enterprise. It is understood that the assistants have no claim upon the *howadji*, but that he is at liberty to give them backshish or not at his pleasure. We made a bargain that not only were we to pay them nothing, but that under no circumstances were they to ask for or expect any additional sum. In fact, the sheik bound himself to the effect that if any Arab should utter the word backshish or any equivalent term while on the pyramid, or afterward, upon the ground, that he would refund the whole sum paid him for the privilege of ascending. But the contract was broken before we had gone one hundred feet, and the whole party were begged out of sums varying from four to eight shillings each.

The ascent is made generally at the northeast corner of the pyramid of Cheops, following it up from the bottom to the top. The huge stones that form these immense structures set back or recede from the perpendicular, as they ascend, like stair steps. But as the stones are at least three feet in thickness, it follows that the ascent, though comparatively safe, is exceedingly difficult and fatiguing. The Arabs go ahead of the climber and give him a lift at each step. But the ascent of a height equal to four hundred and sixty-seven feet by steps three feet each, can not be rendered otherwise than difficult by any ordinary process of mere manual aid.

About one-third of the way up there is a cavity in the corner where several large rocks have been thrown out, leaving a recess which is generally used as a resting-place. When I arrived at this point I found Mr. Stickney, who started ahead of me, sitting on the stones and looking discouraged. He had been a little further up, but thought it did not pay, and was on his return. I had already come

to the same conclusion, and only wanted some one to show moral courage enough to back square out, to join in the retreat. I passed on up, however, with a laugh at my chicken-hearted friend, assuring him that a trip to Egypt without ascending the great pyramid was time lost. Continuing to ascend for three or four moments longer, I found myself quite out of sight of the discouraged traveler, and at a convenient place for sitting down. I knew that there was but one gentleman above me, General C., and I did not believe that he could reach the summit. I therefore sat down to await his return, in order to propose to him the ingenious plan of pretending we had been up, each being a witness for the other. In about five minutes he came down to where I was, but, to my amazement, he asserted flatly that he had been on the very top, and refused to enter into my conspiracy. Now, a greater fabrication could not have been invented than his pretense, but as he had gone further than I then was, there was no help for it but to submit. It was bad enough to be exposed in my attempt to humbug those below me, but to have the virtuous indignation of my companions brought upon me by one whose claim was as unfounded as my own, I thought especially severe.

The ascent of the great pyramid can not be said to be strictly dangerous, but requires a steady head and strong nerves. More attempt the feat than accomplish it. When standing upon the great stone steps, the sides appear to be almost a perfect precipice.

The second pyramid, known as the Pyramid of Cephron, and called by some the Pyramid of Belzoni, is within ten or twenty feet of the height of the great one, and is much more difficult of ascent. This can not be ascended without considerable risk. Of the crowd of Arabs at the village there were, we were told, only four that could do it. On my second visit Capt. T. employed one of these to go up, giving him a few dollars for the exploit. We then

saw the real difficulty of the business. All of the pyramids were originally covered with an outside coating of smooth or polished rock. From two of them this has either been taken off or has fallen down. From this second one it has all disappeared except about one-fourth of the distance from the top. So that up to three-quarters of the length the ascent is made over the stone steps, as is the case with others, but at this point commences the coating of smooth rock. Upon reaching this point the Arab was obliged to work his way outward and backward over the projecting edge, and then to make his way at least one hundred feet by means of steps, or foot-holes, cut in the smoother surface to the highest point. When it is remembered that this feat is performed at a distance of three hundred and fifty feet from the ground it will be partially understood. Most of travelers, letter-writers, and book-makers, feel themselves called upon to assert that they have ascended Belzoni's Pyramid, passing over the smooth surface to the top. I feel myself called upon to say in the interest of truth, that I do not believe one of them. I not only do not believe that any English or American book-maker has ascended, but I do not believe that one of them ever pretended even to make the effort. A man equal to the feat can easily cross Niagara on the tight-rope, and a man that can cross Niagara on the tight-rope can not write a book that anybody can read.

Having returned to the bottom, I found the party already at lunch under the shade of one of the vast overhanging stones. Cold chicken and Bass's ale, formed the basis of our meal. It was none the less relished by reason of the ride of twelve or fourteen miles from Cairo, which we had taken. The whole village of Caffra attended at the banquet as uninvited guests. Every crumb and every chicken-bone thrown aside was eagerly caught up by the half-starved crew, and greedily consumed. Several efforts were made by the party to tempt or de-

ceive them into eating of the unclean flesh of swine, in one form or another, but in vain. They were aware of our impious habit of feeding upon this beast, and were on their guard. Pieces of sausage sandwiched in bread, ham mixed with chicken, and otherwise disguised, were offered to the pious Mussulmans, but as invariably rejected with half-concealed disgust.

Having finished our meal, the party followed by the whole troop set off in grand march over the hill to visit the Sphinx. This can not be seen from the base of the pyramids, although within less than a quarter of a mile from the center one. The pyramids, as I said before, stand along the brow of the hill, while the Sphinx, covered in sand up to the neck, is about half way down the declivity, which is somewhat abrupt, and toward the cultivated land of the valley. Our lunching ground had been at the extreme point of the great pyramid, so that in going to the Sphinx, we had to pass along the whole length of its base of seven hundred and fifty feet, and on further, about an equal distance, until we were abreast the second, when we turned down the hill a few steps, bringing us to the back of the Egyptian deity. A troop of hyenas as we advanced galloped off over the hill, passing by the Belzoni Pyramid, toward the great desert, pausing for an instant on the crest of the ridge, as if to count our numbers and the chances of a bite at us in the future. But a rattling yell from the Arabs, in the trill so familiar to those who have heard the war-whoop of the American Indian, sent the beasts flying into the trackless desert beyond.

Like the pyramid, the Sphinx is beyond the power of human ingenuity to overrate. As the pyramids of Ghizeh, stand to all other structures raised by human hands, so is this to all the stone images of the world. Standing within a quarter of a mile of the great pyramid, its colossal proportions appear relatively to be dwarfed to pygmy stature,



but the neck and head of the creature rise near forty feet above the surrounding sand that has covered its body. The top of the back extends toward the hill at the foot of the Pyramid of Belzoni for fifty yards or more, while the face, turned toward Cairo and the Nile, looks sadly out over the valley and toward the mountains that border the Red Sea. The face, and in fact the whole figure, have been cut and polished with a degree of care and precision that invariably astonishes the visitor. It is generally thought that the Sphinx, reared so many thousand years ago, by a people ignorant and uncultivated, in its execution partook of their rude character. But a close examination shows that it was, when new, as beautifully chiseled and polished as the finest colossal statues of red Egyptian granite of the time, so many of which are to be seen in the museums of Europe. The face has suffered but little, considering the thousands of years that have passed since it was hewed from the solid ledge of rock that underlies the plain. But the nose has been almost destroyed. This gives to the figure a character resembling the Ethiopian type, and upon this idea many writers have claimed that it was constructed by a race springing from that branch of the human family. But those who have come to this conclusion, have certainly under-estimated the effect upon the human face divine, produced by removing its most important feature. The lips, it is true, appear thick and pouting, but not more so than usual; and especially is this greatly increased by the prominence given to the lower feature by the loss of the organ mentioned.

We had not been three minutes at the Sphinx before half the village of Caffra were scrambling over the sacred head of that deity, or hanging like pendants from her ears, her lips, or her chin. For this feat they expect untold sums of backshish. And the slightest look or word is sufficient to satisfy them that they make the ascent under an express contract with you for a sufficient sum.



In fact, it is never safe to look at an Arab engaged in any act, no matter how insignificant. If he sees you looking on, he claims remuneration on a sort of implied assumption that he shall be paid what the act is worth. If he is on the top of the pyramid or the Sphinx, and you look at him, you have had the benefit of the act, and, in his humble judgment, he is fully entitled to pay from you, upon a *quantum meruit*. It is in vain that you protest that you did not tell him to go there, that you even did not want him to go; he assures you that he narrowly escaped with his life, and that he did it solely for your gratification; that as an evidence of it he saw you looking at him just at the identical moment when he was in the greatest danger. And then he asks you if you can expect him to risk his neck for you for nothing? How can you refuse compensation for risks taken in your service and at your special request, is the question he raises the moment he has descended from the crown of the Sphinx, or the top of the great pyramid.

Within five minutes after our arrival, not less than a dozen altercations were going on between as many nervous American visitors and Arabian men of nerve who had just descended from the Sphinx's forehead, her eyebrow, her back hair, or the place where her nose would have been but for the vandal finger of Time. The Arabians, I believe, generally got the best of the argument. A small sum compensates them for their desperate exploits, and they press their claims with energy and good-nature. It is very hard to refuse three or four cents of American money to a half-naked fellow who pretends that he understood you to engage him in a service which is really amusing, and goes to make up the peculiar character of a day's adventure never again to be repeated. For grand as are the pyramids, and wonderful as is the Sphinx, the pleasure of a visit to them is measurably increased by the presence of the sons of the desert, the wild descend-

ants of Ishmael. And when we turned our donkeys' heads from them for the last time, the poor fellows, following us for a mile over the plain, bidding us good-bye in English, we felt that the obligation we owed to the poor Arab for his share in our day's pleasures, had not been too dearly discharged.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE RED SEA.

SMALL as is the town of Suez in population, it possesses a number of attractions that suffice in the aggregate to draw to it for a longer or shorter stay nearly all of the travelers who pass through Egypt. In the first place, it is the chief station of the Peninsula and Oriental Company's Indian Ocean fleet. It is also the starting point for travelers going to Mount Sinai and to Syria overland. For since the completion of the railroad from Alexandria to Suez, persons going thither no longer submit to the four days' march across the burning sand, but come by rail in a little over that number of hours. To the student of Bible history, Suez is interesting as being the point near which Moses with the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea, while to the ordinary lounge about the world, it is attractive in possessing the best hotel in Egypt, and probably in the East.

From Cairo to Suez the country is one continuous desert of sand. Nowhere, in any direction, from the edge of the Nile valley to the Red Sea, does the eye rest upon so much as a single green shrub. All is desolation. The train stops but twice in the whole trip, and then merely to water the locomotive. Occasionally a long line of camels may be seen tramping solemnly one after the other on their way to Mecca or to Jaffa, but no other indication of life shows itself to us during the trip, away from the line of the railway.

At two o'clock we arrived in this town of stone walls and mud roofs. Not so much as one hotel-runner or baggage-man addressed the party upon our getting out of the cars. The natives of Suez have not as yet progressed this far in civilization. I could not believe such a thing possible, and thought there must be some mistake about the matter. In my travels I had never met with this phenomenon of barbarism before. Nor do I believe that any other traveler has made a similar discovery. It is true that no mention is made in history of what became of the baggage of Columbus upon his landing upon the island of his first discovery; but it must be remembered that the office of special correspondent for a newspaper was then unknown, otherwise I am quite sure that upon the happening of so important an event as the discovery of a new world, every detail of the affair, from the name and pedigree of the enterprising young man who first seized his carpet bag and umbrella, to the biography of the landlord of the house where he put up, would have appeared in the leading journals of the day. Finding that the usual way in Suez for travelers to get to the hotel was the primitive one of picking up their baggage and walking to it, we all fell into the custom of the country and did so. A walk of a hundred yards brought us to the establishment, and we entered. It has been finished but a short time and is the property of the great steamship company which is so important a power on the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea. The landlord and his wife, both English people, received us kindly, and as there was at that particular moment no passengers *in transitu*, accommodated us with good rooms for the night.

We had just heard of the sailing of the first steamship westward from San Francisco to China, and felt nearer home than at any time since we left New York. There was a steamship almost ready to sail down the Red Sea to India and China, where it would connect with the

great American line. It appeared to us the nearest way to our home.

The advertisements that hung about the walls of the hotel showed how almost East Indian the place we were in was getting to be. One flaming handbill set forth in gilt letters that the billiard room of W. Douglass, No. 6 Waterloo Street, Calcutta, was "absolutely the coolest room in India." Another, handsomely framed and glazed, showed the wonderful advantages that would inure to the traveler who should possess the foresight or good fortune to secure rooms and board at the Elphinstone Hotel in Bombay, and a third proved to an absolute certainty that nowhere in Madras, save at the establishment of William Gobbett, could the genuine pale ale of Bass & Co. be obtained in its native purity. On the table of the reading-room lay the daily newspapers of Madras and Calcutta, of dates later than any I had seen from London, New York, or Paris. Everybody about the place had been, or were about to go to the Englishman's California, and all things partook to a corresponding extent of the Anglo-Indian character.

We sat down to a very good lunch, consisting of cold roast-beef, bread, cheese, and ale, and which the bills of fare posted about the place informed us was "tiffin," and then sallied forth to look at the place.

The two lions of Suez consist of the great Canal and the Wells of Moses. The sea at this point dwindles down into a narrow creek not more than a mile wide at high water. The great canal enters this opposite to Suez and distant about two miles. We were anxious to visit both the Wells of Moses and the Canal, but upon learning that the former were down the gulf ten or twelve miles, were obliged to forego the pleasure for want of time. Why these are called the Wells of Moses I did not learn. I asked the boatman who took us over to the canal how far it was to the place where Moses and the children of Israel

crossed. He replied that it would take about two hours to sail down to it. I said that I was very sorry that it was so distant, as I was anxious to visit the sacred spot, but under the circumstances would be obliged to give it up, as I intended to leave on the morning train the following day. This evidently troubled Hassan very greatly. I could see by his conduct that he regretted exceedingly having located the miracle at so distant a point. But no more was said upon the subject until he was ready to leave the canal, when he came and taking me aside informed me that when I had asked him for the distance, he had without thinking given me the place as claimed by the Jews, but there was no doubt whatever that the Christians were right in placing the crossing of Moses at a point much nearer to Suez, and not more than an hour's sail; that in this the Mohammedan tradition concurred with the Christian, and there could be no manner of doubt of its correctness; that we still had plenty of time to sail down to the real point and return to the hotel before night. I told Hassan that, inasmuch as it appeared to be admitted that there was some dispute about the identity of the spot, I would content myself with the general sight that I could get from any place in Suez of the whole line of coast, both north and south, including all the places claimed as genuine, as well as far beyond them, and feel that I had seen the real spot, let it be where it would. He consented to this with great reluctance, assuring me time and again that he could carry me to the real place in less than half an hour.

Having landed at a little stone pier opposite Suez and on the Asiatic side, a walk of fifteen minutes brought us to the bank of the canal. This is an enterprise undertaken and carried on by a French company, and is intended to connect the Red Sea with the Mediterranean and to be large and deep enough to permit the largest class of vessels to pass through into the Indian Ocean. Though



the distance is only about seventy miles, this is undoubtedly one of the most formidable civil undertakings of modern times. After cutting this canal about twenty miles of the line to the requisite width an obstacle, thought by many to be unsurmountable has been met with. It passes through a shallow lake for a considerable distance, and it is in this that the trouble has developed. The bottom is a quagmire, and as fast as it is thrown out fills up again by oozing in from the bottom and sides. A difficulty under which the railroad company labor has also been found to threaten the canal builders even more formidably than it has that enterprise. It is the drifting sand of the desert that constantly moves with the wind, filling up and covering over every obstacle in its path. The railroad managers are obliged to be at work constantly to keep their track above ground. And it is claimed by many engineers to be practically impossible to keep the canal open, even if it ever is finished. The original capital of the company was 400,000,000 francs. They had also an extensive grant of land along the line of the route from the late viceroy of Egypt. But the present viceroy, Ishmael Pasha, is rather unfriendly to French influence and inclines to the English. This is encouraged and urged on by the diplomatists of that nation, who see pretty plainly the plans of France to get possession of all northern Africa. The Order of the Bath has just been conferred upon the Egyptian with appropriate ceremonies. He has therefore withdrawn the grant of land and compromised with the company by a subsidy of money instead, amounting to about 80,000,000 francs. The original capital had been well invested, and the management has been able to report to the company that while an amount has already been expended in the prosecution of the enterprise nearly equal to the original capital stock, still a sum remains in the treasury of about the same amount for future operations. The report which

has recently appeared claims that the work is going on in a successful manner, and that in six years the whole will be complete.

Though began long before the Pacific Railroad, unless the Frenchmen are wide awake, the American road to India will be completed ahead of them. The canal is intended to be three hundred feet wide and twenty-five feet deep. That part near to Suez, and which we visited, is being executed in the best possible manner, and if it all shall be finished equal to this section, the Suez canal will be a work in the engineering line never before approached in the history of that science. But when it is finished the power of the Turk in Africa will have passed away, and one more step toward making the Mediterranean a French lake will have been taken. The line of the canal runs almost due north from a point opposite Suez debouching at Port Said in the Mediterranean. The Russian line of steamers from Alexandria to Odessa on the Black Sea touch at this port once in a fortnight. It is about fifty miles east of the Damietta mouth of the Nile. The canal is already cut to a width and depth sufficient to permit the passage of boats from Suez to Port Said. From Suez north to a distance of twenty miles barges are towed by men or horses, and from that point to the sea small screw-steamers ply back and forth. This is done by means of a channel or ditch cut in the middle of the intended canal, and is about twenty-five feet wide. The ship canal is being cut down on each side of this to the requisite width, but in no place has it reached a sufficient depth. The depth is to be obtained by excavations to a point where the water shall prevent this class of operations, and after that by dredging. The great canal has one feeder from this branch of the Nile to supply it with water, the balance coming from the lake and the two seas that it is intended to connect. The steamers of the Peninsula and Oriental Company do not

come up to Suez, but anchor in a harbor about five miles further down. In fact the little vessels that do reach the town do so only at high tide, and for a great part of the twenty-four hours in the day lay high and dry in the mud and sand.

To locate the passage of the Children of Israel at Suez, as is almost universally done, appears to me to deprive it almost wholly of its miraculous character. When we arose on the following morning almost the whole bottom of the creek, for so the sea becomes at Suez, was laid bare by the ebbing of the tide, which is here not less than twelve feet. Vessels, not less than twenty in number, that the evening before appeared to hold their places only by being securely moored, were now far from the water, and careened quite over on their sides, so that it must have been impossible to walk their decks. But those who insist upon the miraculous character of the passage can do as did Hassan, our Arabian boatman, who wanted to convey me to the place. They can move it down the sea till they come to water deep enough to answer the purpose. Those on the other hand who insist that the "east wind" alone came providentially to aid the tide in driving the waters temporarily out of the usual channels, until the chosen people could pass, may lay the scene quite up to the town of Suez, or even north of it. My judgment is, that to fix the place with absolute accuracy one will be greatly aided by the fact of never having been on the spot, or, even better still, not within a distance of at least one thousand miles of the Red Sea.

Certain Oxford theologians believe that God conducted the retreat of the Children of Israel from Egyptian bondage without disturbing the understood laws of nature. They of course insist that the passage was made at or near to Suez, over the creek which was temporarily emptied by the wind and a strong ebb-tide. Napoleon, it is said, believed in this view of the case, and when in

Suez attempted to cross at the same point, in order to demonstrate its practicability. But it appears by some accounts that he managed his mimic exodus more after the fashion of the drowned Egyptians than the successfully escaping Israelites. But according to the French historians, he escaped from the result of his imprudent attempt to derogate from the miraculous power of Almighty God, by one of his usual efforts of presence of mind and great generalship. He ordered his followers to disperse in all directions as the tide rolled in upon them in order to increase the chances of finding firm bottom on which to stand. By this bright idea he was successful, and all escaped from what appeared to be a bad pickle. I think there is no reason to doubt that there are times when the water is so low at Suez that for a short interval the bay may be safely forded; but it is also equally clear that the time would be altogether too limited to permit the passage of a large body of people with their cattle and goods. And besides, by passing north a few miles the whole sea would have been avoided. This latter point is, however, used in support of two entirely opposite sets of opinions. By those who support the perfect miracle "the wall of water on the right and on the left" theory, it is claimed as an evidence that the event must have occurred at a point farther south than Suez some twenty or more miles, where the sea is broad and deep. On the other side, the unbelievers in the miraculous interposition of the Divine hand in human affairs, insist this to be a conclusive argument against the Israelitish people ever having traversed the Red Sea at all. For, say they, if the ancient capital of Egypt was at Memphis, or its vicinity, there was no occasion for them to come near that body of water. A line drawn from Cairo east to the land of Arabia, to which they fled, passes easily and naturally north of the Red Sea and all its creeks and branches.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE AMERICAN COLONY AT JAFFA.

THERE is nothing in all Palestine so worthy of mention and of commendation at the hands of the traveler as the monks of the San Franciscan Order. It was at the great iron door of the convent of the Terra Santa at Jaffa that our party knocked for admission, at the end of a tedious and stormy passage in the Austrian steamer *Archduchess Carlotta* from Alexandria. The fact that we were mostly Protestants did not render us in the least humble, as it should have done, coming as we did, to ask favors of our religious adversaries. Had we been Catholic pilgrims on our way to the Holy Sepulcher, we could not have made a greater row at the door of the pious monks than we did. The convent fronts upon the sea. The vessel that had brought us and our luggage was already steaming away up the coast toward Tyre, as regardless of what became of their late passengers as if none such had ever existed. Twenty-five villainous-looking Arabs had seized on our trunks and valises and were tumbling them over the low half-door that divided the outside world from an inner neutral ground between it and the actual door of the convent. This they did without so much as inquiring whether we were to be received by the fathers or not. The Mussulman Arabs look upon all Christians as equally wicked and unclean. The distinction between Catholic and Protestant is to them too faint a line to be recognized, and if understood, would be classed as we do

the quarrels between the pot and the kettle. But we felt our own unworthiness, and how little a claim we had to be admitted here.

At last the bolt was drawn back, and the great door swung open with a loud clank. A shaven head, from which a brown hood had just fallen, appeared. We were invited to enter, and up the winding stone stairs we mounted round and round till at last, when almost out of breath, we stopped at the general reception-room, quite on the roof of the house. Here we sat down while coffee and lemonade was passed about to all, with no question as to nationality or religion. The twenty-five passengers had left the steamer all bound for Jerusalem. They were all Americans and all Protestants, save one, Mr. C. of our party. Yet here we were drinking the coffee of the holy fathers, and refreshing ourselves upon their lemons as freely as if we had each confessed ourselves at the convent gate before entering. How many monks there may be at the Terra Santa I did not learn. We saw but one. He appeared to have been appointed to hold all necessary communication with the outer world in order that the others might not be disturbed in their pious orisons and penitential works. He brought in the coffee and passed it around to the company with his own hands. Returning to his room, he brought out lemonade for those who were thirsty. When we were rested, the same holy father showed all to comfortable rooms and clean beds. In an hour the same and good Samaritan rang the great bell for dinner, and when we were seated at the long table, himself served the food that was brought in some mysterious manner from the depths below.

The convents of Syria are substantially the only inns of the country. It is true there are two inferior taverns at Jerusalem, but at Jaffa, at Mar Saaba, at Tyre, at Carmel, and at Nazareth, the convents alone afford a shelter for the Frankish traveler. And to these hospi-



table places all Christian wayfarers at nightfall direct their steps, whether they have money or whether they have not, with the confident belief that the door will be open to them and food and safety offered. And in this I firmly believe none are ever disappointed. The good brothers have always a joint of mutton in the larder and a bottle of wine in the cellar for all wayfarers that present themselves in the name of humanity. No charge is ever made ; but it is expected that those who are able will not wantonly consume the substance that is intended for the needy, but will leave a recompense, by way of a free-will offering, adequate to the cost incurred by the benevolent monks. In this reasonable expectation it is to be hoped they are seldom disappointed.

But many parties travel with Syrian dragomans, under a contract by which, for a fixed sum per day, the dragoman furnishes horses and tents, and pays all bills incurred in traveling. These occasionally put up at the convents, and then the treasury of the house suffers. A class of men which cheat all with whom they come in contact, can not be expected to be just to the inoffensive ascetics of Syria. The traveler is bound to pay the dragoman a sum which is generally about double what the service is worth. The dragoman, knowing of the high consideration in which acts of charity are held among Christians, and especially by the monastic orders of the Catholic Church, feels himself justified in marching out of the house often without paying or offering to pay a cent for the hospitality received. The wonder, to my mind, is that the monks ever allow a stranger to enter their gates. I knew of one family from America, consisting of four persons, besides their dragoman, who rested at the convent of the Terra Santa for five days, having the best rooms in the place and eating at the great table all the time. Upon leaving, the dragoman made an "offering," as it is called, of four dollars. Fortunately, the gentle-

man learned of the iniquity in time to set it right by bestowing a suitable gratuity. I believe that no fault can be found generally with travelers in this respect, save those who have hired themselves out to dragomans in the mode I have described.

Travelers left to themselves usually leave about two dollars and a half a day each, while they stay at the convents. And it is probable that all over about one dollar of that sum is a clear gain to the treasury of the establishment, but of course, does not more than compensate fairly for the value of the services of the laboring brothers, who perform the duty of domestics.

We, having determined to proceed toward Jerusalem the following day, were up early in the morning in order to have a hasty look at Jaffa before leaving. But early as it was, we found ourselves accosted at the gate in the familiar tones of the American language.

There had recently occurred at Jaffa a wonderful event. It was no less than the arrival there of an American colony. Not a colony of discontented and broken-down rebels, such as we have heard of seeking a new home in Mexico or Brazil, but a colony of genuine Yankees from New England, coming, as they say, with a new religion in one hand and American plows and reaping machines in the other, to regenerate the land on American principles. The whole movement had astonished the half-civilized natives of the country as much as it must have amazed the people of America when they became informed of it.

The specimen of the American language that greeted us at the convent gate proceeded from one of these "regenerators." He was from Maine, he said, and followed up the declaration by recommending us to be sure to stop at the Damascus Hotel in Jerusalem when we should reach there, placing at the same time a neatly printed card in our hands, which set forth in English that that house was

clean and well kept, besides enjoying a fine view of the site of Solomon's temple and Mounts Zion and Calvary. I asked him when he had left Jerusalem. He had not been there at all, he said, but had been engaged by the landlord of the Damascus to prevent his countrymen from falling into the hands of the rapacious proprietor of the Mediterranean, a rival establishment. He stated that he did so the more freely, inasmuch as that house would inevitably starve us all to death if we should be so unlucky as to stop within its walls. Would we assure him that we would go to the Damascus? We promised him, upon the faith of high-toned American gentlemen, that we would certainly do so. Would we say to the proprietor of that magnificent hotel that we had been recommended to it by Mr. Coffin of Jaffa? Again we gave an affirmative pledge of a most solemn character. The matter of business being thus satisfactorily closed, our countrymen invited us "over to the colony." "It was," he said, "not above a half a mile away; a matter of five minutes' walk from the Jerusalem gate." We could not go just then, but would come, we assured him, immediately after breakfast. Mr. Coffin, formerly farmer of Maine, but now "regenerator" of Palestine, left us satisfied with the promise, and I hope with the stroke of business he had done. That his regeneration of Palestine had already taken the direction of introducing to it the American branch of industry, known as hotel-running, was obvious. But what commission upon the amount collected from guests fell to his share we did not learn.

We directed our steps to the only spot in Jaffa possessing any scriptural interest; and as it was the first we had seen in the Holy Land we set out with all the eagerness of novices in the business. It was the house of Simon the tanner. In three minutes we were at the door. It was opened by a bare-legged Syrian, wearing a single garment, which might almost have been a cast-off dress-

ing-gown of the host who charitably entertained St. Peter in the same mansion so long ago. The house bears evidence of great antiquity. There is nothing in its appearance to fix its age, but it is strong enough to last yet a thousand or five thousand years. The story located at the house is related in the ninth and tenth chapters of the *Acts of the Apostles*. It was here that Peter tarried when he raised the charitable Dorcas from the dead. It was upon the roof of this house, according to local tradition, that he went upon another occasion to pray about the sixth hour; and while there had a vision of a sheet which was let down from heaven, knit at the four corners, and in which were all manner of beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air. "And there came a voice to him saying, Rise, Peter, kill and eat." We went upon the house-top and found it to be like all the roofs in Jaffa, of stone arched like the cover to a vault. It was solid enough, and might well be old enough to date back long before the time of our Lord. A fig-tree not less than eighteen inches in diameter had fixed its roots in the rocky crevices on the roof as if on a mountain side. And there it had bloomed and borne fruit for years past. Had it been there in Simon Peter's time, he must have beheld the vision beneath its spreading branches.

After breakfast we set off through the curious, crooked, dark, and dirty streets of Jaffa, on our way to the American village. Jaffa is situated upon a small promontory that projects a few yards into the sea, the houses rising up from the water in the form of an amphitheater. It has no harbor worth mentioning. If the weather is rough, the vessels lying at anchor in the open roadstead in front of the town, that goes by that name, are obliged to put to sea. And meanwhile steamers arriving from up or down the coast, pass on to Beyrout or Alexandria, according to the direction from which they come. The town contains a population of five thousand, of which one

thousand are Christians. The houses within the town and without, except at the American colony, are built of stone, no wood being used in the construction, not even for the roofs. These are solid bomb-proof arches, making the town resemble so many vaulted tents. It is the Joppa of the Bible, and has a tradition that here Noah's Ark was built. It was here that the Greek fable located the spot where Andromeda was chained to the rock, and here the cedars of Lebanon, furnished by the king of Tyre for the temple of Solomon, were delivered and landed. It was here, in modern times, and quite close to the site of the American village, that Napoleon led out four thousand Turkish prisoners and, against the terms of the surrender, for the crime of being in the way, shot them; and here, if some historians are to be believed, the same hero, upon being compelled to march away, poisoned his own plague-stricken soldiers in the hospitals as a measure of humanity—it being certain that they would soon die of the disease if left to themselves, and be murdered by the enemy if left to them.

The climate is good, being very much like that of Santa Cruz, California. The oranges of Jaffa are reputed the best in the world. They are certainly the largest and finest I have seen. The valley of Sharon, the fairest and greenest part of all the land of Canaan, slopes gently back from Jaffa, and extends to the foot of the coast range. Perched in those mountains, and scarcely out of sight of the blue Mediterranean, is Jerusalem. From these rugged tops, down the valley southward, perhaps nowhere out of sight of Jaffa, that famous Israelitish guerrilla chieftain, Samson, operated against the much-abused Philistines, and going up along the foot of the hills the youthful and ardent David must have returned in triumph from Gaza, laden with the dower that was to enable him to become the son-in-law of King Saul. It is here, in the Valley of Sharon, but five minutes' walk from the Jerusalem



gate, that a hundred and fifty American men, women, and children, have set up their household gods. The road down to the village is shaded by the date, the pomegranate, and the Syrian acacia. Hedges of prickly pears, twenty feet high, divide each field and garden spot from the other, and the whole from the road to Jerusalem that passes through it. Hundreds of lazy, brown Bedouins and dirty-white Syrians stood about the low gate as we passed through, staring at us.

As we issued from the gate into the open plain, the American village, its neat square cottages, with green blinds, its wide streets and airy appearance, came in view. No guide is necessary to conduct the stranger from Jaffa to the American colony. It speaks from afar off. Near the line of the village we saw two little boys aged respectively about nine years, and each dressed in jacket and trousers. They were busily occupied in the construction of what is, I believe, technically termed a mud pie. But one of them looked up from his work at our approach. The other was working up his side of the pie with his hands. One of us addressed the former familiarly on what was imagined to be his Christian name, and inquired kindly after his health. With true American economy of time, he, without looking up or discontinuing his task, answered us promptly. It was evident that the youths were Americans, nor could we detect any evidence of decadence of the race under the effect of the Syrian sun. The main street of the village is at right angles with the road. Turning into this, and advancing a few yards, we found a party of men engaged in framing and raising a new house. Along the main street were eight or ten wooden houses built in the American cottage style. There were about twenty houses completed so as to be habitable, and all fronting upon four spacious streets, allowing a garden-spot for each estate.

The men stopped their work upon our approach, and



addressed us pleasantly. Would we walk up to the house of President Adams, who would be glad to see us? We shook hands all round and walked up to the house of the president. The door was immediately opened, disclosing to us the commanding figure of Mrs. President Adams. A glance at the lady was sufficient to assure us that the hospitality of the mansion was in good hands, and that once having obtained her permission to enter no further license would be necessary.

Mrs. Adams is a large-sized lady, with a decided military manner. Her age may be anywhere between thirty-three and fifty. Her fine head is set well back on her shoulders, so that her chest and chin are perhaps more prominent features than her nose or eyes. This gives her the appearance of looking down at you from under her glasses, as if from a great distance; but a close observation convinced me that the impression was illusive, and that she really looked at us squarely through these instruments. A more positive-looking person I never met with. If President Adams should at any time abandon the work of regenerating Palestine upon the American system, the scheme will be taken up at the point where he leaves it off, and will not lose by the change. The first thing the lady did after seeing us was to order us into the parlor. This she did with a commanding sweep of the hand that I suspect Queen Victoria would have envied.

All obeyed, and we were soon seated in chairs placed in single file across a wide room, while the Presidentess stood in front making a speech, the substance of which, when stripped of a slight tendency to be grandiloquent, was, that the American eagle of freedom, after having perched for more than ninety years upon the rockbound coasts of his native land, had now for the time first found his pinions strong enough to sustain his weight; that with one grand swoop he had winged his glorious flight

from the newest to the oldest land of the earth, where, resting for a time upon the mountain peaks of Syria, he would soon gather renewed strength for still more mighty aerial exploits; that soon would be presented to the astonished gaze of the effete monarchies of the old world the wondrous spectacle of a nation of people hitherto sunk in hopeless barbarism being civilized through the precious truths of Christianity, conveyed to them by the means of the ingenious implements of agriculture, that had already rendered our own country so famous. Before sitting down, she assured us that she had that very day received positive intelligence, not only that the eyes of England was upon her, but that Louis, or rather *Louie* Napoleon, as she pronounced the baptismal name of the present emperor of the French, was becoming quite uneasy about, and anxious to know what was the real design of the American colony in settling in Palestine.

Having closed, she condescended to seat herself in front of her visitors in a large painted American rocking-chair. And swinging herself backward and forward with great velocity, she proceeded to inform us further upon *her* plans in Syria, which she assured us was no secret, but all open and above board. But before going further into *her* plans, she would, she said, tell us something of her own history. She had first seen the light upon the granite hills of New Hampshire, and that she was a granddaughter of a signer of the Declaration of Independence; that her first husband was a wealthy Southern planter, who dying, she consoled herself with the society, and threw off her weeds in favor of the now President of the American Colony at Jaffa, the Rev. H. G. Adams; that in 1859, while they were residing in Washington County, Maine, whither they had removed from St. Louis, Missouri, the Lord had called Mr. Adams to the work of regenerating the Holy Land, in which work they were now engaged.

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While Mrs. Adams was giving us this information Mr. Adams had entered the room and been quietly introduced. So long as the mere history of the enterprise was the subject of his wife's discourse, that gentleman was content to remain quiet. But at last Mrs. Adams reached a point in her narrative where it became necessary to touch slightly upon the creed of the new sect. And here the status of that gentleman and his family became apparent. While Mrs. Adams was the executive branch of the government, and wielded the scepter of temporal power, it was evident that the sacerdotal mantle rested solely upon the shoulders of the President. If she was the governor, he was the priest. The profane history and traditions of the movement were properly within her control. But when it came to matters of mere faith, for her to interfere was to usurp the functions of his priestly office. This he could not permit. Mr. Adams, therefore, to use a California phrase, "chipped in." They had no creed of faith, he said, but took the "Bible and the whole Bible," just as it was in its purity, for their faith. That the reign of Christ on earth and the return of the Jews to Canaan are even now on the very eve of occurring. That it might be ten years yet before these things were brought about, but that it could not be longer; that he had made this important discovery in 1859, and had immediately set about preparing the Holy Land in advance for the great change, to which work he had been at the same, time specially called; that it was clear to every intelligent American that the country in its present condition was not a fit place for the residence of the Jews, nor for the reign of the Messiah; that it was not even reasonable to expect the Jews, with all their shrewdness, to return to a country such as was Palestine in its present state, nor was it quite certain that the Messiah himself would come unless great changes for the better were at least commenced; that his call was to plant the

great and glorious institutions and introduce the wonderful agricultural inventions of our land into the future home of the chosen people of God; that the true method of civilizing the benighted Arabs of the Sharon valley, was to teach them to turn up the soil with Johnson's patent shifting mold-board and gang-plow; to plant grain with Smith's remarkable double-back-action drill, and to harvest the fruits of the earth with somebody else's wonderful combined self-adjusting reaping, thrashing, sacking, grinding, and bolting machine.

Having given us a brief synopsis of the new faith, Mr. Adams subsided, and Mrs. Adams resumed with the history of the colony, and the difficulties she had encountered in its establishment. There was, she said, in their own ranks, a few "conspirators" who would not work, and who were doing what they could by lies to get the colony discontented; with this discontented few they had had some trouble. That the American consul at Jaffa, the wicked and infamous Loenthal, was the monster in human form who had attempted in vain to stay the onward march of the new religion and the spread of agricultural improvements. Being a Jew, he of course opposed all Christian progress. Being a foreigner and not an American, he naturally could appreciate neither the gang-plows of Johnson, the drill of Smith, nor the self-adjusting reaper, thresher, sacker, grinder, and bolter of the other gentleman. The wretch had from the first foreseen the good to the Christian cause to be produced by the movement, and had laid a plan to circumvent it. The plan of the wily Jew, it appeared, was in keeping with the commercial character of his people. He had made no attempt to oppose their entry into Palestine by force of arms; nor had he by misrepresentations made to the Sublime Porte turned the Government against them. He had simply worked himself into the confidence of the simple-hearted President, upon the occasion of his first visit to the East,

at a time when that functionary was unaided by the wisdom of Mrs. Adams (she being left in charge of the infant flock in Maine), and getting hold of the funds of the society as agent for the purchase of lands, embezzled the money. The result was that when this modern *May-flower* arrived with the colony at Jaffa, they found themselves without money, without scrip, and without land upon which to put the houses ready framed that were in the ship's hold.

We had heard from others, something of this dispute before calling. We had been told how the ship arrived in October of last year with one hundred and sixty-seven souls on board. And how, being unprovided with shelter for their heads, they had been compelled to encamp down by the beach where six weeks of hot days, cold nights, and bad and insufficient food had enabled the grim monster death to carry off seventeen of their number. But Mrs. Adams is a positive woman. If she were a member of the bar she would excell in the department of special pleading. She never makes statements of facts by way of indirection or innuendo; but direct, so as to raise a determinable issue. Had they had much sickness in the colony, we inquired? "None in the world," was the prompt reply. "In this heavenly climate it is almost impossible to be sick. A few of the conspirators feign sickness to injure the cause. We had seventeen of our people murdered soon after we landed in the country; but with that exception there have been no deaths. As for the pretended sickness of the 'conspirators,' every one understands that Loenthal can cure them all in an hour when he chooses to do so; and he will choose to do so when he has no more need of their feigning sickness." All this she rattled off as fast as she could talk. "But," interrupted one of us, "you had seventeen of your number murdered. Have the assassins been brought to justice?" "Oh," she continued in the same tone, "of



course not. It was done at the instigation of Loenthal. And of course he would not condemn his own accomplices." But who were the murders? How were they assassinated? we all asked in a breath. "They were poisoned by one of the conspirators," answered Mrs. Adams, without hesitation. "The murderer is now hanging around Loenthal's office, and is protected by him. The fellow became a member of the colony by imposing himself as a physician upon my husband. But we have since discovered that he is not a physician, but a free-love spiritualist. You see, Loenthal being determined to drive us from the country or kill us, and failing in the first, he bribed this fellow to poison the whole colony. He had advanced in his nefarious project to the number of seventeen victims before we discovered the scheme, when of course we soon put a stop to it.

Having spent an hour with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, we rose to depart. They then conducted us to the new house that was being built for the president's family. It is a frame building, raised upon the walls of an ancient Syrian fountain, and overlooking the village, the sea, the Vale of Sharon, with its orange-groves, and the city of Jaffa. No more delightful situation could be imagined. It is truly, as the poetic Mrs. Adams described it to us, "perfectly heavenly." The house covered part of the basin of the fountain, and the balance is reserved to be used as a baptismal font, the society believing in immersion as the Scriptural method of exercising that sacrament. The house was almost completed; the plasterers being at work in the main parlor, and the roofers engaged in putting on the mastic, which, with the timber, had come in the ship from New York. A dozen "non-conspiring" mechanics were patiently working away upon the house of the "Priest-President," as we entered. They simply looked up and bowed to us as we passed, and went on with their labor. If they had each been working as special con-



tractors, they could not have plied their vocation more diligently. Both Mr. and Mrs. Adams descanted in the hearing of the workmen, in loud and majestic voices, upon their plans for the future, and especially upon the comfort and even the grandeur in which they would live and entertain guests in the new house when completed. Meanwhile, the patient, plodding lay-brothers spread on their mortar, and drove in the nails, in perfect but silent acquiescence with all that was said.

Upon returning to Jaffa, we called upon the consul, Mr. Loenthal, hoping to hear something of the other side of the story, but did not at that time. He is not a consul, but simply the agent of General Beaubichy, the consul at Jerusalem. I hear Mr. Loenthal spoken well of by all that know him, outside of the colony at Jaffa, and would not be surprised if the facts in the end should prove him to be "more sinned against than sinning." Meantime, it is exceedingly difficult to get hold of any really disinterested statement of the difficulty. The affair has become a sort of party strife in Jaffa, each man taking the side of Loenthal or the Colony, according to his personal prejudices or religion. The Franciscan brother who waited upon us at the convent assured me that many of the Colony were in extreme want, and had come to the convent to beg for bread; that Mr. Adams was a common drunkard; and that Mrs. Adams was the real governor of the society. I do not believe that the good brother intentionally misrepresented the facts, but can not say how much he may have been imposed upon by the biased statements of others. There appears to be no doubt that a portion of the colony are much discontented, and wish to return to America. And there appears to me to be equally good grounds for thinking that there are some others who are satisfied, and, perhaps, even pleased with their condition, and intend to remain in Palestine.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### GOING UP TO JERUSALEM.

THE distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is about thirty-six miles, and ought ordinarily to be traveled in six hours. It takes fourteen, and hard work at that. There is not a wheeled vehicle in all Palestine. Since the days when Abraham came a young sheik from Mesopotamia, no more ingenious contrivance for carrying his descendants from one part of the country to another has been thought of than that which brought him and his household gods from the banks of the Euphrates. Nor is there so much as one consecutive mile of road upon which a cart could safely be drawn in the whole land, from Dan to Beer-sheba. The well-to-do are content to be borne by the strong ass, the rich and great affect the noble cousin of that patient beast. Camels, so common in Egypt and Asia Minor, are not so much used in Palestine.

It was ten o'clock in the day when we mounted our animals at the convent gate and set off for the holy city. It is not usual to attempt the trip in one single day; but the journey is divided in such manner that the party rests the first night at Ramleh, twelve miles from Jaffa, going on to Jerusalem the following day. Parties unprovided with camping equipage always do this, stopping at the Convent of the Franciscans for the night. We had taken a dragoman, which is the technical phrase among travelers for being taken by one of that profession. For the sum of seven dollars and a half per day each, that

worthy furnished us tents, food, and transportation about the country. As we had discovered that a good part of his profits were to be made by boarding us at convents without paying any thing, we determined not to put up at Ramleh, but to proceed to the foot of the mountains and then encamp.

The road for half the distance to Jerusalem passes through the richest valley of Canaan—the Plain of Sharon. The soil, stirred once a year with the bent root of a tree, drawn by a single ox, yields with an abundance that proves the richness of the soil and the geniality of the climate. For two miles out of Jaffa, the luxuriant groves of orange, pomegranate, and fig trees shut out the lovely sweep of country to the right and left. But all at once these are passed, and the undulating vale and rugged mountains of Judea beyond rise up to view. The road in the valley is wide and good for the purpose to which, from the habits of the people, it can alone be put—that is to say, for a pack-trail. It is beyond doubt the same road that has traversed the valley during the whole historic period—the same over which the camels tramped that bore the cedar-wood of King Solomon, and the same over which Simon Peter and the other disciples walked forth to carry the gospel to all nations; and, so changeless are the customs of this people, that one who passed over the road then could scarcely mistake it now.

But the progressive character of the nineteenth century has stamped itself even upon this ancient pathway. The road of Solomon and of Samson, of Judas Macabees and Simon Peter, has been marked by the inventive genius of America. The poles and wires of the magnetic telegraph mark and bound the slender trail that leads from the ancient city of Jerusalem to the sea. I thought I detected a look of triumphant interrogation in the face of the plowman by my side as I stood beneath

the wire, as much as to say, "What do you think of us Syrians now? "Behold what our genius and enterprise has accomplished, and imagine if you can what will be the next triumph of our inventive faculties." There was some talk of the dangers to travelers over this road from the wandering Bedouins. But whatever it might be ordinarily, I don't see how at this time it could be otherwise than safe.

The road was filled from morn till night with pilgrims—all Russians—dressed in the thick cowhide boots of Finland and Livonia. The sun shone as brightly as in America on a May morning, and the green grass, decked with the roses of Sharon, carpeted the earth from mountain to sea. Yet the sight of these hyperboreans in costume fitted for a Siberian midwinter, caused a sympathetic shiver to run through every nerve. Twenty thousand of these people will be in Jerusalem within a month. This is the advance guard—the strongest and most forehanded—who hurry forward to secure the best places before the city is filled up. They have been on the road two months, and are correspondingly travel-worn. They are of all ages, sexes, and conditions. Every member of the Greek church feels it to be a duty at least once during life to make this sacred pilgrimage. Formerly the whole journey was made by land, and on foot, the pilgrims following the road that Peter the Hermit and the first Crusade took coming around the great sea. Now the steamships that ply between the Levant and Black Sea ports have enabled the pious travelers to greatly economize time. But from Jaffa to Jerusalem it is considered a religious duty for all, regardless of condition, to make the journey on foot. No excuse is allowed, save that of actual sickness or physical inability. Of the hundreds we passed going up, we saw but two mounted. And they, as if to compromise the weakness as far as possible, had selected the sorriest donkeys that could be found in all Palestine.

The women appeared as strong and active as the men, and went forward to the work with even more eagerness than the stronger sex. All seemed absorbed in the idea of the early completion of the sacred duty and a rest at the holy shrines. It was seldom that in passing we could get from one of them a nod or look that admitted the fact of our existence. They looked steadily ahead, and trudged on their weary way. Several times I reined up in front of the stout pedestrians and attempted a conversation. Stopping a pilgrim and pointing my finger energetically at his breast, I would call out in a tone of interrogation, "Russ?" but, turning out of the path and passing forward on the route, there would be but one word of reply, and the conversation was finished. "Russ!" would be the short but decisive answer, and the pious subject of the Czar of all the Russias would be again on the road to Jerusalem.

Though the principal part of the soil of the Sharon Valley is cultivated, the traveler, in passing through, looks in vain for the habitations of the husbandmen. All live in villages hid away in some inaccessible cliff or rock. Unless the laborer is actually at work in the field, you see but little evidence of his existence. Save your own company and the throng of Russians that plodded the route to the holy shores, the road was deserted.

It is in the valley that the finest flowers of Palestine are found. The Son of Man was likened to the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Both abound along the route to Jerusalem, and were in full bloom as we passed. The flower that is conceded to have been the Rose of Sharon of the Sacred Scriptures, is not a rose, nor does it belong to that family of blooming beauties. It is a modest blossom seeking no extrinsic advantages of altitude or location, but grows upon a humble plant not higher than the green sward that is its unobtrusive setting. It is red as the rose known with us, as the "Giant

of Battles," and as large, but with only a single fringe of petals. The exact counterpart of the Rose of Sharon, in all save color, blooms in February or March all over the fields and in the valleys of California. Who does not remember the very queen of sward flowers, with its elegant orange tint, that blooms, a dozen in each tuft of grass, along the road to the Ocean House and Lone Mountain. Color this with the hues of the Giant of Battle Rose, and the companion of the Lily of the Valley is a California flower. It is very probable that the Rose of Sharon is cultivated in the San Francisco gardens. My experience in Europe has been that whatever is good or beautiful here has been long since introduced to our people by the enterprise of those whose business it is to look after such things. But I was so much pleased with this that I extracted a promise from the lay brother of the convent to send me a package of the seed from the garden of the brotherhood as soon as the plant had matured.

At two o'clock we reached the convent at Ramleh. Two brothers stood on the wall looking over at us, as if to inquire whether we meant peace or war. The grim gates that had turned back the infidel for so many centuries, were strong enough to bid defiance to our little party, had our designs been ever so hostile. Scander, our dragoman, thought we had gone far enough for the day. We knew better. Once within the hospitable walls of the convent, we should have reveled upon the fat of the land. Coffee and lemonade to refresh and cool us, eggs to make us strong, and strained honey without reserve, would have been lavished upon the wayfarers. But to the Syrian dragoman all would have been gain, to the convent and to the travelers all loss. We had tried this experiment at Jaffa the night before, and found that to leave the place with decent standing, we must pay again to the good monks, after having once doubly paid the dragoman to whom we had sold ourselves.



A short furlong beyond Ramleh stands a fountain, put there probably in Bible days. It is fifty feet square at base, and built of solid stone and cement. Here we stopped to rest. Down from the village the girls came in troops, with water-jars to fill and bear away upon their heads. The garden, hedged with prickly pears, comes down to the very corner of the well, and through this runs the road. A score or more of damsels stood chatting at the well as we rode up, some with empty jars and some with them filled. The filled jars did not serve to start the fair water-carriers home, much more than did the empty ones. Gossip is as sweet in the East as it is toward the setting sun. When we arrived the chattering ceased, and our party became the central object of attraction. Those who had not filled the jars waited, and those who had already done so lingered gazing and balancing upon their fair heads the liquid burden all the time we stopped. Twenty Rebecca's stood before us. They may have been each as fair as the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah. We could not tell; for according to the custom of the people, not changed since the day that beauty watered the camels of Abraham's eldest servant, their faces were covered and we saw them not.

From our resting-place beneath the walls of Ramleh to the mountain, was a sharp ride of three hours. It was quite dark when we reached the camp. But we found that the tents had been all put in place, the beds made, and dinner ready to serve. The first night in a tent has been described in prose and in poetry a hundred times. So often, in fact, that those who have not experienced its beauties understand them as well as those who have. I shall sum up its excellencies in one sentence, and believe that all who, like me, have "crossed the Plains," will agree that it is complete and accurate. The first night of tent life is the best night of tent life. Our tent had been pitched in a valley by the road-side. Directly

opposite was the only house or habitation within sight of the place. It was an Arabian khan, a thing which unites the features of the *café* with that of a restaurant, stable, and inn. There was but one room to the whole place. On one side was a blazing fire; around which a dozen Arabs were seated cross-legged on the floor, smoking, drinking coffee, and listening to one of their number, who was evidently a "story-teller." The human inhabitants of the place took up about one-fourth of the room. The balance was filled with horses and donkeys. Eight horses were ranged with their heads tied to the wall. These were, besides, fastened by another rope around each hind foot, and this to posts driven in the ground. To use a nautical phrase, they were "moored head and stern." With true Oriental apathy, but a momentary glance was all that was bestowed upon me as I entered. The tale of the story-teller was of more importance than the entry of a Frankish traveler. The landlord came to me with his coffee-pot, the size of a thimble, to know if my wants took the direction of that beverage. But they did not. Dinner was ready, and I returned to the tent to partake of it.

When we retired to bed it was evidently the settled opinion of every one of the party, that of all modes of life that had ever been thought of, tent life was the one the best calculated to produce perfect happiness. And further, that of the different circumstances under which tent life could be followed, that of tent life in the Holy Land came the nearest to absolute perfection. The dinner was good, the beds were soft, the air was balmy, and all nature seemed to join in a general design to make us comfortable and happy. Dinner being finished, we all went to bed. The best tent had been set aside for the ladies. The gentlemen "roughed it" in a larger but rather older and more used-up affair.

About one o'clock I was awakened by the roaring of

the wind. It had already increased to the force of a hurricane. The Arabs understand the making and putting up of tents to perfection. No people can do it better. Ropes as strong as need be are put in every direction and well staked into the ground. The dragoman and his assistants were already up on the side, hammering away at the ladies' tent with new pegs and ropes, trying to save the frail edifice from demolition. It was, however, obvious that cordage could not stand the pressure of the tempest long unless the wind should abate. At last one side of our tent was driven in, the pegs having been pulled bodily out of the ground. The canvas and ropes attached instantly fluttered in the wind and came down upon me with the force of a dozen cat-o'-nine-tails all in one. If I had never crossed the Plains I should have gotten out of bed at once. But I had learned, in making that trip, never to get out of bed on account of any such accidents. As a rule, any thing that disturbs you will, sooner or later, disturb your companions, and the chances of some one of them being obliged to turn out is increased or diminished in proportion as your company is more or less numerous. Our company consisted of four gentlemen, all of whom were sleeping, or pretended to sleep, within six feet of where I lay. They were, therefore, I argued, at that moment undergoing flagellations similar to that which was then coming down with such fury upon myself, or soon would be. The chances of some one of them tumbling out to repair damages amounted to almost absolute certainty. I therefore held on, and the event, I will say to the credit of myself, attested the wisdom of my course. Capt. T. had been in early life a sea-faring man. A storm to him was therefore naturally a thing requiring some attention and care. The side of the tent next to him soon followed the example of mine. He was instantly out of bed, and, calling help from the Arabs, put the matter to rights. There was, I will say, a certain degree of princi-

ple involved in my conduct. The General was in the tent and lay quite near to me. He also had crossed the Plains. In doing so he had naturally learned, as I had done, never to get up until he was obliged to do so. Knowing this fact I rather suspected him of waiting, after the canvas began to beat our bed, to see if I would not go out and fasten it up.

By this time it was three o'clock in the morning. The Russian pilgrims, who had been scattered along the roadside under their blankets, being driven out by the storm, began to struggle up the valley on their way to Jerusalem. Mr. Thébault, an American gentleman from New York, with his wife, who had camped a mile down the road, had struggled out from beneath their prostrate canvas, and were also facing the tempest. We heard them go past. Though twenty miles to Jerusalem, over rocks and precipices, it was better to go forward than to stay where they were. We were more fortunate in our situation than they had been. We were at the very foot of the mountain, and the wind was partially broken by it, or we should also have been without a shelter. But though our tents really stood up, there was no such thing as sleep for us. The war of the wind, the jumping of the horses, the cries of the Arabs, who were outside trying to keep the tents firm, prevented any thing like repose.

At daylight we were all out and sheltered behind the wall of the Arab café, which served to partially break the violence of the wind. From this point to Jerusalem, over the mountains, the road is more difficult than any pack trail in the mountains of California. The mountains are literally roofed over with huge granite, detached rocks, heaped and piled over each other. The path has been followed continually since the days of Abraham and Lot, and it is not probable that during that whole time one single stone has ever been pitched out of it. For twenty miles the most sure-footed horse

or donkey can get along only by picking his way step by step over the stones and at a slow walk. To add to our troubles, we set out in the face of a gale of wind that came down from the bare rocky slope of the mountains so strong that it was with the utmost difficulty that we could sit upon our horses. Mr. Thébault's party, whose camp had been broken up in the night, proceeded on, and arrived (the female portion more dead than alive) at Jerusalem at eleven o'clock.

Fortunately for us, the wind partially abated by the middle of the day. By that time we were at Kirjath-Jearim, where we halted for lunch. This was one of the cities of the Gibeonites, and stood on the southwest angle of the territory of Benjamin. Under a league, into which they beguiled the Children of Israel, these were not put to death, but were suffered to live and to become the "hewers of wood and drawers of water unto all the congregation." Here it was that "the Ark of the Lord was brought and remained for twenty years." The reputation of the place is none of the best. The family of Aba Ghaush still resides at Kirjath-Jearim, although that daring bandit chieftain was long since shot by the Turkish Government. The valley or mountain gorge beyond the town produces a few vines and still more ancient-looking olive-trees. For a mile down the road, as we passed out, we met crowds of girls bringing in the lately clipped branches of this tree for fuel. Each one with a burden proportioned to her years and strength, nicely balanced on her head, followed in single file after the other. The tall damsel of fifteen stalked along with a bundle that would have done credit to a hay-cart in America, while little bright-eyed babies of six years waddled along, proud of carrying a few dozen tiny switches. None of these had their faces covered, but all were dressed after the manner of the Jews. And here the wonderful continuity of this race was evident, for



the little fuel-gatherers of Kirjath-Jearim, though clothed in a single robe of blue cotton cloth bound at the waist, each preserved the dark eye, the clear brown skin and handsome oval features of the daughters of Israel, as they are seen in Paris, New York, or San Francisco. No disguise of mere dress could conceal their extraction. Remove the burden from the head of any one of the little laborers, dress her in European costume, and sit her down in New York, and she would pass for a handsome Jewess and a native of America.

From Kirjath-Jearim to Jerusalem is a three hours' ride. The road, as it approaches the holy city, becomes even more stony and rough. The country, if such a thing were possible, becomes at each step more and more rugged and inhospitable. At Kirjath-Jearim the summit of the mountains is reached, and from that place on the road runs along the elevated ridges at a height equal to the loftiest part, and which altitude is maintained quite up to the Damascus gate, at which we entered. A mile out of Jerusalem we met two horsemen riding over the rocks at a break-neck speed. On entering the holy city for the first time, the mind naturally turns to Bible associations and sacred subjects. Many opinions were hazarded as to who the riders would prove to be. "The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously," quoted some of the company, more familiar with Holy Writ than the others; but before another suggestion could be made, they drew near and declared themselves.

They proved to be the rival landlords of the Damascus and Mediterranean Hotels on their way to secure us as guests. Not content with enlisting the Americans of the Jaffa Colony in their behalf, their enterprise sends them out upon the road to look for custom. Verily, the land of Judea is not so far behind the rest of the world as people have imagined. By the time the enterprising



hotel-keepers had opened up the business, the party had come in sight of Jerusalem. I should have received some very fine and sentimental impressions upon first seeing the city, if the landlords had not pounced upon us just as they did. But they were both Germans, and somehow or another there is a realism—a hard practical sort of an air about a German—that throws cold water over and cools down all sentimentality whenever he comes in contact with it. They were not only both Germans, but Germans that spoke English; and they spoke their English and talked about their respective hotels in just the same tone and language, and used the same arguments for and against, that I have so often heard hammered into the ears of the honest miner coming from Sacramento laden with gold dust. To make a long story short, we entered Jerusalem through the Damascus gate, in company with both the Dutchman from the Mediterranean and the Dutchman from the Damascus hotel. And inasmuch as the American colonist at Jaffa, mentioned in the last chapter, had recommended us to go to the Damascus, and inasmuch as we had all promised him not only to do so, but to mention to the landlord of the Damascus that we did so at his request, we went to the Mediterranean with the Dutchman who kept that excellent establishment, and all put up in his house.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE HOLY CITY.

It is not over five hundred feet from the Damascus gate to the door of the Mediterranean Hotel ; yet before that space was traversed I had made the discovery that the modern appearance of Jerusalem was as different from that of all other cities as its history and associations are strange and peculiar. The first impression obtained of this city is, that it has not been built by beings such as now inhabit this earth. It has a sort of pre-Adamite air, as if the human family had moved into it ready furnished as their first effort in the housekeeping way. The people that move up and down its streets of old red sandstone antiquity, or issue from the vaulted houses of lower silurian formation, look anomalous and out of place. Drove of laden camels perform the duty that should be confided to the mastadons of an age more in keeping with what is seen in the streets, and men are seen ambling past upon donkeys, when the megatherium or the iguanodon would seem a more appropriate steed. Engineering research in aid of Bible lore is strangely misplaced where geological science seems the only learning that can throw light upon the past. The site of Jerusalem was evidently chosen by reason of the facility with which it could be fortified and defended. It was intended from the first as the great stronghold and fortress of a whole nation. It is upon the very highest point of a wide range of mountainous country—a country so wild and rugged,

so bleak and inhospitable, that it is not probable that a timber tree has grown within thirty miles of it since the creation of the world. But if such flourished within five miles or even less of its gates, they would be practically inaccessible from the indescribably rough character of the country, rendering passable roads out of the question.

But if trees do not flourish in Jerusalem, stone abounds in quantities unknown elsewhere. Of all the houses in the city not one can boast of so much as a stick of timber or a plank in the composition of its walls, its floors, or its roof. All is stone and mortar. Even the windows are reduced to the size of mere air holes, to the end that wood for the frames may be economized. In building a new house, fresh stones are brought from the quarry in preference to stone of the demolished structure. But the doors of a mansion are preserved with care, as long as art and ingenuity can make them hold together, and pass from house to house during all time. The steps up from the street are not more stone than those which lead out upon the roof of the house, and the stairs to the smallest bedroom are of the same unyielding material. For ten hours before reaching the holy city the whole land is strewn with stones in strata and out of strata, singly and in heaps, small and large, from the tiniest pebble to the huge boulder, that has not stirred from its firm bed since the stars sang together. And stony as is the aspect of the approaches to the holy city, the city itself is not surpassed by its surroundings.

There is in Jerusalem no such thing as that which we call a street. As for wheeled vehicles there is not one in Palestine. The gates of Jerusalem do not pass directly through and at right angles with the wall, as is the case with other walled towns. But at each one of these, and directly over and around it, is erected a strong fortress for its protection. The road comes first up at the outer gate and then turns abruptly to the right or left, passing

through a second and interior wall before reaching the city. No wagon could make this passage, even if such a thing were known to Jerusalem. Donkeys, horses, and camels thread their careful way over the stones, rough and smooth, that pave this tortuous entrance. The road that passes through the Damascus gate, like all in Jerusalem, is paved with uneven flat stones from wall to wall, sidewalks being unknown here. It is as wide as any in the city, say about twelve or fourteen feet. The descent from the gate down the road is considerable; but one hundred feet within the gate the road breaks off abruptly and a flight of fifteen or twenty wide steps conduct to the lower level, and again the route continues. At the bottom of the steps, which are not so steep as to prevent animals from passing up and down, but which would bring a wagon or carriage to a sudden and final stop, the road branches, the right going to Mounts Calvary and Zion, and the left to Mount Moriah. Following the left branch thirty feet, it passes under the houses a hundred feet or more; and here, beneath the gloom and damp of the stone arches that support the ancient houses of Jerusalem, is the entrance to the Mediterranean Hotel. The right branch, toward Calvary, passes the Damascus Hotel, and then dives beneath a row of houses, winding about among stone arches, like great caverns, for hundreds of feet, finally coming out in the sunlight near the church of the Holy Sepulcher.

A considerable portion of the thoroughfares of Jerusalem are spanned by the arches of houses. Often the vaulted cover to the street is so low that the passer is obliged to stoop down in getting through. In one place I remember walking for a considerable distance, certainly fifty feet, in a half bent position. It may be said that the sun never penetrates below the tops of the roofs of Jerusalem. The houses can never be perfectly free from dampness. The place, notwithstanding its elevated

location, has earned the name of being very unhealthy. Those families that are able to do so, leave in the summer, and take up their residence in tents pitched in other parts. There can be but one reason for this—the damp state of the walls and streets, in fact, of every habitable part of the city.

The walls of Jerusalem are very imposing in appearance. The houses are low, being generally but two stories high, and the walls stand higher than the houses within. They impress the stranger from the first with the idea that they are too large for the town; and this impression is well founded. They are made of large dressed brown stone, and are ornamented all around with a sort of pointed finish that gives them a handsome as well as formidable appearance. But the strength of the walls of the holy city is in appearance only. Though high, they are by no means correspondingly heavy or thick, and it is probable that a single discharge of artillery would tumble them down. But how would the artillery be brought to within range, is a question bearing considerably upon their value in the defense of the place. The thirty miles of rocky passes and mountainous declivities between Jerusalem and the sea are a substantial buttress that does more to defend the walls than they can do for the town itself.

The situation of Jerusalem is as romantic and picturesque as it is formidable in a strategic point of view. It is built upon the brow or termination of a high ridge that runs down eastwardly almost without interruption for many leagues from the direction of the plains of Sharon and Philistia. But one side of the town, the north, can be easily approached. This is along the level of the ridge, and on this side is the Damascus gate. But here the ridge narrows off to the width of a half-mile, and upon the point the city is built. The sides of the ridge are precipitous and deep. The one on the east, and



dividing the town from the Mount of Olives, is called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and through it flows the brook Kidron. The valley on the west is also deep and rocky. It is the Valley of Hinnom. The walls follow the edge of the declivity. All around Jerusalem there are still higher summits than the ridge upon which it stands, but none that appear mountainous, so great is the elevation of the whole country; but there are several rounded irregular ridges overtopping the city by a few hundred feet, and looking down upon its highest points.

On the east, and the loftiest of the range, is the triple top of the Mount of Olives, its terraced sides rising abruptly from the opposite side of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. On the north, and overhanging the Valley of Hinnom, rises the Hill of Evil Counsel, not unaptly named from its association with the traitor Judas. The best view of Jerusalem is obtained from the Mount of Olives. And it is from this point that pictures of the Holy City are generally taken. But an indifferent sight is obtained on entering it from Jaffa. A few buildings, such as the Russian Hospice, fill up the way, and the great churches and mosques that are so world-renowned, are not seen from this route. Almost the very first building reached in the vicinity of Jerusalem, coming in from Jaffa, is of stone, in modern style, and occupied by the American consul. It is a half mile without the walls. The stars and stripes were floating over it the day we entered, and received from the little party a cheer, fervent if not noisy.

On looking about the Mediterranean Hotel we had no reason to regret having followed its landlord instead of his rival. The house is as cheerful as one of solid stone from cellar to lightning-rod can be expected to be. Besides it was without a single guest until we arrived—not a bad state of things for those who come, whatever it may be for the proprietor. We had the choice of rooms. The house had been cleared out the day before,



up to which time, for the space of a fortnight past, it had been filled with a party of Americans. They had departed for Damascus. And again it was to be reopened with guests of the same nationality. We were shown rooms as they were called. Dungeons would be the name in any other country : one iron-bound door, two feet wide and five feet high, opening into a place twelve feet square, all in solid stone—sides, floor, and ceiling. One opening, three feet square, served for a window, and this in a wall as thick as the window was wide. It must be a most benevolent ray of sunlight that would venture into such a place, we thought, and the thought was correct, for none came while we were there.

The whole air and appearance of Jerusalem is inexpressibly sad and mournful. The people are broken down with poverty or discouraged by Turkish oppression. The holy city is one of the very few towns on the globe which is wholly without a well-to-do class. It has scarcely a prosperous individual. I never saw a clean or well-dressed resident in the street. The ragged and dirty habiliments worn by the people are infallible tests of the wretchedness of this community. Even the merchants go in very tatters, while the poor are naked to a degree that passes the bounds not only of comfort but of decency.

It was about four o'clock when we got settled in our rooms. But I immediately sallied forth to take, alone, if possible, a preliminary glance at the place. But no Frankish traveler ever escapes alone from a public-house in the East. The lunatic might as well try to get away without an attendant, or the condemned prisoner without the jailer. He is fortunate if but one guide follows him. I had the good fortune to escape without attracting the attention of more than one of these fellows. He followed and offered his services, speaking only French. He was a Syrian boy who had been brought up at one of the

religious establishments of the Franciscans, and was, he said, dragoman to that house. I did not want him, but, as usual, that was of but little consequence to the dragoman. He had nothing to do, and would go along gratuitously. We turned to the right a hundred paces from the hotel and passed under a low vaulted way for as much farther, then up a slight declivity a few steps, and into an open court filled with people of all nations and various dresses. Fifty old women, some with faces bare and others veiled, were squatted along either wall, engaged in commerce. They were selling beads of olive wood and crosses of the same material, incense and other precious or sacred wares. The customers were not more numerous than the tradeswomen, but represented nationalities at the very ends of the earth. The heavy-booted and fur-clad Muscovite stood haggling for a cross or bone, elbowing against the dark-eyed Armenian from the headwaters of the Euphrates.

I stood in the midst of an army of Christian pilgrims upon Mount Calvary, and the building before me was the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. There is little in the topography of the spot claimed as the place of the crucifixion to indicate it as worthy of the name of a hill or mount. It is almost in the very center of Jerusalem, and upon the side of the gradual ascent or slope of the hill called Zion. The door was closed when we arrived, and could not be opened, we were told, till five o'clock. In the mean time, to my surprise, a crowd began to collect, among which were many priests. These seemed to be as powerless to enter the sacred place as ourselves. But the mystery was soon explained. The holy place is the joint property of the three Christian churches of Greece, Rome, and Armenia. All of these hate and despise each other to a degree beyond all description. The first article of Catholic faith in the East is to fear God; the second, to hate the Greek church; and the others re-

ciprocate the feeling fully. I believe there have been instances of the rival priests murdering each other in the sacred edifice. The consequence is that they can not trust each other alone in any part of the building; and probably in this both are right, for rival acts of sacrilege would be mutually committed the one upon the other. The keys of the church are therefore kept by Mohammedan infidels in order that Christians may not cut each others' throats at the door of the Sepulcher. So long has this been the case, that a prescriptive right has grown up in a certain Mohammedan family at Jerusalem, to be custodians of the key of the church of the Holy Sepulcher—and this to the entire satisfaction of the Christians that worship there; for each one would rather a Turk would have it than one of the rival sects. The Government would willingly accord the privilege to the Christians if they could agree upon the matter, but there is always what in America we would call a two-third vote against its being given to any particular denomination. Would the Government give the key to the Catholics, the Greeks and Armenians unite in a protest, while an offer of the privilege to the Greeks would bring the oil of Romanism into chemical combination with the water of Armenianism. Their hands would be held up to heaven in horror at confiding the keys of the Sepulcher to the care of men who vied in wickedness with the imps of Satan.

After an hour of patient or impatient waiting on the part of the crowd, depending upon whether they were bead merchants or pilgrims, a portly old Turk marched solemnly down to the door, and with great deliberation, and no little dignity, turned the key. The doors are iron-bound, and almost as solid as the walls, but the heaving of the crowd soon pushed them in. I was among the first to enter, but was glad enough to turn aside into a recess, where the old turnkey kept himself, while the crowd passed into the church. This process, however, was slow,

for the entrance is not wide, and in the very center of it, facing the door, is placed the "stone of unction." This is a flat slab of marble, set up about a foot from the floor and surrounded by a low railing, and a place to kneel. This is the traditional stone upon which the body of Christ, after the crucifixion, was laid to be anointed. It is, therefore, an object of adoration to Christians, and all the denominations I have named make it a point to stop here, and, kneeling, kiss this stone repeating their prayers. Enough did this to stop the way for some little time. But the others struggled so fiercely that it was not convenient, if it was, indeed, safe, to stop long, so the prayers were greatly shortened, and in five minutes all had made their way past and were scattered about the vast building or worshiping in the chapels of their respective faiths.

The church, if a series of rotundas, chapels, naves, and aisles, worshiped in by three hostile religions, may be so called, is large, but in a condition of decay approaching absolute ruin. Just now the dome that covers the sepulcher is undergoing complete repair. In fact, it is being substantially rebuilt, and by no other than that elder son of the church, Napoleon III., emperor of the French. It was, when we entered, completely filled with scaffolding, and the hammer of the French artisan, with his blue cotton blouse, rang and reverberated through the vaulted naves and under the groined roofs of Constantine the Great. In the very center of this rotunda stands the Holy Sepulcher. It is entirely inclosed, or rather, cased, in yellow and white stone, built around it like a sort of fancy baker's oven. The entrance to it is like that to the house of the Indians of Kamschatka; that is, it is a low door, not over three and a half feet high, through which you almost crawl to gain admittance. Pursuing this a few feet, you enter the first apartment, called the Chapel of the Angel, for here the angel sat on the stone that had been rolled away from the door of the sepulcher. In the

middle of the floor is this stone, still in a tolerable state of preservation. On one side of this gloomy antechamber is a lower and more narrow door, and to enter which a still more stooping position must be assumed. Through this we almost crawled, and found ourselves at last standing before the sepulcher of our Lord. To me it was all a matter of surprise, for I had left the hotel, going I knew not whither, but certainly with no thought of visiting this sacred spot. I was obliged to ask the guide again if he was sure this was the place. It was; there could be no manner of doubt. A priest, with the rimless hat and black gown of the Greek church, stood near the head of the stone that covered the grave. He was engaged in blessing beads and crosses upon the sepulcher, to be sent away to the faithful in remote parts—in Athens and Moscow, upon the waters of the Neva, and the Amoor, and perhaps in distant Sitka, so soon to be American territory.

The room, or rather vault, of the sepulcher, is a quadrangle, not more than six feet by seven, with a dome-roof supported on marble pillars. The sepulchral couch occupies the whole of the right side as we enter, and is raised about three feet above the floor. The top slab makes a sort of wide shelf, three feet from the ground, and projecting about that distance from the wall. On this the beads and sacred things are laid to be blessed in turn by priests of the various sects, it not being safe to allow two of the hostile churches within the place at the same time. Were they to pursue a different course, breaches of the peace would ensue. The space left vacant for visitors is so small that not above four persons can stand inside at any one time, and even then the air is so close as to make it dangerous for any but the strongest persons to remain long in the place. The slab of marble covering the sepulcher is cracked in the center and much worn by the lips of pilgrims, especially at the edge. It now serves as an altar, and is garnished with a profusion of gay, or rather



tawdry, ornaments. Over it are a great number of golden or gilt lamps—thirty or forty at least—which are kept burning incessantly, while incense and fragrant perfumes fill the air. On great occasions, such as Christmas and Easter, the pilgrims make a rush to get within the sepulcher, and then, it appears to me, great danger must ensue to the lives of those assembled. It is said, and I do not see how it can be otherwise, that great loss of life has occurred by these crowds. There is no place for air to enter, except by the low and narrow entrance in the wall, and on such occasions this must be filled up with persons trying to get in and out. Add to this the vast crowd without, and the destruction of oxygen by the thirty or forty lamps, it is easy to see how this might be made a temporary tomb of many a worshiper. I am sure I did not feel safe while in the little dungeon. But letting the priest sprinkle me with perfumed holy water, from a pot which he kept for that purpose, I gladly threw him down a silver coin, and, without waiting for the change, hastened out to the pure air of heaven.

It is in the sepulcher that the annual miracle of the “Holy Fire” is performed. On Easter Eve of each year, it is affirmed that a miraculous flame descends from heaven into the Holy Sepulcher, kindling all the lamps and candles there. Originally, it is said that all the churches participated in this affair; but the Latins, after the expulsion by the Greeks, have asserted, and now assert, that the whole thing is an imposture. The Armenians also at present repudiate it, so that it remains alone to the Greeks. No one enters the sepulcher, at this time, but the bishop. But the people gather in vast numbers around it, and beneath the great dome of the rotunda. After several hours of prayer, the arrival of the Sacred Fire is announced at the door, and the people respond by frantic shouts of joy. But the narrow and crowded place leads to frequent loss of life—often by



being trampled to death, and not unfrequently by stabs from the knives of rival sectarians. In the year 1834, no less than four hundred people were killed in a tumult that occurred around the sepulcher on the occasion of the Holy Fire miracle. But bad as that would appear to those who have no faith in the affair, it has not been sufficient to prevent the annual recurrence of the miracle.

All about and around the Holy Sepulcher, and within an area of thirty or forty feet of it, are stones let into the pavement, generally circular, occasionally star-shaped. These indicate the precise spots where various incidents occurred in connection with the crucifixion or resurrection of our Lord, and which have been deemed worthy of being preserved. One indicates the spot where Christ stood when he appeared to Mary Magdalen in the likeness of a gardener, while another, hard by, shows where Mary stood. The first is circular, the second is star-shaped. Another marks the spot where our Lord stood when he appeared to his mother. A little chapel to which you ascend by steps, shows the spot where the crucifix was placed, and in the pavement not far away, a stone indicates the spot where the blessed Virgin was stationed when the mournful event was occurring. How all these places have been established, is a question which each reader must settle for himself.

A chapel below the main floor is built upon the spot where St. Helena discovered the true cross. The means adopted by that pious and ingenious lady to establish the identity of the precious relic may throw some light upon the evidence in favor of the location of the spots I have mentioned. It appears that when the empress made her way from Rome to Jerusalem, the true cross had lain unnoticed and dishonored for more than three centuries in a cave near to the sepulcher. That by a little investigation she discovered, naturally enough, not one, but three crosses, and the difficulty that presented itself

was how to determine which of these three was the one upon which our Saviour had suffered, and which had been employed in the condign punishment of the two thieves. It was settled in this way :—A noble Roman lady was at the time suffering with an incurable disease. She was made to sit upon, or at least to touch the crosses. The first two produced no effect whatever, but upon the third being brought in contact with the invalid, she was instantly and miraculously restored to perfect health. There could be no doubt after this ordeal which was the genuine cross, and the fact has, I understand, been generally believed by Catholics ever since.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE THRASHING-FLOOR OF ORNAN THE JEBUSITE.

THERE is no point of faith or custom upon which the Mohammedans have been so tenacious as upon that of prohibiting the contaminating presence of unbelievers within their mosques and sacred places. And not until 1856 did the prohibition give way before the avarice of a money-getting age. Before that year the penalty of being found within a mosque is said to have been death or the Koran. It was then decreed that upon the payment of one English pound the Mosque of Omar would be open to foreigners for occasional examination. But the shock to the prejudices of that portion of the sultan's subjects which got no share of the bribe was so acute that the rule was soon changed or suspended, and no more firmans were issued until within the last three years.

The Mosque of Omar, in the eyes of pious Moslems, ranks in sanctity second only to that of the *Caaba* at Mecca. It occupies, in their opinion, and probably in fact, the precise spot upon which was the thrashing-floor of Ornan, or Araunah, the Jebusite, where David sacrificed, and which afterward became the site of the great altar of burnt-offering. Long before this, Abraham had offered up his only son Isaac upon the same spot, and here upon the top of Moriah was afterward built the Temple of Solomon: To these events, equally sacred in the eyes of the Moslem, the Jew, and the Christian, was added the fact that from here the Prophet, mounted upon his steed

Borak, set out upon that marvelous voyage of a night, destined to reveal to the eyes of Mohammed the wonders, the beauties, and the ecstatic delights of that heaven which he had promised, and which he was to describe to the faithful. And although the terrible necessities of the Sublime Porte has driven it to make the concession final, that Christians may visit these places in safety, yet it is with clenched teeth and knitted brow that the true believer beholds the *Giaour* of the West, clothed in his black hat and small-legged trousers, followed by his brazen-faced, unveiled, and unblushing woman, strutting about the shrines and staring at the Kibleh, where the Prophet has stood, and where Omar has prayed to Allah.

Almost the first thing done by our little California party, after arriving in Jerusalem, was to call upon General Beaubicheaux, the American consul, with a request for permission to visit the Mosque of Omar. The general is a Frenchman by birth, but a naturalized American, who lost a leg, and obtained the rank of brigadier-general, during the war of the rebellion. He received us politely, and immediately agreed upon a day for the visit. His cavasse would call for us at eight o'clock of the third morning, accompanied with a guard of bashi-bazouks sufficient to insure protection. At eight o'clock of the morning indicated, our party was up and ready, prompt to the minute. But an hour slipped by before the consul's official appeared. He was dressed in Syrian trousers, embroidered jacket, and fez. He bore, as a symbol of his office, a long, silver-tipped staff, with an engraving of the American Eagle, standing upon a wave-beaten rock, holding the striped shield, and screaming defiance at imaginary enemies in the distance. Altogether, the cavasse was got up in a style worthy of the great nation of which he was the representative, and whose belligerent powers he intended to impress upon the natives of Jerusalem. But our party had been increased

by considerable accessions, of which we knew nothing. All the American and English from our hotel, as well as from the Damascus, besides several from the Latin convents, had been added to the list by the obliging consul. In fact, it was to be a grand field-day for doing the Mosque of Omar, and all the travelers in Jerusalem were invited.

A little after nine o'clock the procession formed in the street of the Damascus gate, its right resting upon the Via Doloroso, and by half-past nine the march was commenced in the following order:—First, the cavasse, in his flowing robes, bearing his wand of office, supported on his right and left by two bashi-bazouks, armed with flint-lock muskets; second, all the Americans and English in Jerusalem, to the number of thirty, male and female, in groups of twos and threes, bearing Bibles bound in black and guide-books bound in red; and finally, all the bead and cross sellers, Christian, Jew, and Mohammedan (but, of course, all claiming to be Christian), who had been able to get information of the intended visit, and all the people of all sects and denominations, ages, sexes, and conditions, who happened to be passing through the street or anywhere in the neighborhood, and who immediately joined the expedition in the character of beggars, thieves, or loiterers.

Three hundred people, without counting dogs, would be about a fair estimate of the army which left the street in front of the Mediterranean Hotel for the Mosque of Omar, under the leadership of the American consul's cavasse. Several of the American families had private dragomans whom they took with them, while others depended upon the cavasse, their guide-books, or chance, for information during the visit. Large bodies move slow. It was five minutes before we got to the houses of Dives the rich man and Lazarus the poor man, which are located in the street leading from the Damascus gate

to the Mosque of Omar and near to the Via Doloroso. Although the sordid conduct of this specimen of the ancient shoddy aristocracy of Jerusalem is mentioned as a parable, yet the houses of the two principal characters in the story are pointed out and believed in to this day. The house of Lazarus is quite as respectable-looking as that of his wealthy neighbor, and if this was really his house it is reasonable to conclude from the difficulty he encountered in obtaining food, that the raising of money upon mortgage was scarcely known at that remote period.

At the entrance to the inclosure of the mosque a grand halt was called, and all were required to remove their shoes. In the mean time all the loungers as well as the *habitués* of the mosque and its surrounding buildings, such as priests, dervishes, schoolmasters and school-children, soldiers, and hangers-on of all kinds, rushed to the door to stare at the Frankish visitors, and to watch every movement, to see that all obeyed the rules of admission. The firman was produced and the grand officer in charge of the sacred place sent for. Taking care to collect about two dollars each from the party in advance, he read the order with great dignity, and then gave the command that we be admitted. Some of the party had taken the precaution to bring slippers of cloth to put on in place of their boots, while others pulled stockings over them. But the majority had not thought of this and had to walk bare-footed over hundreds of yards of stone pavement in the open air, as well as in the mosque—for all the inclosures of the Haram are considered to be too holy to be pressed by the boot which has trod upon less sacred soil.

The large open square occupying the summit of Mount Moriah, upon which formerly stood the Temple of Solomon, and where now stand the Mosques of Omar and El-Aksa, is called by the Moslems El-Haram-esh-Sherif. While it has the appearance of a large square, it is, in



fact, an immense flat platform supported upon stone arches, these arches being the original foundations of the Temple, and nearly, if not quite, all that is left of that structure. The eastern and southeastern walls inclosing this square on the side of Jehoshaphat is simply the outer and ancient wall of Jerusalem, while the other sides are inclosed by the walls of the pasha's house and ancient walls, supposed to have been portions of the Temple, but which are covered and concealed from view by the modern houses of the city. The Mosque of El-Aksa occupies that part of the Haram against the southeast wall. It is an ancient Christian basilica built by Justinian, but seized by the Mohammedan caliphs at the conquest and consecrated by them as a mosque.

But the most notable structure within the Haram is the Kubbet-es Sukhrah, or "Rock of the Dome"—as the Moslems call it, but known among Christians as the "Mosque of Omar." This is almost in the center of the square. The praises of the dome of the Mosque of Omar have been sung and sung again by the hundreds of visitors to the holy city, till to describe it or to join in the chorus of its beauty would be almost necessarily to copy the words or ideas of others. It is certainly very beautiful, and worthy of all that has been said of it. But the beauty of this dome can not be appreciated by a visit to the mosque itself, but strikes the observer from the distant hills of Olivet or upon the plains of the Bethlehem road. Our party moved across the grass plat and stone pavement of the Haram to the door of the Mosque of Omar in tolerably good order. Like all mosques, this has but little beauty beyond that which it borrows from distance. It is not like St. Peter's or others of the western churches, a stately building crowned with a dome, but the dome and the octagonal walls which support it are all there is of the structure. You are beneath the dome when you step within the door. We entered in a body,

following the cavasse and the priest who had charge of the place.

The first thing which attracted my attention was what I took to be a vast pile of flour or bran, heaped up twenty feet high, and so large that it filled the whole floor of the place beneath the dome, leaving only a sort of lobby around the outside next to the wall, and fenced off by a railing. The inside of the dome itself was shut out from our view by an immense canvas cloth in the nature of an awning, which was stretched over the bran heap, as if to keep the dust or the light from it. It occurred to me at the first glance that the mosque had been turned into a house for the storing of breadstuffs in bulk.

But I was put right almost in a moment. The supposed bran was the rock *El-Sukhrah*, upon which Abraham had offered to sacrifice Isaac, and where the altar of the burnt offerings had stood. Its white or bran-like appearance was from the dry dust which had accumulated upon its surface, and which is perhaps never brushed off. Besides this Jewish tradition, the Moslems believe that it was from this rock that Mohammed commenced his journey to heaven, and they show the spot where his foot was lifted to mount his horse on that night. Besides, all the water of the world comes from under this rock, which is not supported as are other rocks, by resting on the earth, but is upheld by miraculous power. When the Prophet mounted his horse to perform his nocturnal journey, the rock, in acknowledgment of the distinguished honor, bowed to him three times. In this it was assisted by a powerful angel, whose finger-marks, imbedded by the feat deep in the solid sides of the stone, were pointed out to us. But to tell of all the wonders of the Prophet and Allah which still exhibit themselves to the view of the credulous about the summit of *Moriah* would fill a whole book.

Upon leaving the great mosque, our party began to

break up, and to subdivide into smaller groups. Some who had hired special dragomans found that others of the company asked questions of them, and so took up their time from those who paid for their services. Others who had not procured dragomans overheard, or fancied they overheard, complaints or hints that such conduct had been committed by them. This produced ill-feeling, especially among the ladies. Such remarks as—"Hang the old dragoman. I don't want to hear any of his lying nonsense"—would be heard from one group; while from another, within ten feet of the first, such as this: "We have paid Moses (or Abraham or Isaac) for the whole day, and now we can't get near enough to him to hear a word he says." This sort of thing tended to divide the little Christian army of antique discovery, and to throw it into separate and independent detachments.

Besides, in so considerable a body as our army of exploration was, there will be a great variety of tastes, and these operated to separate the gathering. Some of the party, with Bible in hand, were anxious to dive into the subterranean vaults of the Haram, and search out the ancient stones of the temple as they stood when Solomon's masons finished their work. Others prepared to ramble about the grass plat between the great mosque and the eastern wall, gathering and pressing flowers from the sod of Moriah, to take home as souvenirs of the holy place. Others thought of questions to be solved from the more modern history of Omar's conquest of, or Baldwin's reign over the holy city. In the mean time others amused themselves with talking to the Arab camp-followers or to the schoolmasters of the Haram, who had become more friendly by familiarity. A middle-aged lady from New York City, and who is not traveling upon oil dividends, amazed one of these pedagogues beyond the powers of description by pulling out and exhibiting to him all of

her upper front teeth in a bunch. "God is great and Mohammed is the prophet of God!" piously exclaimed the astonished man of learning. He gazed at her, expecting no doubt to see her under-jaw come away next.

It was twelve o'clock before all had seen the various wonders of Mount Moriah, and were gathered together at the great gate, ready to return to the hotel. Here another grand distribution of backshish was gone through with, the Moslems of the party generally feeling themselves entitled to compensation for the degree of pollution they had undergone by the presence of the hateful and unclean Christians within the sacred inclosure of the *Haram-esh-sherif*.

## CHAPTER XX.

### ORIENTAL LAW PRACTICE.

A CROWD of bead merchants, thirty or forty in number, were assembled as usual on the roof of our hotel in the morning, as I came out to breakfast, a good part of the roof of the lower stories being, as is customary in Jerusalem, used for a sort of door-yard for other rooms built higher up. Olive-wood crosses from Olivet, beads from Gethsemane, and shell crucifixes from Bethlehem were piled in indiscriminate heaps all about the stone pavement. It took me ten minutes to convince each of these dealers that my piety, though of the most devoted character, did not take the direction of accumulating these interesting objects. This ordeal, by the way, not only myself but each of our company, had to go through with upon the occasion of each entry or departure from our chamber, whether going to breakfast or upon the most distant journey. The bead-seller fully believes that the chief end of man's life is naturally devoted to coming to Jerusalem and purchasing beads and crosses of olive-wood and shell. These are afterward laid on the Holy Sepulcher and blessed, which gives to them an additional efficacy and sacred character. The chief business of Jerusalem, outside of keeping the holy places, is the manufacture of these articles. It is carried on everywhere, in shops, in convents, and in private houses. Wherever you turn or look in or about the streets or alleys of the holy city, you are met by the bead-seller,

either engaged in making up his beads, or, with little bag in hand, running about to sell them. Every other shop in Jerusalem, is a shop for the sale of beads, and the whole population is as intimately connected with the business as that of Nantucket with the whale-fishery, or Wethersfield, Connecticut, with the raising of onions.

While I was examining the stock of one of my persecutors, and revolving in my mind an excuse for not buying, Hassan, one of Scander's men, came bolting upstairs to inform me that my presence was wanted at the house of the Cadi of Jerusalem. I could not imagine what the cadi could possibly want with me, but as the summons was not brought by the everlasting bashibazouks, I followed Hassan without apprehension. The road lay down the street of the Damascus gate to the Via Doloroso, and through that to the Pool of Bethesda, around which we turned and entered one of the buildings upon Mount Moriah, adjoining the Haram. At one end of the room sat the cadi with his legs crossed upon a divan, the end of a nargileh stuck in his mouth and his eyes languidly closed. No more graceful position could be possibly chosen for the administering of justice. The cadi looked every inch the judge. To the easy dignity and self-possession of Chief Justice Chase, he evidently united the erudition and legal attainments of an Arkansas justice of the peace. A trial was in progress at the moment of my entry. I found that all of our company had been summoned and had arrived before me. On a divan at the side of the room sat Capt. T., the General, and Mr. C., while a little farther down was Scander, with a pipe in his mouth, apparently half asleep. It appeared that that worthy, who in our contract had undertaken to furnish horses and provisions for our journey to Damascus, had got into some sort of a dispute with the Arab who owned the horses. That personage, in short, had that very morning made a new demand for an additional



sum of money beyond that agreed upon, and refused to start upon the journey unless it was paid or secured to him. The dispute had arisen within the last half hour. But with true Oriental promptness in legal matters, Scander had that very instant seized upon his adversary and brought him hither to have the matter judicially determined.

By the time this had been explained to me the trial that was going on when we entered was brought to a close, and the case of Scander *vs.* Abdallah called. At first we were of the notion that we had been summoned as witnesses, or at least to assist in some manner at the trial. But in this we were mistaken. We were merely produced in court by Scander with the view of giving dignity to his case. The whole trial was carried on by the parties in person, without the aid of either witnesses or attorneys. At the intimation of his highness that he was ready, Scander laid aside his pipe and rushed forward toward the judge's divan. In an instant he was talking at the top of his voice in Arabic, and gesticulating furiously. This was the filing of the complaint. But Abdallah rose from the opposite side of the room with his demurrer almost as soon as Scander, and the two, both talking at once, loud enough to awake the seven sleepers, continued the argument. In the mean time, first one bashi-bazouk and then another, came forward from their posts near the door or outside the hall, and took part in arguing the demurrer—all joining at once, each one striving to talk a little louder than the other, till six or seven persons were declaiming and gesticulating before the sleepy *cadi*. While this was going on, Scander slipped out at the door, leaving his adversary and the bashi-bazouks proceeding all at once with the argument, they being now so numerous that the plaintiff was not missed from the court. But he was back in a moment, driving an Arab before him laden with

a coffee-pot and tray full of cups. Scander, feeling his case a little shaky, had fortified his bill, not with affidavits, but by treating the court. Not a bad move for a layman, though it is, I believe, with members of the legal fraternity in California, considered the better practice to do both. Silence was at once restored and the coffee poured out for all, commencing with his honor on the divan, and not forgetting the Frankish spectators. The cups were small, and business was soon resumed. Now came the answer and cross bill (of course all oral), with motions to strike out, and demurrers, each accompanied with coffee and pipes from one side or the other, and so on through an hour of replications, rejoinders, and surrejoinders, rebutters and surrebutters, in the argument of which every soul in and about the court-room speaking the Arabic language, from the *cadi* down to the ragged boy who swept out the place, took part, and all at the same time. It was only while drinking the coffee that this Babel of tongues was not in full operation, and if the *cadi* ever took the trouble to deliberate at all it must have been while partaking of this beverage. Of course we could form no idea of how the thing was going, nor in fact what they were all talking about, so we sat still and sipped the coffee as fast as it came in. I am quite certain, however, that no testimony was taken in the course of the queer trial, except the statement of the parties themselves. And as near as I could find out, the case was finally decided against Scander, and in favor of the Arab horse-dealer, by one of the *bashi-bazouks*, who occupied in the court a position analogous to that of constable in the American judicial system, showing that in legal matters these heathens are not so much behind us as we are apt to imagine, with this difference in favor of the practice of our American small courts, that there it is the plaintiff who wins, while here it is the defendant. But a judgment against Scander was substantially a judgment

to take money from the only parties, direct or indirect, to the suit, who were understood to have it to pay—that is, the Frankish travelers—which may throw some light upon the termination of the controversy. At the close, more coffee and pipes were brought in, of which all partook. Then the *cadi* rose from his seat on the *divan*, while all others did the same, out of respect, and his honor passed out into his apartments fronting the sacred precincts of the Mosque of Omar.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE JEWS IN JEWRY.

THERE are certain plants in the vegetable kingdom which, when removed from the land where nature has first placed them, appear to thrive as exotics even better than in their native soil. The Bible authority for Judea being the natural and God-ordained abiding-place of the "chosen people," appears to be beyond question. Yet the Jews of every country upon the globe into which, by the tyranny of their fellow-men, they have been driven, are wiser, better, more civilized, healthier, and happier than are the same people left in Jerusalem, the central city and capital. To say that the Jews of the United States, for thrift and material prosperity, are equal if not superior to any class of the community, would be to make a statement in accordance with the opinion of all who have any knowledge of the facts. And this is the rule throughout the world, save in one place only, and that, strangely enough, is at the great fountain and reservoir of Jewish nationality, Jerusalem itself. There are six thousand Jews in Jerusalem, being a little less than half the entire population; the balance of its thirteen thousand inhabitants consisting of four thousand Moslems, fifteen hundred Greeks, twelve hundred Catholics; also, a few hundreds of Armenians, Syrians, Copts, and Abyssinians.

But what is stranger, beyond all the strange things with respect to the Jews of Jerusalem, is the fact that

they are all foreigners to that city, the birthplace of their people. Not a Jew in the holy city speaks as his own the language of the country, past or present. Spanish is the vernacular tongue of a large portion, while others speak German, Russian, and Polish. This apparent anomaly suggests the question: Is there a country where they are not foreign? Native Jews in America are almost as rare as paupers of that religion. But we have English Jews, while England is more frequented with those of Germany, and this latter country again is overrun with Jews from Poland. They also here reverse all known rules of Jewish conduct with respect to occupation. No Jew in America ever thinks of adopting a calling requiring him to labor with his hands. His confidence in the capacity of his brain for supplying all his wants is fortified by the traditional success of his whole people. But in Jerusalem all of the Jews, I believe without exception, who support themselves at all, do so by manual labor, skilled or unskilled. I bought my tin cans for conveying Jordan water of an aged Israelite with venerable beard and unshaven head, who sat cross-legged in the street of David near to the Pool of Jeremiah, making and selling them to the public who passed out by the Bethlehem gate. And I found that the Spanish which I had picked up in the early days of the settlement of California was all the language necessary for carrying on the little negotiation.

But strange and un-Jew-like as this employment may seem to be, the means by which the bulk of the Jewish population of their own city obtain the means of living are even more opposed to our received notions upon this subject, than the making of tin cups and cans. They are mostly paupers, and supported by charity. Who ever heard of a Jew beggar, or even a Jew in distress or want? American beggars are often met with, though I have heard persons assert the contrary. True, they gen-

erally disguise the application under the cloak of a temporary loan for a few days ; but a little reflection upon the number of "fives" and "tens" with which I have parted company, especially just before an election, convinces me that mendicancy is not unknown with us, but simply adopts another name. But none of this to Jews. When they borrow they pay. When they beg, if beg they do, it must be of Jews, and never of Christians. But the pauper Jews in the holy city do not throw aside all the rules of their race. If they live upon charity, it is not Christian or Mohammedan charity, nor do they beg of Armenians, Copts, or Abyssinians. The charity which supports them is the charity of their own people. Of the hundreds who stopped me in the streets of Jerusalem with petitions for backshish, not one was of the Israelitish race. Yet they are the poorest and most miserable, as a class, of all the inhabitants of the holy city.

The Jews of Jerusalem are divided into two sects—the Sephardim and the Askenazem. The former are composed of the descendants of the Jews of Spain who were expelled from that country by Ferdinand and Isabella about the time, or soon after, they had so triumphantly driven forth the Moors. It appears that having got rid of that industrious and useful population, these wise monarchs could not tolerate the idea of any intelligence or thrift being left in the country. These still speak the Spanish language as when they left Spain three centuries and a half ago. It is said that the fewest number of them know any thing of Arabic, yet they are subjects of the Sultan which the other sect is not. They have their own rabbinical laws, and their chief ruler, elected from their own society, called the "Head of Zion," is a person of some distinction, and his principal dragoman has a seat in the Council Board of the city. The society is organized on some sort of a joint or mutual plan for the benefit and protection of all, but is said to



be at this time in a sad state of financial difficulty. The principal source of revenue for this as well as the other is from contributions by the benevolent Jews abroad, who give freely for the poor of Jerusalem. But the Sephardim is deeply in debt, and the whole of the funds thus collected go in payment of the interest. There is consequently no provision made for the poor. The servants of the synagogues go each Friday to the houses of the wealthier Jews with baskets, begging bread for the needy.

The Askenazem are of a nationality quite remote, and speak a language altogether different from that of the other sect. These are composed entirely of Jews from Germany and Poland. Some, of course, are born in the country of Polish or German parents; but the society is kept up to its numbers or receives its increase by constant accessions from those countries. Being foreigners they are not subject to the ordinary authority of the Turkish officials, but share the advantage of the treaties had between the various Western Powers and the Porte, in being able to carry their grievances before the consular agents of their own countries of Germany or Russia. The members of the Askenazem are much below the other sect in point of industry and general capacity for supporting themselves.

A colony planted three centuries in any land will, if let alone, produce some worthy members. And such is the case with the Spanish Jews in Jerusalem. Though profoundly ignorant—for how could they be otherwise when there are no schools in which to teach them?—they still show some of the original leaven of Jewish thrift and industry so noticeable elsewhere. They have mechanics and small traders among their numbers, and I believe even a few of comparative wealth. But the Askenazem are recruited almost invariably from the pauper Jews of Germany and Poland. When a Jew is good for nothing

else he is good to send to Jerusalem. The donations of the wealthy Israelites and Jewish societies in Europe, and possibly America, are transmitted regularly hither and doled out to these poor people for their support. In fact a regular pension, amounting to the apparently insignificant sum of seven dollars and a half a year is thus secured to each one of the Jews of this society, young and old. These contributions from Europe are the sole support of a very considerable portion of them. And this they soon learn to look upon as their right and not as a matter of charity. Each one of them understands himself to be a sort of employee of the rest of the Jewish brotherhood throughout the world, his duty being that of remaining at Jerusalem to hold possession of it, or perhaps to regenerate it in the Hebrew interest. They therefore consider themselves in the light of paid missionaries, and complain often of the inadequacy of their compensation, as well as at any delay in its transmission. They spend their time in perfect idleness, depending upon this stipend or other charities for a support. A few study the Talmud. The Askenazem are more generally men of some learning than members of the other sect, being familiar with the Hebrew tongue. They number two thousand, while the Spanish Jews are four thousand.

Outside the west wall of the Haram is a long, open court, having the high wall of the Temple for its eastern side, and the surrounding houses of the quarter inclosing the others. Just at this place the immense beveled stones on the walls show that this part has withstood the finger of time, and that here remains a part of the original masonry of Solomon's Temple. To this place the Jews have for untold ages been in the habit of coming, one day at least in the week, and making their lamentation over the downfall of their people. Five courses of beveled stones, each weighing more tons than I dare to write down with-

out having first weighed them, rest one upon another. The joints in the lower courses are much worn by the kisses of a nation deposited upon them during centuries of time. More or less of them come here every day in the week, but on Friday the court is thronged by Jews of both sexes and all ages, who unite in a cry of anguish and lamentation over a desolated and dishonored sanctuary. The way to the wailing-place is through a series of winding, dark, and narrow lanes or alleys, half of the distance being under the arched vaults of the Jerusalem houses. It is crooked because it is necessary to get quite in the rear of the Haram, for in such a spot, and that only as a great favor, are the Jews permitted to approach the walls which once inclosed their Temple. We could not, I am sure, have found our way to it alone, nor, having arrived there, could we have successfully returned to our hotel without a guide. But this we had in the person of Ibrahim, the same dragoman who had accompanied us in all our travels about the holy city.

We were made aware of our approach to the place some moments before reaching it, not only by the crowds of Jews pouring in and out of the dark by-ways, but by the sound of the wailers in the court-yard as we drew near. It was a most strange and indescribable sight that burst upon us as we entered the wailing-place. More than a hundred men, women, and children sat or stood about upon the stone pavement, or leaned against the wall of the Temple. The old men generally sat down on the pavement with their backs to the wall, and leaned forward, rocking themselves back and forth, reading from a Hebrew book, which they held upon their knees. They shed no tears, nor did they make loud outcries, but read from the book in a monotonous sad tone of voice. The *Lamentations of Jeremiah* is the favorite book to be read upon the wailing-day, and also selections from the *Psalms*, especially *Psalm lxxix.* 1, 4, 5: "O God, the heathen are

come into thine inheritance. Thy holy temples have they defiled. They have laid Jerusalem in heaps. We are become a reproach to our neighbors; a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry forever?" The women and children make up for what the old men lack in clamor and boisterous lamentation, for these throw themselves upon the pavement in paroxysms, or embrace and kiss the great beveled stones of the walls, burying their faces in the joints and cavities, while real tears stream down their cheeks. It is the most touching ceremony to be met with in all the strange and melancholy things to be seen in or about Jerusalem.

Aside from a question of faith in some immediate restoration of the Jews to their former land, this wholesale system of pensioning paupers upon the country to hold a footing in it, is of most doubtful propriety. Nor is it even true charity. For the knowledge of the, in the aggregate, considerable sums of money that are each year forwarded to Jerusalem by benevolent Jews in Europe, leads the idle, the improvident, and perhaps the dishonest, to rush to the Holy Land, with the view of leading there an easy life at the expense of others. The poor population remain in excess of the funds for their support, and much hardship and misery are the natural results. It is quite certain that the Jews of Jerusalem, as a class, are much the most wretched of any there.

In striking contrast with this mistaken charity of the great body of European Israelites, is that of Sir Moses Montefiore, the well-known Englishman of that faith. This gentleman has given large sums for the regeneration of the Jews in Jerusalem, but he does not spend it in supporting in idleness whole societies of lazy adult Talmud readers, but in the erection and endowment of schools for the education of the Jewish youth. Just across the Valley of Hinnom, and opposite the Tower of David, stands

a long row of plain, neat, stone buildings, two stories high, and surrounded by a solid wall. When we came in from Bethlehem we passed by its door, and saw two or three hundred clean, well-dressed, bright-eyed boys, between eleven and fifteen years, playing around the outer walls of Mount Zion, or marching back and forth between the house I have described and the moat without David's Tower. The house was the school founded by Sir Moses Montefiore, and the boys were the pupils being educated therein according to Western notions of education. I stopped several of the little fellows and talked with them. I found that many of them spoke English, and all were as bright, intelligent, and well-behaved as the best of youths of the same age in American schools. This school is the only green and blooming twig that I have beheld upon the dead and almost decayed trunk of Jerusalem. Sir Moses Montefiore takes a great interest in this school, and was expected to arrive any day, while we were there, upon a tour of examination of his good work. Well may he be proud of it; for nothing like it has adorned the desolate hills of Palestine for many a century. The school is just without the Jaffa gate, and through this we came in on our return to the city.

As we entered, we saw on either side of the road, quite up to the gate, sitting under the shadow of the wall, or across the way in the sun, forty or fifty victims of the curse upon former generations of Syrian uncleanness—leprous men and women. What a change to find, within five minutes after beholding the youthful, joyous, and happy recipients of the good Englishman's bounty! On one side of the Valley of Hinnom, three hundred cleanly, handsome, bright-eyed boys, with books in hand, preparing for a life of usefulness—in the past, nothing to regret; in the future, nothing to dread—and on the other side, fifty gibbering lepers, fingerless and toeless, tongueless and eyeless, without voice, without lips, without teeth,



and without hair—living corpses, fetid from the tomb, and wrapped in worse than grave-clothes. As if death had fled from them in horror or disgust, the poor wretches, whose misery no pen can describe, whose repulsiveness no tongue can tell, sit from morning till night at the city gate, reeking in human rottenness, weltering in bodily decay. Oh! sharers in the blessings of the Christian civilization of the West, fail not to thank God, morning, noon, and night, that he has vouchsafed to you his messenger Death to bear away your souls when the body ceases to be fit for its habitation!

The reflection that leprosy is a disease capable of being eradicated, adds to the disgust, and almost withdraws sympathy from its victims. It is not contagious, nor can it be communicated from one to another. The lepers of the East are a separate nation to themselves. An active and philanthropic government would drive it from the earth in the course of a single generation. All that is necessary is to prevent intermarriage between them. To the age of fifteen or twenty or twenty-five years, varying in different families, not the slightest indication of the disease shows itself. Yet each young leper knows that he bears in him the seeds of worse than death, and that at the appointed time it will surely appear, and that he, too, will sit at the city gate, whispering to the benevolent for alms to hold his disgusting life within his horrible body. It is the fault of the government that this is not all immediately arrested, and that twenty years does not see the last leper on earth. In this matter again, however, it is said that the genuine benevolence of Sir Moses Montefiore is about to show itself. He designs, at an early day, to establish a hospital, in which all will be gathered, and there maintained under such a state of surveillance as will prevent the perpetuation of the frightful and inhuman evil. This is the more creditable to him, from the fact that his charity is not of a sectional character; for the



lepers of Syria are of no particular religion. May he be as successful in this as he evidently is in his educational plans; but, were ever so little success to crown his efforts, he deserves for his benevolent designs a place among the greatest philanthropists of any age.

Overhanging the Jaffa gate stands the citadel and strongest fortress of the holy city. It is called by some the Tower of Hippius, but by the people of Jerusalem it bears the name of the Tower of David; for here, according to popular belief, King David dwelt in the days of Israel's greatness. It is the most commanding in height of all the buildings within the city, and the only fortress that appears to have any real strength. An admission fee of ten piasters is demanded by the bashi-bazouks in charge of the place; and the form of application to and permission by the officer in command must be gone through with before being allowed to enter. This our party did, and soon obtained a paper in Arabic or Turkish characters, which cost us quite a little sum of money, but which let us past the sentinel at the gate. It is lofty, and peculiarly quaint and antique in appearance. The ancient beveled stones, from nine to thirteen feet in length, indicative of Hebrew origin, go to establish the truth of the tradition that this was the stronghold of David. Two antiquated cannon, of the capacity known as nine-pounders, are mounted upon rotten wooden trucks at the top, and look to be more dangerous to the soldiers in the rear than to an enemy in front. They are only used in firing salutes, we are told, and then often burn those in charge with the flame issuing from vent-hole in the breach. David's Tower being in the west and on one side of Mount Zion, it follows that the bulk of the city lies between it and Mount Olivet. A fine view of the tops of all the houses in the city, the Haram, and the walls, is obtained from the tower. Almost beneath the north wall, but across the street of David, as the way through the Jaffa gate is called, is

shown the house of Uriah, upon the top of which Bathsheba was engaged in bathing when she attracted the attention of the amorous king, he being, as the tradition relates, walking upon the top of this very tower.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

BEYOND the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and rising up as one of its mountain sides to a point two hundred feet higher than any part of Jerusalem, is the Mount of Olives. It is before one's eyes from every point of the city and for miles around it. Covered with growing grain and dotted with olive-trees quite to its top, it stands over Jerusalem a sort of sentinel or perpetual guard. From its summit every point in the city, in the streets and alleys, and on the house-tops, can be seen as plainly as one can overlook a chess-board while at play. In the center is a rounded top crowned by a small village, while the very apex is occupied by a stone chapel with one small but graceful minaret, perhaps the relic of a mosque of former and more intolerant times. There is no spot about Jerusalem so universally visited by all travelers, and none which has gathered about it more hallowed memories or sacred associations. Here the Saviour often sat with his disciples, telling them of wondrous events yet to come; of the destruction of the holy city, of the sufferings, the persecutions, and the final triumph of his followers. Here he gave them the parable of the ten virgins and the five talents. Here he was wont to retire on each evening, for meditation and prayer and rest of body, when weary and harassed by the labors and trials of the day. And here he came on the night of his betrayal to utter that wonderful prayer, "O, my Father, if it be possible, let

that cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." And when the cup of God's wrath had been drunk, and death and the grave conquered, he led his disciples out again over Olivet as far as Bethany, and, after a parting blessing, ascended to heaven.

It was, I believe, the second day after our arrival, that our party, well mounted upon Syrian horses or ambling donkeys, left the stone vaults of our hotel for a visit to Olivet. The road plunges down the hill toward Mount Moriah and the Mosque of Omar for a hundred yards, till it is intersected and crossed by a narrow lane walled and paved with stone as rugged as its own history. It is the *Via Doloroso*, along which Christ was led or driven, bearing his cross, from the house of Pilate to Calvary.

The various stations, as they are called in the Catholic church, each memorable for some event in the sorrowful journey, are marked out, and their recollection carefully preserved. Just at the crossing, on the right, is an indentation in the stone wall, four feet from the ground, where, it is said, the Saviour rested his shoulder when he fell the third time. Most Eastern Christians, without respect to sect, make a point of reverently kissing this spot as often as they pass. A stout Russian pilgrim, with his thick boots and furred coat, was paying this token of respect to the station as we rode along. The Turks and all other Mussulmans follow one equally invariable rule of expressing their hatred of unbelievers by spitting upon this stone every time they go within reach of it. The consequence is, that to do it Christian reverence requires not only great devotion of spirit but no inconsiderable amount of strength of stomach as well. Directly after the Russian left, a lubberly, green-turbaned Syrian sauntered along down the hill and passed close to the side next to the station, evidently with the intention of giving it the usual Moslem compliment. I held a stout olive-wood cane in my hand. This I grasped firmly, and prepared to "lift him

gently" with the butt of it, when he had completed the act of indecent intolerance. But he suspected my charitable purpose, and refrained, for the time, in defiling the Christian shrine. But so debased is the whole population that I probably could have pummeled and pounded the fellow the whole length of the Via Doloroso without the least danger of resistance on his part.

Of this I had a queer illustration on re-entering Jerusalem. My wife was mounted upon a very lazy and obstinate donkey, that required constant beating to keep him in the road as well as to make him go forward. In passing down Christian Street, as the way is called, the passage being very narrow, I found it almost stopped up by two men in earnest conversation. The donkey, taking advantage of this temporary obstacle, turned aside and plunged into a little bead shop fronting upon the passage. I quite lost my temper at this, and, without a moment's hesitation or reflection, I raised up in my stirrups and dealt the nearest of the two men a blow over the shoulders with all the power I could muster, at the same time roaring at him in English, "Get out of the way, you scoundrel!" He was a lusty fellow, not less than six feet high, and capable of lifting me from my horse and taking such immediate satisfaction as he chose. But, to my surprise, instead of coming at me for instant war, he turned, with a laugh, as if I had conferred an honor upon him. Entering the shop, which was his own, he led out the donkey, and calling his son, a little fellow of ten years, caused him to lead the obstinate brute all the way to the hotel.

But to return to our visit to Mount Olivet. Our route turned to the left, passing the several stations where Christ had fallen, where he had sat down, where the handkerchief of Veronica had been presented to him, where he had addressed the weeping daughters of Jerusalem, and finally the starting-point of Pilate's house,

which fronts the same street. The door or great entrance gate alone is left. I see no reason to doubt its authenticity. Nearly opposite is the Latin Convent of the Flagellation, where Christ was bound and scourged. We stopped at none of them, but followed on down toward St. Stephen's gate, which leads out of the city and down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Looking out of this, the whole scene of the last night of the sufferings and agony upon earth of the Saviour are spread out at our feet. At the bottom of the valley, which runs parallel with the wall and within a stone's throw of the gate, is the Garden of Gethsemane, while beyond is the Mount of Olives, rising above it. We had taken horses, but it must not be understood that the distance is great. Ten minutes' walk—perhaps less—brought us from Calvary through the gate and down the hill to the garden. This gate gets its name from the stoning of St. Stephen having taken place just without it. The place is pointed out half-way down the hill, and if the site was selected because of convenience to this class of projectiles it was well chosen, for there are still plenty of stones lying conveniently near. A zig-zag path descends the steep hill that falls away from St. Stephen's gate, and at the bottom crosses the bed of the valley or brook Kidron, between the Garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of the Virgin Mary. The road branches at the garden, the left hand going up the Mount of Olives to the top, and the right passing along its wall and then crossing the southern spur of the hill to Bethany. The one to the left is the "way of the wilderness," by which David fled from Absalom. "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." The road to the right is even a more memorable way than the first, for here Christ entered Jerusalem in triumph, and hard by



was found the ass's colt upon which he rode. And along the stony path, morning and night, he went in and out of Jerusalem, passing to and from the house of Mary and Martha, at Bethany, over the hill.

From the wall of the Garden of Gethsemane south for more than a mile the bottom and both sides of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, even up to Olivet on one side and to the walls of Jerusalem on the other, the ground is literally hidden by the flat stone tombs of countless descendants of Abraham, who have journeyed from the ends of the earth to be buried in this favored spot. The Jews consider it a great privilege to be buried in this ground. Here they believe the Messiah will stand at the resurrection, and summon from the dust all flesh. Those buried in the valley will rise at once from their tombs; while those who have been entombed in other lands will have to make a toilsome and agonizing journey under ground to the spot. The Moslems also believe the tradition, and show a point on the eastern wall where Mohammed will sit on the last great day and summon the elect to their appropriate place in Paradise. At the foot of the Olivet side of the valley stands a tomb of considerable size and of indifferent architecture, said to be that of Absalom, who drove his father across the brook and was afterward slain by Joab. The identity of the tomb is disputed. But that has not prevented the Jews from showing their horror at the unnatural conduct of an unworthy son, any time this thousand years or more, by pitching a loose stone into or upon it when passing. Though of very considerable size, the tomb is quite full of these stones to the amount of many hundred tons weight.

Half way up the hill we stop for a few minutes, and, with lighted torches provided in advance, grope our way through the series of caves in the hillside known as the tombs of the prophets. Why they are so called I could not learn—not even from Ibrahim, our guide, except in a

general way, that prophets had been buried there; a very vague sort of knowledge, especially as the term prophet has so general an application in Palestine to persons of very diverse character. I feel quite confident, whatever may have been the fact in former times, that certainly no prophets, true or false, repose in these caves at present, except it be in impalpable dust, for the floors, sides, and roof were all of clean, smooth, and solid stone, and we saw nothing that looked either like the remains of a prophet or the son of a prophet.

Remounting, in five minutes we were riding through the gate into the inclosure of the chapel that crowns Olivet. Twenty or more ragged boys, with bag-trousers and turbans, but shoeless and shirtless, were playing with a pet lamb around the door. This they stopped on our appearance, and rushed at us with loud shouts of backshish, offering to hold our horses. There were enough of the little rascals to give three to each animal. Great pulling and hauling ensued, and several bloody noses showed themselves before the right of possession was settled among them, for boys will be boys. An old Syrian in wide trousers took possession of the party, and led us at once to the great lion of the place. It was the mark of a footprint in the stone. The resemblance was good, the toes and ball of the foot being impressed very distinctly in the solid rock. It was the place of the ascension of our Lord. Here his foot rested for the last time on earth. The Church of the Ascension, as the chapel is called, is erected directly over this footprint, which, if not the actual indentation of the Saviour's foot, has undoubtedly passed for such with many of his followers for centuries, the number of whom is not much less than that which designates the passing age.

There is a minaret beside the chapel, and to the top of this we speedily mounted. It affords the finest view about Jerusalem. On the east is seen the whole course of the

Jordan, marked by its line of dark green, winding like a serpent down the center of the deep valley gorge, between the distant mountains of Moab and Judea, until it empties into the Dead Sea, the waters of which twinkle and gleam at the bottom of the chasm to the right.

But it is to the west that the eye turns almost instinctively, and rests with the greater satisfaction. At our feet, passing from the right to the left, is the Brook Kidron and the Valley of Jehoshaphat, while on the brow of the opposite hill, and following its front line, extending for more than a half-mile, are the solid walls of Jerusalem. In the foreground, beyond the ravine, is the inclosure of the Haram, the octagonal Mosque of Omar, with its noble dome in the center, occupying the site of Ornan's thrashing-floor and Solomon's Temple. This is Mount Moriah. The outer wall of the Temple was also the wall of the city. The platform, and a few huge beveled stones in this wall, is all that is left of the famous structure. But the platform is supported from vaulted arches, and hours may be spent in wandering about among the masonry, laid beneath the very eyes of the wisest of kings and of men.

While we stood gazing down upon Jerusalem, the sound of music came floating around from behind the northeastern angle of the wall; and directly the head of a column of soldiers swung around the corner, keeping time to the music of a brass band playing in good style a quickstep from *Il Trovatore*. They marched close up to the wall, but we were so completely over their heads that we could see all that was going on both within and without the city. The little regiment had come out at the Damascus gate, and were marching around outside to enter again at the gate of St. Stephen, just within which is the pasha's house, and all the offices of those in authority. Dressed in the uniform of French Guards, and carrying muskets with percussion locks and saber bayonets, they might have figured creditably in the Champs-Élysées, or

before the White House. The ground they marched over had been traversed by the slingers of David and the archers of Nebuchadnezzar ; had been passed by the stern warriors of Alexander and Titus, as well as by the mailed battalions of Godfrey and Richard of the lion heart. And from this same Olivet, where we stood, Christ had looked down upon an older Jerusalem and predicted its destruction and the breaking up and scattering to the ends of the earth of its stiff-necked people. The soldiers entered the gate. We could hear the faint notes of Verdi's music struggling up from the low stone hovels that surround the pool of Bethesda ; we could see the glimmer of the bayonets, as they turned the angle of the Port of Justice of Pilate's house, and then they were lost in the barracks that flank the walls of Mount Moriah. We descended, paid backshish to the custodian, and bent our way silently down the valley toward Siloam.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### GOING TO JERICHO.

WE had been several days in Jerusalem before we could summon courage enough to encounter the dangers, real or imaginary, of a trip to the Dead Sea and the Jordan. But to come to the Holy Land without seeing the Dead Sea, would be like going to Boston without seeing the organ or the Common; to Paris, avoiding the Exposition; or to New York, without driving in Central Park. We therefore got off for the Jordan at the very earliest moment possible. Our hour of departure had been fixed for eight o'clock; but in February the days are short in Jerusalem as well as in other parts of the world. It was more than an hour after that time when our party wound through St. Stephen's gate, and passed down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, on our journey. The day was unusually fine. Our party consisted of seven persons and the necessary escort; but all the strangers in Jerusalem had agreed upon the same day for visiting the Jordan, so that the road was likely to be well guarded.

Of the escort there was, first, Scander, the dragoman, who acted as commander-in-chief of the cooks, Arabs, and dependents generally. His gang consisted of Abdallah, the cook, three mookerahs, a chief of horse, and two common servants. The escort consisted of the sheik of the country about the Dead Sea, with ten Bedouins of his tribe. The sheik alone of this party was mounted. The

Arabs ran on foot, alongside, over the mountains, and by short cuts, so as to be generally ahead of the party. Not less than fifty animals either bore the party or the camp equipage, so that the narrow path through the mountains was filled up for a quarter of a mile.

The road from Jerusalem passes directly across the Valley of Jehoshaphat, almost beneath the eastern wall of the city, and by the Garden of Gethsemane. From this the road ascended for some distance, crossing the southern spur of the Mount of Olives to Bethany, a ruined village, one and a half miles from Jerusalem. The path is filled with rolling stones, and is followed with difficulty by the sure-footed horses bred to the roads of Palestine. But bad as it is, it is without a doubt, the very way over which the Saviour of mankind plodded morning and night, as he came in and out of Jerusalem from the house of Mary and Martha, at Bethany. Fifty yards to the left of the road is all that is left of the village. The largest of the ruins is still pointed out as the house of the pious sisters with whom the Redeemer dwelt. And down the flinty desert path that stretches away in view for a mile to the east, they must have gazed in anxious expectancy, all the four days when their brother lay dead. It is not probable the most trifling change had been made in the flint-strewn path since the day Martha, leaving Mary sitting still in the house, went forth to meet the way-worn Son of Man, accosting him with the memorable words, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." The cave where Lazarus was buried is shown, and stopping, we entered it. It is descended by steps cut in the solid rock, and has two chambers. It is quite close to the village, and accords well with the description contained in the New Testament.

In five minutes we were again on the road to Jericho, the Arab guards with their flint-lock guns, innocent, I suspect, of powder as well as ball, ran bare-legged along



the rocks on the hillside above and below the path, singing the story of the houries of the Mussulman's paradise.

It is eighteen miles or more from Bethany to Jericho, the road following for the most part the very tops of the lofty mountains of Judea. No houses are to be seen by the wayside, nor does the soil respond to the husbandman's toil. As far as the eye can reach stones have almost undisputed possession of the surface of the land. At intervals of a mile or two an armed shepherd would be seen, watching his flock of a dozen or less of long-eared goats, mixed with an equal number of sheep. At what day of the world's history the peasants of Judea laid aside the bow and arrow for the modern fire-arm is doubtful. But it is certain that without armed defense the flock would soon melt away beneath the predatory habits of the Bedouins of the Jordan. At one o'clock we halted for luncheon. The place selected was at the summit of the mountain overlooking the Jordan, Dead Sea, and plains of Jericho. A bold rock shaded us from the sun's rays on one side of the way, while opposite was the wall and foundation of an ancient house. To our surprise we were informed by the guide that it was no other than the identical roadside inn at which the unfortunate wayfarer was left by the Good Samaritan. The poor fellow had come to grief at the hands of some roughs while coming up from Jericho. But I need not repeat the parable of the Good Samaritan to the pious reader; it is enough to say that we found the hotel where he boarded, and that the establishment has long since ceased to furnish entertainment for man or beast.

The Jordan flows southerly through the center of a valley about fifteen miles wide and inclosed by two ranges of abrupt and lofty mountains. It is thirteen hundred feet below the level of the sea and twice that much below that of the city of Jerusalem. And yet it is within fifteen miles, as the crow flies, from that city. The

consequence is, that the valley may be seen from the city, stretching like a great yawning chasm quite across the face of the country to the east, appearing to be a sort of bottomless pit, or even as if the world were broken in half and divided by this black gap. And as we journey to the east from the high points of the road, we catch occasional glimpses of the gorge, as if looking down into a deep cavern in the earth's side, while the waves of the Dead Sea glisten and scintillate like water at the bottom of a well.

The General, in his capacity of commander-in-chief of our party, claimed and exercised the privilege of determining the location of the sacred places. This arrangement had generally proved most beneficial. For where there is so much doubt, it is always an advantage to have some one tribunal, if possible, without appeal, to put the matter at rest. By virtue of his office, and as a symbol of authority, the General was the custodian and expounder of John Murray's book, a work published in Albemarle Street, London, and for authority with travelers, approached only, and that in but a distant degree, by the sacred Scriptures. We were now in the valley, and not far, as the guide book assures us, from the site of Jericho. A search was accordingly commenced for the spot. We had come a great distance to see the place, and were anxious to be accurate as to the location. The dragoon and servants had gone on to the camping ground, which was understood to be the site of ancient Gilgal, eight miles farther on and nearer to the river. The party divided up and set to work. Our industry was soon rewarded by various discoveries of an interesting character. The General found the stones of an old wall, while I discovered some square, flat blocks of hewn rock, and Captain T. struck upon an ancient bath. Meantime, Mr. C. had ridden to the top of a hill or tumulus, which he assured us must have been the reser-

voir, from which the city had in former times obtained its supply of water.

For the benefit of those who have no Bible, I will briefly state that Jericho figures in sacred history as having been attacked by the Children of Israel, under the command of Joshua, who, by the sole means of rams' horns and loud shouts, reduced the place in the unexampled short space of seven days. Subsequently, the Prophet Elisha operated in and about Jericho, and, among other things, miraculously healed the fountain of the city, changing its bitter waters so that they became pure and sweet. Here it was, also, that certain children, some thirty or forty in number, were eaten by bears, for having chaffed the prophet, by inviting him to "come out," at the same time applying to him the irreverent term, "Old Baldy," a sarcastic allusion to the circumstance of his having lost his hair. It is not unlikely that the observation often made by one urchin to another, taking the form of an order to "go to Jericho," may have arisen from this circumstance, appearing, as it does, to indicate a knowledge in the infantile mind of that as the only place where a sufficient retributive justice would be likely to overtake the too sarcastic youth. We saw no bears at Jericho, nor, in fact, any sort of game, except fleas. This circumstance has led me to the notion that possibly a careful scrutiny of the original text of Holy Writ might lead to the discovery that the wise men of King James have been mistaken in their interpretation, and that the Divine vengeance upon the wicked urchins may have been accomplished through the instrumentality of this exceedingly active little insect, in place of the more ponderous and slow-moving bear. I do not say this to throw discredit upon the Scriptures, but merely in my capacity as a traveler in the Holy Land, each one of whom is entitled to make some discovery tending to throw light or darkness upon sacred subjects. To add

to the probability of our having found the general vicinity at least of the site of Jericho, a considerable stream of pure and sweet water rose near the tumulus of Mr. C. and ran down along the plain toward the Jordan. Each of us, however, rather insisted upon the relics found by himself as indicating the precise spot where the city had stood.

After a half hour spent in discussing the merits of the respective places, we were all overruled by the General, whose cause, it is but just to add, had been in the mean time materially strengthened by the discovery of a large ram's horn within his inclosure. We thereupon, without much reluctance, acquiesced in the dogma establishing the identity of the spot, and alighting from our animals, began to give ourselves to that natural train of devotional thought which springs up upon such occasions. The ladies seated themselves upon stones, drew their Bibles, and commencing with the first chapter of Genesis, began a thorough search of the Scriptures for the word Jericho. The General, having read to us in a commanding tone of voice, all that Mr. Murray had collated upon the subject, proposed the gathering of relics, such as pieces of stone, flowers, and the like. As for himself, he had secured the original ram's horn. This being done, the next thing without doubt would have been to take formal possession of the spot in the name of the United States of America, followed by reading an appropriate selection from the Bible, with singing and prayer, as a closing ceremony, when the dragoman, who had got out of patience waiting for us, dashed up on horseback, and called out to us that if we did not quit that old sheep-pen, and come on down to Jericho, we would get eaten up with fleas. It turned out that we had stopped at a "corral," at least three miles short of the place. Sadly, but with much accumulated wisdom, we remounted and rode on to the site of ancient Jericho. We found it at last, with its half-dozen



ruined house-walls, and especially the fountain, miraculously healed, bursting out from beneath the hill, and with water enough to turn a mill.

But no new enthusiasm could be got up. We all felt that religious contemplation had been exhausted at the "sheep-pen." Without so much as dismounting from our horses at Jericho, we turned down the stream that flows from Elisha's fountain, following it for two miles to the equally ancient and equally sacred site of Gilgal, where we found our tents pitched and dinner waiting upon the table. Gilgal is in the center of the valley, and within three miles of the Jordan. I made notes of all the famous things that the Bible shows to have occurred in and about Gilgal, searching Murray carefully for them, but have lost the paper, and am obliged to refer the reader to the sacred Scriptures. I do this, however, with the greater willingness in view of the wonderful success which has of late years crowned the efforts of the various evangelical societies, for the dissemination of Bible truths among the heathen. I think I may safely assume that the most of my readers will have occasional access to that book. There is a small modern village, called Riha, now occupying the site of ancient Gilgal. But how the poor people keep body and soul together is a mystery. Upon our arrival two or three women left off their occupation of gathering pot-herbs from among the weeds about the camp, and came to stare at the strangers and to demand backshish. Like all the women of the East, these carefully concealed their faces. When we offered them money upon consideration of their removing their veils, they invariably refused the degrading proposition.

The valley of the Jordan, in which these towns formerly stood, was in Bible days, and probably since that time, the richest and best cultivated of all the land of Canaan. It was once covered with forests of date-trees, as to-day is the valley of the Nile. Now there is not ten acres of

cultivation within sight of the mountain of Moab. The ruins of Jericho are overgrown with thorns, brambles, and Jordan wood, and the same gnarled growth extends for miles over the plain in every direction. The few Bedouins who hang about the valley live upon the milk of the goat, helped out by backshish extorted from the charity or fears of pilgrims and visitors. The chiefs of the tribe depend upon what I might term the "escort business" for a livelihood. The country is divided up into districts, over which these chiefs assume and exercise control of the most absolute character. No man can cross their domain without permission first obtained. For a long time they contented themselves with staying at their villages or tents about the Dead Sea, and levying tribute or robbing each adventurer who came their way. But at last this began to prove a bad business. The Imperial Government at Constantinople came to be so much dependent upon the Western powers, and in such danger from the encroachments of Russia, that Christian tolerance became necessary as a matter of state craft. From tolerance a greater protection soon sprang up under the imperative demands of England and France. Besides, the robbing of travelers produced but little gain. Christians from the West have learned the art of carrying but little money with them on journeys. In fact, in going to the Jordan they carry next to none at all. Nothing was, therefore, to be gained by robbing them but their clothes, arms, and animals, all articles easy of identification. As for murder, the Arab never takes life when it can be avoided. This is because of his own laws upon the price of blood. Among the Arabs the public takes no concern of punishing crime. And, aside from murder, they know of no crime; theft is honorable, and chicanery a thing to be proud of. But it is with them a religious duty, devolving upon the next of kin of the man killed, to in time slay the slayer. And this rule follows, first upon one side



and then upon the other till, as is often the case, both families are exterminated. They are thus taught to dread setting in motion this terrible feud of blood, and the taking of life among this strange people is but rarely resorted to except to perform this duty of vengeance. And when a Frankish traveler was stopped and robbed, as was the case in former times, he soon found his way to his consul and made his protest. The consul, of late years, has had great influence in Constantinople. He would threaten the pasha, and the pasha would start the bashi-bazouks, who would harry the tribes. A fine would be laid of so many horses or camels, not upon the wrongdoers, but upon the tribe. It would always be excessive, for it would be intended to enrich the pasha as well as recompense the sufferer. And while the bashi-bazouks would be collecting the sequestered camels from whoever had them, for they seized the first they found, they generally contrived to carry off twice as much more on their own account. So that robbing a Frankish Christian of his old clothes and pistol was found to be a bad business.

This led to the present escort system. A party wishes to make an excursion, and so informs the dragoman and consul. The sheik of the robber tribe, who now hangs about the khans of Jerusalem, waiting for business, is informed of the fact, and engages, for an agreed sum, to accompany the party with an escort in sufficient force to protect it. After this is agreed upon and the money paid there would be no real necessity, so far as the safety of the party is concerned, for him to go along at all. But there are reasons that operate to make him go. In the first place, he has nothing else to do, and his gang is in the same predicament. Then they get enough to eat from the cook of the party while on the expedition. And, besides, what is probably more important than all, by going along, with great show of armed force, they impress the strangers with a wonderful idea of the dangers of the

excursion, and thus prevent other parties from making the attempt without an escort. For, if such a thing should be attempted, the sheik would be obliged, in defense of his calling, to rob the party. It would never do to let the idea once get abroad that the road was safe, for there would be an end to the escort business. For this reason the escort is made as large as possible, the Arabs of the tribe gladly going for the chances of begging backshish from the company, a thing they commence directly they are on the road, and never cease till they are safely back to Jerusalem. At night, and after a good portion of the party had retired to bed, the whole tribe of escorts, not only of ours, which was called the "California Company," but of several other parties encamped in the vicinity, came into the ring in front of the great tent and danced an Arab dance. It is no improvement on the dance familiar to most Americans and known as the Indian war-dance, and is, therefore, not worth being described. But it produced considerable backshish to the dancers, who set off for the next camp, satisfied with the result.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### JORDAN, AND THE DEAD SEA.

GILGAL is in the valley of the Jordan, and but little above the level of the Dead Sea, which lies six or eight miles to the south. The weather at Jerusalem was quite frosty when we left there in the morning. A room at the hotel without fire was exceedingly uncomfortable, and extra blankets at night were much in demand. Not so at Gilgal. Here we found the climate warm and pleasant, the air soft and balmy. The green grass was spangled with the flowers of spring, and all the night long the crickets chirped their most pleasant midsummer song. Tent doors were left open, while on the ground the wakeful Arab guards lay about in groups, smoking, listening to stories, and occasionally singing the rude chants of the desert. The air was clear, and the sky free from clouds or fogs. The mountain of Moab, beyond the Jordan, as well as the western range crowned by distant Jerusalem, seemed to draw near, and shut out many a bright star that would have otherwise twinkled in the firmament. We were in the midst of the Land of Promise—Pisgah, faithful sentinel, overlooking Canaan still as upon the day Israel's Deliverer surveyed from afar off the heritage he was forbidden to enter. The spot upon which we lay must have passed in review the leader's eye that day, as with human weakness he looked and longed, and longed and looked. Gilgal, in the very line of vision from Pisgah and Jericho, must have divided with it the scrutiny of Moses.

At daylight Captain T. had us all out of bed, as usual, by the playful information that breakfast was waiting, which, though not strictly true at the time, proved to be the fact before we were generally prepared to partake of it. From Gilgal to the ford of the Jordan the distance is six miles, over a valley as level as can be imagined. There was a general race, joined in by our party as well as by two other camps that turned up within a quarter of a mile of us. Those upon horseback scampered ahead for a mile or two, and then finding themselves alone, generally got frightened, and either turned back or waited for the others. The donkey-riders got on the best they could, imploring a friendly blow from all passing, besides forcing the Arab runners into the service of urging the stubborn brutes to the best possible rate of speed. The fear of Bedouin marauders kept the party within a space of half a mile, those behind being as anxious to hurry toward the front as the nimble horsemen were unwilling to actually keep up their best speed long enough to bring them to the Jordan.

The banks of that stream seem to be more infested with robbers than any other part of the valley visited by travelers. This is understood to be from the fact, that just here the ford enables the Arab from the land of Moab to make flying incursions into the territory of the Sheik of the Dead Sea, to do a little business upon his own account and escape undiscovered. In such event the Sheik of the Dead Sea would be responsible, and upon his tribe the fine would be levied. For this reason parties are not permitted to encamp at the ford. We desired to do so, and could have reached the point easily from Jerusalem the first day; but the sheik would not consent, saying that the place was dangerous, and that he would not be responsible for the consequences if we made the attempt.

The soil of the Jordan valley is good, but contains many small stones, which would have to be removed before a

high state of cultivation could be reached. The oleander is the chief undergrowth along the banks of the river. It is a shrub growing in bunches, each seven or eight feet high, and covering ten or twenty feet square of superficies. Through this the paths made by goat-herds and horses break up the country and render it easy of access. The valley continues with but one shelf quite up to the river, which is not over twenty feet below the plain. At the ford, the constant passing and repassing of forty centuries has broken down both banks, and the descent is made to the water without difficulty.

The Jordan is about twenty-five yards in width. I did not attempt to cross it, but felt sure that I could have done so either on horseback or on foot, without swimming and without danger. The borders of the river below the banks are filled to the water's edge with a dense thicket of cane, mixed with oleanders and willows, so that at no place, except just here at the ford, can it be approached except by pushing through this almost impassable undergrowth. And here wild boars are said to abound in dangerous numbers. There had been recent rains, and the river was in a good stage of water. Standing at the ford the flood of yellowish water appeared to start from the cane thicket fifty yards above, and breaking into a sort of ripple at the crossing-place, again rolled away to the right and disappeared in another and similar jungle fifty yards below. This was all we saw of the Jordan. Elsewhere the line of the river is simply marked by the cane tassels that hem it in like a sort of yellow veil that conceals the modest stream from the gaze of the curious.

Notwithstanding the race in which all had joined from Gilgal, the party pulled up at the top almost abreast. The fleetest barb in the cavalcade pranced down the declivity side by side with the same lazy donkey with which he had so scornfully parted in the morning. All

the howadjis in or about Jerusalem met at the same time at the ford ; and in less than two minutes all were down at the water's edge. Some were in the river up to their knees, with their gloves on ; while others, more thoughtful, were squatted like turtles along the bank divesting their feet as rapidly as possible of their covering. Others again, more adventurous, even crossed to a little island in the middle of the stream, and were there drinking of or dabbling in the sacred waters. Black bottles in countless numbers, generally labeled "Bass & Co.," suddenly produced from various secret hiding-places, were soon gurgling and bubbling beneath the surface of the stream, taking in cargoes with which they were destined to again make the tour half way round the world. The passion for carrying away Jordan water is one of the most unaccountable freaks of queer human nature. Although all of my children had been most happily baptized into the bosom of the church, yet I found myself encumbered with no less than four of "Bass & Co.'s" black bottles filled with the precious liquid—careful provision for the future, for which I take to myself some credit.

At the moment I write I have before me neither the book of John Murray nor the Holy Bible. I am in consequence unable to specify with accuracy the various events that have given historical celebrity to the ford of the Jordan. But certain it is that more than once its waters have been miraculously divided in such manner as to permit the passage of the stream as upon dry land. Once this was done to enable the armies of Israel under the command of Joshua to pass over and beleaguer the cities west of the Jordan, and the second was long after, and during the days of Elijah. In later times it was hereabouts that John the Baptist gathered his locusts and wild honey, and here came and was baptized our Lord. The tradition that it was at the ford appears to be in accord with the scriptural account. It is the nearest point



to Jerusalem, and probably the most accessible place. Besides, being on the great highway from Judea to the land east of the river, it seems reasonable that a reformer like John would have selected it for his work.

At the end of two hours, the beer bottles having been filled with Jordan water, and the party fully supplied with pebbles from the river and pipe-stems from the cane thicket, we mounted, and set off in the same grand gallop for the Dead Sea. The road leads directly south and down the west bank of the river. The plain is flat all the way, neither rising nor falling from the ford to the river's mouth. But the stream seems at each step to cut deeper into the earth, so that for the last two miles the canes and willows that mark its course fall away far below the level of the valley along which we ride, and we look quite down upon them. But, look as sharp as we may, we can get no glimpse of the water. The jealous canes take care that our adieu at the sacred ford shall be final.

A mile from the mouth the river bends away to the left, while our road diverges to the right, and we have seen the last of the Jordan. We had fallen into a walk before reaching this point, and from a grass-covered valley the ground had assumed the character of a sandy plain. Again we all set off in a gallop, the sheik leading the way. The action of the waves of the Dead Sea upon its low sandy shores to the north has thrown back a bank on that side several feet higher than the valley. We could not see the waters until we had ascended this elevation. This we did, and passed over and down till our horses' feet were washed by the black and bitter waters. The wind was blowing hard from the southeast, and the waves burst upon the shore with considerable violence.

I observed none of that air of deathlike stillness, none of that evidence of poisonous exhalations arising from the sea, of which we read so much in books of travel.

The water is intensely salt. Possibly too salt to be stocked with fish. But that even is by no means certain. As for birds, I saw plenty of them all around and about the sea. Almost every bush or clump of heath had its little twittering songster. The border of the sea is not more desolate than that surrounding the lower part of the Carson River, and has on its immediate banks twice the vegetation that I saw on the shores of the Sink of the Humboldt. But the two lakes, the Humboldt and the Dead Sea, with their surroundings, are wonderfully alike. The same bare mountains hemming them in on all sides, and the same queer, oily, vegetable growth, known on the Humboldt as greasewood, abounds upon the shores of the Dead Sea. All the bushes within two miles of the Dead Sea look as if a lucifer match would ignite them. I am sure they are all inflammable, even in their apparent green state, just as every one familiar with the green sage, the greasewood bushes, and even growing willows in the great basin between the Sierra Nevada and Salt Lake, knows to be the fact with those shrubs. In short, our people have not merely one, but half a dozen Dead Seas within their borders. Whether they will not also have their cities of the plain, their Sodoms and Gomorrahs, at the rate they go on, is a matter of no inconsiderable moment. The shores where we stopped were completely strewed with drift-wood of all sizes and descriptions, from the entire trunks of great trees to the smallest piece of reed or cane fitted for a pipe stem. Millions of dead locusts lay scattered upon the shore, or surged back and forth upon the waves that poured upon the beach. These insects had evidently been drowned in attempting to pass the sea in their flight. They were probably the same variety that had been the curse of the land of Egypt and the food of John the Baptist.

A Franciscan monk accompanied the party from Jerusalem, Brother Leovi by name. It was his seventieth

trip to the Dead Sea. His sole duty at the convent was that of escorting travelers. He pointed out to us the site of the Cities of the Plain, of the identity of which he appeared to have no manner of doubt. Sodom was at the north, while a small promontory on the west was the sole relic above water of the accursed city of Gomorrah. He had told the story seventy times without hearing it questioned, and it was high time he was beginning to believe it himself. The dreary shore of the Dead Sea at this place was not without romantic interest as being the scene of the meeting of the Leopard Knight and the Saracen Emir, so beautifully told by Sir Walter Scott in the *Talisman*. We rested an hour on the shore of the Dead Sea, convincing ourselves generally that it was a very pretty sheet of water. More ale bottles were produced and filled, and pebbles, dead locusts, cane pipe-stems, and Dead Sea apples, collected as mementoes, and again we set off over the mountains for Mar-Saaba where we were to camp. Up, up, higher and higher the weary horses and donkeys made their way. Such roads, if they may be so called, are to be found nowhere else in the world. After two mortal hours we were at the top, and the great yawning gap of the Jordan Valley and Dead Sea again opened like a cavern beneath us. At intervals of half a mile we could see the waters of the Dead Sea twinkling below on the left as we would pass the mountain spurs and into the ravines that fell off that way, while as often the distant domes and minarets of Jerusalem glistened under the noon-day sun, to the right. Not a tree or bush, not the smallest shrub, relieves the rugged monotony of the bleak hill-tops. The country is made of so many thousand superficial and cubic miles of granite piled up and spread out as far as the eye can reach, with just enough of soil scattered in the crevices to give root to the short grass or the hardy thistle. But where the thistle can find moisture enough to sustain life, the bright

red rose of Sharon is also at home, and raises her head proudly as the queenliest flower of the desert.

Mar-Saaba is a Greek convent, built in times when fortifications were even more necessary than now. It stands on a mountain spur overlooking the brook Kidron, a mountain torrent which rises beneath the distant walls of Jerusalem and flows past the convent into the Dead Sea. For a mile before reaching Mar-Saaba the road winds along the edge of the gorge, five hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which is the Kidron—while the sides of the granite precipice are still perforated with the caves of fifteen thousand hermits, ranged like so many pigeon-holes, and once inhabited by that number of Christian anchorites. This was in times when such a life was deemed more holy than now, and when the spending of years in a cave, or at the top of a lofty column, entitled the devotee to a place in the calendar of saints. The convent, it is said, still preserves in its archives a complete and accurate record of the names of all these holy men, together with the number of the cell of each hermit. We would have sojourned with the holy men of Mar-Saaba but for the fact that their rules are unbendingly enforced against the admission of the softer sex within their sacred precincts. We were therefore forced to sleep in our tents outside the walls, but sufficiently near to feel somewhat protected by the vicinity. It is said that no woman has ever passed the portal of Mar-Saaba. Miss Harriet Martineau applied for admission and hospitality when she visited the East many years ago, but was of course denied.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### FROM MAR-SAABA TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF OUR LORD.

THE water stood about in puddles in the hollow rocks, and the young grass was wet and dripping as we looked out of our tent doors and down upon the Convent of Mar-Saaba. The proud roses of Sharon seemed to shake the globes of water from their imperial crests more bravely than humbler flowers, and to get, as if by right of beauty, the first look at the sun, which was just rising over the distant hills of Moab. It had rained almost without cessation the whole night. Scander and his Syrian satellites had been moving, and breakfast was ready to be laid in the great tent.

The sheik, with the guardian Bedouins, not having been asleep at all, were of course up and dressed. This was their last day with us, and it was high time to commence the collection of such sums as our benevolence or fears might lead us to give. Approaching me with great dignity, the sheik began: "Me good sheik; you very good master. You give me backshish." I referred him to the Captain, as being the sheik of our party, and one who gave with vast liberality. "Go to him," I said, "and fear not." In the mean time, we had agreed upon a sum to give, and it was ready when he came. It was four times what he had a right to expect, but still he was scarcely satisfied. "We were so good, so powerful, and so rich, while he was so poor and his tribe so numerous." All their mouths were to be filled from his stores, and they



were but indifferently supplied. His camels had died in great numbers the year before, and his goats were no longer prolific. We were rich, and reckoned our camels by thousands, while our goats and asses were like the sand upon the desert. The God of Mohammed was also the God of the Christian; and surely we would not leave him and his people in distress. In the mean time, the representatives of his tribe who had accompanied us drew around, and added their supplicating looks to the eloquence of their chieftain. A hungrier set of fellows I must say I never laid eyes upon—gaunt as greyhounds, thin as wolves, lean and lank, they crowded about upon the rocks, their *burnoose* thrown open, exposing their ribs, which could be counted as easily as if they had been so many skeletons in an anatomical cabinet. The appeal could not be resisted. A new collection was taken up this time for the famished tribe. Old knives were brought forth, put with the remnants of copper piasters and brazen paras, and the whole distributed among the hungry children of the desert. At last all was ready, and the party mounted. We were now considered to be out of danger, and our escort no longer necessary. Solemn leave was taken of the sheik and each of the band. It was like the parting of companions in arms—we had shared with them the dangers and the pleasures of three days of eventful companionship.

It is ten miles or more from Mar-Saaba to Bethlehem along the summit of the same mountain on which rests Jerusalem. For the first half hour we ascended from the valley of the Kidron to the hill-tops, and again the dome of Omar's Mosque glistened under the sun at the right, while down in the earth's center, to the left, floated the fogs that hung over the Dead Sea. We had parted at Mar-Saaba with our escort, as we thought, forever. But to my surprise, as I turned the point of a hill, an armed Bedouin started from behind a rock, and came toward me.



It proved to be Alli, one of the boys, who had, during the journey, made himself especially attentive to us by driving my wife's donkey and leading him around the dangerous passes. He gave us to understand that he could not find it in his heart to leave us so unceremoniously as he had done in the morning, but had taken a short cut up the mountain to say "Mar Salaama" once more for the last time. I was quite touched with this indication of an affectionate nature, and bade him a tender adieu, not omitting to again drop a few piasters of backshish in his hand. Receiving it with gratitude, he disappeared behind the rock, as I supposed, for the last time. But I was mistaken; for a turn in the road soon revealed to me not only Alli, but the sheik and the whole tribe running by the side of the company, each one asking for more backshish under one pretense or another. And this they kept up till we were within a half mile of the walls of Bethlehem, when they finally left us, to be seen no more.

The city of David is set upon a hill, or rather a narrow ridge, and overlooks a more extensive country than even Jerusalem. Its appearance is striking. Coming up from Mar-Saaba, it can be seen miles away, at first over a desolate and stony plain, and then changing gradually to a better soil, where fruit, barley, and other grain are grown. Two miles before reaching it, olives begin to sprinkle the land, and finally, as we ascend the acclivity leading to the convent, whole groves and forests of this beautiful tree, planted upon walled terraces, cover the landscape with its dark rich green. The Franciscan brother who had accompanied us on our journey here ordered a halt, and we all turned aside to visit the spot where the shepherds were abiding with their flocks by night, when the "glory of the Lord shone around them," and an angel proclaimed "the good tidings of great joy." The place of the shepherds is at the bottom of a cave in the center of a field of growing grain. A heavy stone wall incloses

an acre of land, and here is the cave. A chapel has for ages occupied the spot where the rustics are supposed to have kept their watch on that eventful night. But the field is interesting as being also the scene of the sweetest, and perhaps the most romantic of all the Bible events. It was here that Ruth, the daughter-in-law of Naomi, gleaned after the reapers of that "mighty man of wealth," Boaz, the son of Salmon. The whole scene of the story was spread out before us. In the distance the tops of the mountains that marked the boundaries of the land of Moab, from whence she had followed Naomi to Bethlehem, was the last that could be seen on the horizon to the east. She had crossed the Jordan at the ford, and toiled her way up the mountain of Judea, and along the Kidron to the field of Boaz, her kinsman, by precisely the road we had come. And how weary were the wayfaring women, we might form some estimate after having ridden over the road. The field of Boaz extends quite up to the walls of the town; while overlooking it from the brow of the hill, stands the Convent of the Nativity, grim and gray as an old baronial castle.

A little esplanade separates the convent from the village, and through this our party of Christians and Moslems, horses and mules and donkeys, wound its way to the door, where two or three jolly-looking brothers stood waiting to receive us. The Frère Leovi had ridden ahead of the party and announced our coming. The great confectory of the convent was already being spread as if for a feast. But before we had time to sit down coffee and lemonade were served around freely to all who would partake, with a hospitable and kindly spirit that I have never seen equaled except in other Franciscan establishments in the East. The court-yards, halls, and public rooms of the convent were crowded with people selling rosaries, crosses, and religious relics, in olive-wood, shell, and bone, for the manufacture of which Bethlehem is

celebrated throughout Palestine. This is the chief occupation of the three thousand inhabitants of the place, all of whom are Christians. There was formerly a Mohammedan quarter; but numerous quarrels and battles occurring between the followers of the rival creeds, Ibrahim Pasha, in 1834, ordered it to be entirely destroyed, which was done; since which time Christianity is the sole faith of the population of the birthplace of the Saviour. The ladies of Bethlehem are celebrated for their beauty, and my observation accords with the popular notion. They go unveiled, a thing I have observed nowhere else in the East. They wear a sort of black felt hat, with no rim—but a sort of cape of white cotton cloth drops down over the shoulders. The beauty of the fair Bethlehemites is of a most decided European or American type, for, saving the dress, almost every one of them might be natives of Spain, England, or even California.

In and about the convent are many places of interest, such as the tombs of Saint Eusebius and Saint Jerome. There is a cave where the latter saint spent so many years of his life, and where he composed those works that have earned for him the title of “Father of the Church.” But in a vault beneath the great building is the center of all observation, and the spot which attracts the attention and charms the mind of true believers. It is the Chapel of the Nativity, said to occupy the identical site of the stable where our Saviour was born. It is reached by a flight of stone steps going directly from the main floor of the church into the bowels of the earth. For it appears that the stable, like the shepherd’s watching-place, was in a cave. It is hewn in the solid rock, and is about forty feet long by eleven wide. A marble slab is fixed in the place, with a silver star in the center. Around the star are the words:

*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*

The manger is no longer here, but has been removed to Rome, where it is exhibited by the Pope to the faithful at the church of Santa Maria Maggiore once a year. But in place of the original, a marble manger has been made, which is said to be in all respects like the true one, except in the substance from which it is made. Hard by the chapel or stable is a little cell or cave where St. Joseph retired at the moment of the birth of the infant Jesus, and on the opposite side of the grotto is an altar covering the spot where the wise men of the East knelt when they adored the Saviour.

The stable of the Nativity has been changed wonderfully, so far as decoration is concerned, since the night when an overcrowded inn compelled the Blessed Virgin and family to seek rest therein. Blazoned with gold and silver and silk, faced with marble, and redolent with incense and sweet perfumes and Indian wood, it has as little of the stable about it now as if there had never been a horse, an ass, or a camel in all the East to occupy or give character to such a place. Round the star are suspended sixteen or more silver lamps. These are continually kept burning with perfumed oil. Behind these and along the apse are gilt pictures of various saints of the Latin and Greek calendar. For it must be borne in mind that the stable where the Saviour was born is in the common occupancy of all the Christian sects of the East; no one having any exclusive right to it. The altar is plain and unfinished, each set of priests fitting it up when they intend to hold any sort of ceremonies there. The Greek church not having adopted the Gregorian calendar, I believe, Christmas, Easter, and in fact all the great feasts, naturally fall on different days from those used by the Catholics. But however that may be, the Catholics, the Armenians, the Greeks, and the Copts have each the same right, and claim and fight for equal privileges here. The various grottoes are minutely measured off by survey-

ors with proper instruments, and accurately distributed among the rival sects by the impartial though infidel Turks. Many a keen and bitter contest has occurred on the spot for a few inches of wall, the fraction of an altar, or a square foot of pavement. And I am not sure, though stating from recollection merely, that the war that convulsed Europe in 1854 and 1855, was not caused, or at least occasioned, by a dispute at Bethlehem on the right to open or shut some of the doors that lead in or about the caves and passages beneath the Convent of the Nativity.

Having visited all the interesting places about the site of the birthplace of the Saviour, we returned to the great confectory, where we partook of the excellent breakfast that had been prepared for us, and then set off to visit the Milk Grotto. This is a large cavern hollowed in a chalky rock of the ridge, about a quarter of a mile below the convent. The Frère Leovi undertook to shorten our walk to it, by passing through that part of the building occupied by the Greek priests. The gates were all open as we approached, so that but for some faithful orthodox Greek sentinel giving a timely alarm we should have speedily marched through, as all Bethlehem was doing at its pleasure. But the alarm was sounded that some infidel Catholics were getting an advantage which might, without objection, grow into a right, and the door was closed in our faces just as we were in the act of passing out into the street on that side. The brother made no attempt to get the unfriendly gate opened, scorning to ask a favor at the hands of the unbelieving imps, but marched us all back to the place from whence we had started and around to the grotto. What gives the Milk Grotto its peculiar interest is the fact that the Virgin and Child concealed themselves here for a considerable period, pending the persecution of Herod, and before they were conducted into the land of Egypt. It appears that



the rock in which the grotto is situated, obtained its whiteness from some drops of the Virgin's milk which accidentally fell upon it on that occasion. This circumstance imparted to it the peculiar and interesting quality of miraculously increasing women's milk. The stone is soft, and pieces are broken off and conveyed to Europe and Africa, and perhaps America, to be administered to such as need its wondrous powers.

The road from Bethlehem to Jerusalem is less rocky and rough than any of the thoroughfares that lead out of the holy city, yet is so covered and filled up with stones, that it is with considerable difficulty that a mule can pick its way along it. There is no furlong of the whole route which could be safely traversed by even the strongest wagon or cart of our country. Stunted olive-trees find just enough soil between the stones to sustain a precarious life, and cultivation for grains or vegetables would be impossible.

A mile or more from Bethlehem, fifty feet to the left of the road, on the open plain or mountain top, stands a square stone structure, with but one door, and covered with a round, oven-shaped roof, of the same solid material. It is the tomb of Rachel; and what is above and beyond all, appears to be undoubtedly authentic. It is one of the very few shrines in the Holy Land which Moslem, Jew, and Christian agree in honoring, and concerning which their traditions are identical. There is no narrative in holy writ more simple, more graphic, or more affecting, than that which renders this spot sacred in the eyes of those who believe in the God of Israel. Jacob had been ordered to arise and go up to Bethel. The inheritance of Abraham and Isaac had been promised to him, and his name had been made Israel. With obedient faith he gathered together his family, his servants, and his flocks, and set out along the stony mountain road.

“And they journeyed from Bethel, and there was but



a little way to come to Ephrath: and Rachel travailed, and she had hard labor.

“And it came to pass, when she was in hard labor, that the midwife said unto her, Fear not, thou shalt have this son also.

“And it came to pass, as her soul was departing (for she died), that she called his name Benoni, but his father called him Benjamin.

“And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem.

“And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel’s grave unto this day.”

The pillar has long since been swept away by the ruthless hand of time. But thirty centuries of sorrow and suffering have failed to sweep away its memory from the posterity of Rachel. We gathered roses of Sharon and sweet violets from the tomb of the mother of Israel to take to a land in the far West, where her story and memory are to-day as fresh as when Moses wrote or Christ suffered.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE MARIGOLDS OF GETHSEMANE.

WE were to leave the holy city in the morning at eight o'clock. It was now four in the afternoon, and we had not visited the Garden of Gethsemane. True, we had walked or ridden around its solid walls almost a score of times, but by some chance, hammer and pound as we would at the iron door, we had never been able to arouse the sleepy gardener and to gain admittance. But as if the fates were against the accomplishment of our desires, it began to rain just as we were ready to set off. I think I should have been quite discouraged and given up the enterprise in despair; but two ladies were to accompany me, and these had courage enough for the three. Equipped with a stout umbrella, we started.

It is but a short distance from the walls of the town. From the hotel to St. Stephen's gate by the Via Doloroso is a walk of three minutes. And from the outside of that gate Gethsemane is at the bottom of Jehoshaphat and almost beneath our feet. The hilly sides of Kidron being almost a precipice from any point without the eastern wall, one can look down into Gethsemane, which is a walled inclosure of about one acre in area. It follows that after arriving at St. Stephen's gate, nothing is left to do but descend an abrupt hill of a hundred and fifty feet, cross the Kidron upon a small bridge, and knock at the garden door. This we did, and by good fortune soon heard the guardian working at the door on the inside,

trying to open it. It is probable that not many people visit the little garden, for the old fellow worked some time at the door, and then went back to his house to get another key, before he could let us in. At last, with a great deal of creaking, the gate ground upon its hinges and came open. An old Franciscan monk with his brown habit, reaching from neck to heel, bound at the waist with a rope, and bearing a spade in one hand and a rosary of black beads in the other, stood within and invited us in Italian to enter.

It would appear to be waste of time to recapitulate the incidents in the life of the Saviour which have given such an interest to this garden. Here he endured that "agony and bloody sweat" connected with the redemption of the world. Hard by is the place where his apostles slept while these terrible emotions were rending the humanity of our Lord. Into this inclosure Judas, followed by the minions of the law, entered and committed that act of crowning baseness, which was to give him so eminent a position at the head of all traitors. The old monk was polite and friendly, and upon perceiving that some of his guests were ladies, he hurried away to his cell at the corner of the garden, and brought forth an immense blue cotton umbrella and gallantly held it over them. It rained too hard at first to permit a stroll in the garden, so we were glad to avail ourselves of his offer to enter his little shed and wait till the storm passed away. An iron bedstead occupied one corner of the room, and a rough wooden table and two chairs of the same material completed his furniture. Baskets filled with beads and crosses of olive-wood, either finished or in course of construction, showed that the old monk followed, pretty industriously, the business of making this class of sacred goods. Rosaries and the like, from olive-wood of Gethsemane, are highly prized among Catholics.

The storm soon passed away to the west, covering with

its cloudy mantle the neighboring mountains of Moriah and Zion, while the heavy thunder rolled about the peaks of Omar and the distant tower of David. But to the east the green summit of Olivet stood forth in all the splendor of the setting sun. Umbrellas were closed as we sallied into the little garden and followed the old monk around its walks. Eight noble olive-trees unite their dark foilage in almost hiding from the sun the soil of Gethsemane. They are said to be the identical trees under which the disciples slept and the Son of Man prayed and agonized on the night of the terrible drama of his seizure and judgment. There appears to be no objection to this tradition upon the score of the oldness of the trees. They look as if they might be double the required age. The garden is not kept in such repair as might be thought due to its sacred character. A few marigolds grow in a bed near the center, while pansies adorn the walks, of which there are four in all; one next to the wall inclosing the whole, and three crossing the garden at different places. Nor is it probable that the soil of Gethsemane has been exalted to the honor of giving vitality to plants more rare or rich than flourished there when its quiet walks were frequented by our Saviour and his disciples. A quarter of its surface performs the humble office of sustaining cauliflowers, while ignoble cabbages and beets hold possession of as much more—symbolic, after all, of the character of the meek and lowly Redeemer, who condescended to seek his companions among the poor, and of the food of life he had to give them.

The four walls are ornamented upon their inner faces by pictures set therein, representing what is known in Catholic churches as the stations upon the march of Christ from Pilate's house along the Via Doloroso to the crucifixion on Calvary. They are, I believe, sixteen in number, and represent the flagellation, the crowning with thorns, the three several times when he fainted and fell

under the burden of the cross, the presentation of the handkerchief by St. Veronica, the assistance of Simon the Cyrenian, and the other incidents of that terrible event. A marble tablet set in the wall near the gate records that a Spanish lady of Madrid, whose name I omitted to take down, had at her own expense paved the outer walk of the garden, and caused the pictures to be set up.

The good monk, having shown us about the place as much as we desired, cut for the ladies a bouquet each of the marigolds and pansies, and upon learning that one of them desired it, cut each several stout sticks of olive-wood from the trees under which the Saviour is said to have lain. This done he offered to accompany us to the tomb of the Virgin Mary, which is but a few yards to the north of the garden, and there bless the olive-wood upon that sacred shrine. Not so much upon our own account as for the sake of friends in America, who think highly of such ceremonies, and to whom such things might be acceptable as presents, we consented, and the old monk, taking them in his gardener's bag, we set off for the tomb of the Mother of Jesus.

This is on the opposite side of the road which leads down from St. Stephen's gate, across Kidron, to Olivet and Bethany, and about a hundred feet from the north wall of Gethsemane. It is a low building with a handsome façade standing in a sunk court at the very bottom of the lowest part of the valley of Jehoshaphat. There is no structure or spot about Jerusalem more romantic than this, and it would claim attention and be worthy of a visit independently of the tradition which directs the eyes of the Catholic world toward it. Gray and worn by the lapse of time, surrounded by olive-trees as venerable as those of Gethsemane, and overshadowed by the lofty crest of Olivet, beneath whose very base it rests, and of Moriah upon the other, this chapel and tomb are as remarkable for the venerable aspect of its situation as



for the interesting circumstance that has rendered it sacred in the eyes of so many Christians. But, notwithstanding this is the tomb of the Virgin, it must not be understood that her body rests within it; for, according to the Catholic faith, as well as that of most Oriental Christians, the body of the Virgin ascended to heaven direct, and no longer remains upon earth. And this "Assumption," as it is called in the Catholic church, occurred at this place. The body having been once laid within the tomb, afterward ascended to heaven. The stone tomb, profusely decorated with flowers and pictures, and ornamented with hanging silver lamps and ostrich eggs, is of course now empty, but, like the Holy Sepulcher of the Saviour on Calvary, is entitled in the eyes of Catholics and Greeks to great honor, as having once contained the body now in heaven. On the left hand of the stairs leading down into the chapel is another tomb in marble, the last resting-place of Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary, while on the right are the tombs of Joachim and Anna, her parents.

The establishment appears to be divided up, as in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and others in Jerusalem, between the various rival Christian sects. And while the Catholics have the custody of several saintly burial-places, the Greeks, too, have rival establishments but a few feet away, which they set up as being equally sanctified, if not even more worthy of reverence. One of the tombs which was shown us was in the custody of the Greek church, and before we could see it, the good monk was obliged to ask permission of one of that hated denomination. He evidently did not like to humiliate himself by having intercourse with so wicked a fellow, especially as the request might be construed into an indirect acknowledgment of the genuineness of the tomb of a Greek saint. But his desire to oblige us got the better of his feelings, and the request was made.

The black-gowned and rimless-hatted priest who held the key came forward, and supposing us to be Catholics, took but little pains to be polite. We were in bad company, according to his notion. If he had known that we were Protestants it would have made his demeanor much more urbane. It is better here to be an infidel than a member of a hostile sect. One with no religion at all is tolerated and even courted, but to be a Catholic, is to invite the horror and disgust of a Greek; to be an Armenian is to debar yourself from ordinary human rights in the eyes of a Catholic. So far as I was concerned, having entered the place under the wing of our gardener monk from Gethsemane, I felt enlisted under the Catholic banner for the time, and accordingly, in good faith, hated the rascally Greek priest even more cordially than did our guide. I stumped around his trumpery little tomb as contemptuously and flippantly as if, instead of containing the body of a defunct saint of the Greek church, the villainous priest himself had been buried there. Scarcely looking at the picture that hung over it, or the gilt lamps that lighted it, I shoved my hands into my pockets and sauntered about, taking no pains to conceal my indifference. The most casual observer would have known that I had no faith in the sanctity of the Greek saint. The priest saw my unbelief and scowled Greek curses at me from under his black eyebrows. Passing back to the other side, to the tombs of Catholic saints, and in plain view of the Greek priest, I added to his disgust by paying even more than usual deference to the tomb of the rival establishment over the way.

In fact, it is impossible to be around when these little feuds are going on without taking sides. If you are seen in company with a Catholic, the Greek or Armenian puts you down for an enemy, and you soon get to believing that you are as unfriendly as he assumes you to be.

Besides, English and Americans are almost sure upon coming to the East to be laid under obligations to the Catholics. True, we could have been entertained at the various Hospices of the Greek church, supported by the Russian Government, but we felt nearer to the Catholics, and gave them the preference. We all had friends at home who are Catholics, but none who are Greeks. To Americans generally, the Greek faith is as outlandish as the worship of Brahma. In your host's quarrels, it is but right that you should take his side, and this I think Western Protestants generally do. I have never known an American or Englishman to stop at one of the Greek convents. But if they should do so, they might, and probably would, enter upon that side of the fight, and stand up for the Greeks and against the Latins.

Having visited not only the genuine holy places of the Catholics about the tomb and chapel of the Virgin, as well as the false ones of the Greeks, we emerged from its sacred precincts, and took our road up the hill-side, to St. Stephen's gate. The monk who had accompanied us from the garden, in order to bless our olive-wood, now insisted upon carrying it in his bag home to our hotel. And nothing we could say to the contrary would stop him. So, with it thrown over his back, though he was full seventy years old, he humbly and patiently jogged up the hill-side, and along the Via Doloroso, quite to our hotel door, where he bade us adieu with his warmest blessing.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### JOURNEYING TO JAFFA.

SCANDER, our dragoman, had charged me thirty-five dollars, American money, for bringing myself and wife from Jaffa up to Jerusalem. This charge included transportation of person and baggage, as well as board, lodging, and that which he laid the most stress upon, protection. But the Eastern traveler must go over the country about three times before he learns the tricks of these fellows. I saw enough to convince me that the protection business was a humbug; that if the Bedouins intend to rob a traveler they will not do it any the less because he has been, before setting out upon the voyage, swindled out of two prices by a rascally dragoman. Accordingly, two days before I was ready to return I sent for Scander and told him I wanted to go to Jaffa. "For what will you take me down?" I asked. He could not attend to it himself. He was, he said, going overland to Damascus; but he had a friend who was a Christian, who could do so. He would fetch him. In two minutes the "good Christian" stood before me, accompanied by Scander. "This is my brother," said that reputable gentleman. "He has horses and donkeys; he will take you to Jaffa and protect you from the Arabs at a reasonable price." "What is that price?" I demanded. "My brother is a Christian and will not charge you too much," said Scander, apparently turning the matter over in his mind, as if seeking for an answer, or rather for an excuse

to evade the question. "He is very honest; you can depend upon my brother. He is a Christian." I had not obtained the very highest opinions of Syrian Christians. "I wish to know the price in advance," I insisted. "For what will you take this gentleman, his wife, and baggage to Jaffa, Sulliman?" said Scander to his brother. "Do not charge him high, above all things, for he is not only a Christian but my warmest friend." A conversation ensued between the brothers in Arabic. They were very evidently discussing the question of how much I would stand. "My brother is disposed to be very liberal. If there was a party of you such as I brought up, he could take you at the very low price you paid me for coming from Jaffa hither, but as it is, he will be content with the sum of fifteen golden Napoleons; and I assure you it is low." "Scander," said I, "you are the only honest fellow I have met with in all the East. I feel sure, however, that your brother is misleading you as well as me about the prices. I have made inquiries of the landlord of the hotel and other persons, about the matter, and know just what it is worth. To take me down will require two good saddle-horses for myself and the lady—one strong mule for the baggage, and a donkey for the mukarah. We will go the first day to Ramleh, and the second to Jaffa. The price for this service is two Napoleons or a hundred and eighty-six piasters Turkish money. But you, as well as your brother, are a Christian, and I feel very friendly with you both on that account. I will therefore give you three Napoleons; so go along with you, and be sure and have the horses here in time." "But the escort for your protection? You may be robbed by the Bedouins." "I'll take care of that myself, Scander; just bring me the animals, and a mukarah to take care of them."

I had talked with General Beaubischeau, the American consul, about the matter, and understood it pretty well.



"The road," he said, "is as safe as that from Paris to London, but these rogues keep up the story about the danger simply to get money. I will send a couple of bashi-bazouks with you if you want them, but if you will believe me, they will only board at your expense. If the Bedouins want to rob you they will come in such force that you can not resist them, and you will get off better by not attempting it; and if they do so, file the claim with me and your loss will be made good in a month. One hundred dragomans or fifty bashi-bazouks would not alter the result."

We had planned to start at seven o'clock, but it was half-past eight before we were ready. Our bedroom door at the inn opened out upon the roof of one of the stories of the house. This, like all the rest, was of solid stone. As we issued forth we found both sides of the passageway in front of our chamber thronged with double rows of cooks and mukarahs. They were the attachés of our movable camp in our travels from Jaffa to Jerusalem and out to the Jordan and Dead Sea. Abdallah, the head cook, being the chief personage of the lot in point of dignity, led the band by standing nearest the door. The ostensible object of the demonstration, was to bid adieu to us after our journeyings. The real one was to obtain backshish.

It is the custom to pay a small sum by way of backshish to all who have served you. The price agreed upon, no matter how exorbitant, implies, according to their rules, an additional gratuity. I passed along the line bidding each adieu, and giving at the same time an Egyptian coin of five piasters, equal to about 23 cents American. To Abdallah, I gave two of them. The mukarahs were all well pleased; but the cook in chief evidently thought the sum small. He turned it over in his hand with a smile of contempt. "It is not enough, Abdallah," said I. He agreed with me. I held out my hand for it, and



he handed it back. I slipped it in my pocket, and passed on. Abdallah looked nonplused, and the others laughed at him. He was a pure-blooded African, with black skin and kinky hair, from Nubia. The others were all Syrians, and had white skins. I was anxious to see if his dignity would hold out against the temptation to ask me again for the money, feeling quite sure that his white comrades would have done so. But the result justified my opinion of his race. Blood will tell. Although I passed and re-passed the "nigger" three or four times before getting away from Jerusalem, he never once so much as looked at me. His natural contempt for my color and conduct entirely overbalanced his cupidity. He sacrificed the—in Jerusalem—not inconsiderable sum of a half dollar upon the altar of his pride.

The trunks had been strapped upon the pack-mule, and the horses were standing beneath the stone arch that covers the way leading from the Damascus gate to the Mosque of Omar, in which the inn stood. Our friends were all standing on the stone steps to bid us adieu. Scander took me aside, and intimated that I had better bribe the custom-house officer at the gate on going out, as otherwise he would insist upon unpacking the mule, and opening the trunks. I agreed to this without hesitation, and inquired what sum would suffice to corrupt that worthy official. He thought ten piasters would be enough, but recommended that I give it to the mukarah before setting out on the journey, and thus save myself any further trouble on this point. To this I readily assented, placing the required coin in the hands of the youth. The mukarah was simply an Arab boy of sixteen years, whose duty it was to drive the pack-mule and take care of the horses. He was mounted upon a donkey of the size of a sheep. Our hotel being near to the Damascus gate, we started in that direction, but were ordered back by the mukarah in short order. He was in command of

the expedition, and insisted, for some reason, that we must go out at the Jaffa gate. He knew but one sentence of any language not Arabic, and this he yelled at us at the top of his voice whenever he could get within hearing distance. His knowledge of languages, other than his own, was limited to the Italian words "*andiamo, Signore,*" equivalent to "come on," in English. This he had picked up about the convents and hurled at us from all directions and for all purposes. If we stopped for one moment for any purpose, or turned aside, or even looked back, we would hear the shrill voice of the little rascal yelling after us from some hill-top a mile behind, *Andiamo, signore, andiamo*. When we reached the gate, as we expected, the whole custom-house force rushed out at us, as if some notorious band of smugglers were attempting to get by. They all had flint-lock muskets, but one tall fellow was armed with a cutlass. He was the Collector of the Port. One of the musketeers, evidently the Surveyor, seized the pack-mule by the head and brought him to a halt. It looked for a moment as if our trunks would have to come off. An export duty is laid upon many articles leaving Jerusalem, and the officials looked honest and incorruptible. If there was to be an election shortly, it was quite clear that we could not be there to vote or work the ticket. But the mukarah spoke a word in Arabic to the Collector of the Port. He in turn issued an order to the Surveyor, who released the mule. "*Andiamo, signore*" shouted the boy, and we moved on, the pack-mule following. The boy stayed back, apparently to arrange the matter. When we reached the Russian Hospital, a large building a quarter of a mile from the gate, we stopped to wait for the mukarah. We soon saw him galloping up the road as fast as his little donkey could carry him, but to our surprise as well as anxiety, the Collector and the Surveyor were also pursuing him in full run. The boy was laughing and the officers talking

loudly and angrily. They came directly to me and asked for backshish, giving me at the same time to understand in bad Italian that the boy had promised them ten piasters, and upon the mule being passed had refused to pay it. I turned my horse's head toward Jaffa, and pointing at the mukarah told them that he was the holder of the purse. The boy grinned in the faces of the exasperated authorities, holding the money in his teeth where they could see its edge. But they did not attempt to stop him. He followed us, and the Collector and Surveyor of Jerusalem turned back, I have no doubt, with new plans for the future.

We did not wait for our baggage to keep with us, but posted on down the mountain as fast as possible. The day was beautiful, being in the very opening of spring. Two or three bare-legged, tramping Arabs set off down the country as we did, and so bad are the roads that a footman has quite the weather-gage of travelers on horseback. They could easily keep up with us if they desired, and unfortunately for my entire mental comfort, they chose to do so. The reputation of the country was not first-rate. They might be honest wayfarers or they might be prowlers after mischief. The real fact no doubt was, that they kept along with the idea of begging food in case we stopped on the roadside for refreshment; but near Kirjath-Jearim there are two miles of good road for horseback traveling, and this we improved to get away from our unwelcome companions.

At the foot of the mountain we stopped opposite a roadside khan. A dozen camel-drivers, bringing oranges from Jaffa to Jerusalem, were smoking, and drinking coffee, the laden beasts lying down outside. The Arab publican came across the road the moment we stopped, bringing wooden stools and taking charge of our horses. Having secured them to posts driven in the ground, he returned to the house and brought out the inevitable coffee-pot

and the little cups. We ate our luncheon, which we had brought along, the camel-drivers meanwhile staring curiously at us from the porch. When we had finished, we drank each a cup of coffee; our horses were brought to us, and we were assisted to mount. I inquired the charge. The host gave us to understand that it was not for one so humble as him to place a limit upon the boundless generosity of the great Frankish lord who, with his favorite wife, had left the West to visit the land of the morning. At this hint I gave him ten piasters (a half-dollar), which, in the Oriental style, he reverentially touched to his forehead, his lips, and his breast, bidding us *mar-salaama*; and we set off for Ramleh.

The sun was just setting as we rode through the prickly-pear hedges that lead to the convent, and the muezzins were in the mosque-towers calling all good Mus-sulmans to prayer, assuring the faithful that it was better than food or sleep. It was the first time we had heard the cry. Leaning over the balcony of the minaret, first upon one of its four sides and then, in their order, the other three, he calls in all directions in the sweet, wild song of Arabia, the notes of which I had heard so often in Spain, "There is no God but God. To prayer! Lo! God is great."

We were the only travelers in the convent at Ramleh that night. A good supply of lamb and chicken was set before us by the Italian lay-brother, whose duty it is to relieve the wants of wayfarers; and then good, clean beds, built upon the rod-iron bedsteads of Italy, were furnished us. I asked the brother to let us sleep till eight o'clock in the morning before calling us, to which he readily consented; but to our surprise, at daybreak we heard a loud knock at the door.

I opened the door and looked out. It was the mukarah. "What do you want, you rascal?" "*Andiamo, signore, andiamo,*" he said, pointing in the direction of

Jaffa. "Go away, you good-for-nothing," said I, slamming the door in his face and jumping back into bed. I lay there a quarter of an hour, when I heard a terrible groaning and whining at the door. Some one was evidently in great distress. Again I got up and looked out. It was the boy. He was lying on his face, writhing and twisting as if in the agonies of death. I was alarmed. The boy was evidently terribly sick. He acted as if under the influence of strychnine. He looked up at me and gave a terrible groan, and rolled off the steps. It did not seem possible that he could live half an hour. I went out and looked around the convent for help. But no one was up. It was yet too early. "What is the matter?" I tried to ask him. He groaned and writhed and faintly whispered, "Andiamo, signore." I could do nothing for him, and went back to my room. But I could hear the poor fellow's groans, and his faint appeals to me of "Andiamo, signore," at intervals. At last I began to hear the sound of others moving about the convent, and turned out to seek help for the dying boy. The brother came and looked at him. He shook his head and smiled. "There is nothing the matter," he said. "He wants to get on to Jaffa, where there is a great Mohammedan festival to-day." I could not conceive it to be possible for the little rascal to be such a perfect actor, but could not help the matter, so left him and got breakfast; but the event justified the good brother's opinion, for when we came out from breakfast we found the horses ready saddled, the mule packed and at the door, while the sick mukarah, mounted upon his little donkey, led off down the Jaffa road, singing his Arab song as cheerily as if he had never known a moment's sickness in his whole life.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### COASTING IN THE GREAT SEA.

THE Franciscan brother called us to a comfortable breakfast at eight o'clock on the morning we were to leave Jaffa. The Austrian steamer would be in port in an hour, he said, and we must not leave the Convent of the "Terra Santa" with empty stomachs. Stewed lamb, preserved fruits, and coffee were served to us in the breakfast-room in sufficient quantities, and the great oranges of Jaffa without stint. While we ate, the Superior of the Order in Palestine, in whose bed we had slept the night before, arrived from Ramleh, whither he had been upon a journey connected with his responsible office. Followed by two serving-brothers, the great church lord paid us a visit of state in the breakfast-room. But he would not sit down. He came to know if his guests had been well treated, and to bid them welcome in an official way. We had not only been well treated, but had been entertained beyond our expectations. The good priest was pleased to hear it, and bade us adieu. Four and twenty or more of Syrians, with bag-legged trousers, hung about the door, waiting to seize upon our baggage as we should come out of the convent. As many boatmen were ready to carry us off to the steamer. We were known to be the only passengers in the town. The matter had been no doubt discussed among the baggage-smashing fraternity over night. No other vessel would arrive for days, and but two solitary people to be

taken to her. On the sum to be obtained for this service, forty or fifty adults and their respective families must be supported for at least a week. There was a rushing to and fro when we appeared at the front door. Four stout fellows pulled back and forth at the ends of the carpet bag; as many more contended for the possession of the package containing the shawls and umbrella. As for the trunk it was lost sight of in the vast concourse of ragamuffins who piled on and around it in their frantic efforts to get possession of this, the great prize article of plunder. We got through the crowd and down to the beach. Scores of brawny fellows stood ready to carry us through the surf to as many different boats that lay eight feet from the shore. I had learned the habits and customs of Syrian boatmen pretty well, so I spoke to none, but got into the first boat without asking questions. Into this I insisted that all my baggage should be put, otherwise I would not leave the shore. The plan is to carry an article of some sort off in each boat, and to charge full prices for all. At last we got started, all the boats in Jaffa harbor lifting anchor and following us. It was like a regatta. The passage between the rocks is not too wide for one boat to get through comfortably, but as for two to pass abreast, the thing is impossible. At the narrow entrance to the little harbor we were thrown into a line, our boat passing out ahead. From here to the steamer, a half mile, it was a pretty sharp pull, all trying to make her in time to get hold of the luggage and carry it up the ship's side. There was a strong swell around the ship, for she was anchored at sea in reality, there being no harbor for large vessels at Jaffa. All the boats drove head on to the steamer's steps about the same moment, and the frantic rush was resumed. We got upon the steamer's deck in the best manner we could, and then waited till the energetic 'long-shoremen of Jaffa had settled the various questions of prize that naturally arose

out of our capture, and until they had divided the plunder and brought it upon the deck of the steamer. This done they marched aft to where I sat, in a compact body. I was glad that this meeting was upon the deck of a good ship, instead of upon the mainland and in some out-of-the-way place. I have seldom seen a harder-looking set of fellows in my travels. It looked like a Democratic convention, in committee of the whole, waiting on a candidate to inform him of his nomination to an office. Each one of them swore by the beard of the Prophet that he, and he alone, had carried the bulk of my baggage, and that but for him I should have been robbed of all my goods. They all talked at the tops of their voices at one time, and all told the same story. There was not enough money in Syria to pay them according to their claims. But I had expected this and was prepared. I first satisfied myself that all my goods had come on board. Then I called the mate of the ship, a stout German who fully understood my friends by a long residence among them. "Here is my baggage," said I, "and some one of these fellows has brought it off from the convent. How much must I pay?" "Two florins," he answered promptly, "will be ample." "Here are six francs, French money, one more than you think right; pay them." He took it and gave it to the nearest fellow. Then calling a couple of sailors he ordered them in Arabic to clear the decks in double-quick. My friends knew their man, and they were going over the side about as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

The coast of Syria from Jaffa to Beyrout is very even and free from jutting headlands and neighboring islands. The ship sails almost due north, and within a mile or two of the shore the whole distance. For fifty miles or more the land is low, the valley of the Sharon being spread out from the sea, with the distant mountains of Ephraim in the southeast. At one o'clock we passed within thrée-quarters

of a mile of the ruins of Cesarea. Nothing can be more desolate than this once busy mart of Syrian prosperity. The soil of Herod's capital has not been darkened by the shadow of a human inhabitant for a thousand years. A mournful and solitary silence reigns not only over it, but over the whole shore of the plain of Sharon. The ruins of the ancient port, with its vast moles and buttresses, and the fallen columns that once ornamented it, still project far into the open sea, while the roar of the waves dashing over the shell-covered rocks is the only sound that breaks the stillness of Cesarea by the sea-coast. The rise of this city, and its promotion to the rank of capital of Palestine, was exclusively the work of Herod the Great. A striking evidence of the decline of Judaism was the creation of this city to be the national capital. The ancient cities of Israel were all inland, so especially located as the secure seat of an exclusive and peculiar people holding to a singular faith. Herod's object was evidently to inaugurate a new system, commercial in character, and to form a closer acquaintance with the Western nations. Cesarea was the scene of many important events in the foundation of the early church. Philip, after baptizing the Ethiopian Eunuch on his way to Gaza, "was found at Ashdod; and passing through, he preached in all the cities till he came to Cesarea," and there remained with his four daughters engaged in the work. Peter came down from the mountains to the saints which dwelt in Lydda, and "Saron saw him and turned to the Lord." Thence he went to Joppa, where he saw the vision which led him to open the gates of the church to the Gentiles. He set out from Joppa with a "devout soldier" and the servants of Cornelius, and came along the shore to Cesarea, where he baptized the Roman Centurion, the first Gentile convert. It was to this place also that Paul was brought a prisoner from Jerusalem. It was in a palace of Cesarea that he preached of righteousness, temperance, and judg-

ment to come, and made Felix tremble. It was here that he forced King Agrippa to exclaim, "Almost thou persuadedst me to be a Christian;" and it was from this same harbor, now in ruins, and into which no ship has sailed for a thousand years, that he set out on his eventful journey to Rome. Here it was that another wonderful episode in sacred history took place. Herod, the grandson of its founder, and probably even more cruel than the murderer of the first-born of Israel, after having massacred James, and attempted the life of Peter, came down to Cesarea upon a festival day, attired in his most gorgeous robes. Entering the theater, he took his place upon the throne. The theater was open above, like all of that time, and it being early in the day the morning sun blazed down upon the gold and precious stones that adorned the king's person; and the eyes of the people were dazzled with the richness of his apparel. He made an oration to them, and they cried out: "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man!" "And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory, and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost." In the way of notable and worthy men, Cesarea is not without her share. Here Eusebius, the father of Ecclesiastical History, was born, and here he spent nearly the whole of his life. And here, too, Procopius, the historian, was born in the beginning of the sixth century.

The valley of the Sharon ends within a few miles north of Cesarea, and the hills that lie about the base of Mount Carmel extend quite down to the sea. The range or mountain spur, of which Carmel is the end, extends northwesterly from Samaria, overlooking the valley of Esdraelon upon one side and the plain of Sharon upon the other, until it terminates in a lofty promontory jutting out into the sea. This is Mount Carmel, and high upon the western declivity of this ridge stands the convent of the Carmelite friars. It is a landmark that may be seen



up and down the coast for many leagues. Built of white stones, and with a handsome cupola springing out of the center, Carmel itself can not be seen at a much greater distance than the substantial residence of the monks that dwell on its rugged sides.

It was upon Carmel that the prophet Elijah lived and worked the miracles related of him in holy writ. Near to the convent is still shown the spot where was held the great contest between the prophet of the living God, and the eight hundred and fifty priests of Baal. And in the vale below, after the false prophets had from morning till noon, and from noon till the time of the evening sacrifice, implored their gods in vain to assist them, they were here conducted to the torrent of Kishon by the triumphant Elijah and slaughtered. From the slaughter the prophet and the king again returned to the brow of Carmel, the former to pray for rain, the latter to join in the sacrificial feast. And again was the power of the Almighty shown through the instrumentality of Elijah, for after sending his servant seven times to the summit to look for the coming rain, he returned with the intelligence that he saw "the little clouds rising out of the sea." And from this commanding height Elisha saw the Shunammite afar off urging her ass over the plain. He sent his servant to meet her, but she took little notice of him and pressed up the hill to "the man of God." Dismounting hastily, she threw herself upon the ground and caught him by the feet. It is the custom to do so to-day in Syria. Elisha, on hearing her sad tidings, sent away Gehazi with his staff to lay on the dead child. But the mother was not to be put off thus: "As the lord liveth and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose and followed her."

Formed by the promontory of Carmel and the foot-hills of the Lebanon range is the bay of Akka or Acre; and into this we steamed at one o'clock, dropping anchor in

the port, called by the English Akka, and by the French St. Jean d'Acre. To the southeast the valley of Esdraelon spreads away for twenty miles, till cut off by the towering hills of Nazareth. But these mountains, as well as the lofty promontory of Carmel, are dwarfed into nothingness when we turned toward the north side of the bay of Acre—for here we get the first glimpse of snow-clad Hermon, the last of the anti-Lebanon range, and the tallest peak in Syria. The bay of Acre is the best and almost the only harbor between Alexandria and Beyrout. There is no such thing as a wharf, and we had to get on shore the best we could, by means of the boats rowed by just such rascally fellows as infest the harbor of Jaffa. In fact it is the same in them all from Alexandria to Constantinople. Acre is built upon a triangular tongue of land which projects into the bay from the northeast. It is one of the strongest places in the East, and may be called a complete fortress in the sea. From the point of the tongue upon which the town is built, the ruins of an ancient mole extends eastward, and incloses a little harbor barely large enough to hold a few small boats, and this almost filled up with sand. Massive fortifications protect the place upon the side next the sea, while on the land side there is a strong rampart and deep fosse. It was at Acre that Sir Sidney Smith, in 1799, made his stand and rolled back the advancing columns of Napoleon, dashing to the earth forever his hopes of building up an Eastern empire. But when the rugged nature of this country is considered, taken in consideration with the really strong character of the defenses of the place, while it must always be ranked as a gallant action, it can scarcely be considered a wonderful one. No place in all Palestine, during the Crusades, was more notable for deeds of daring than Acre. After its capture by Baldwin II., in 1103, it soon became the great seaport and place of rendezvous for Crusaders coming into the country. The fleets of

those merchant princes, the Venetians, the Genoese, and the Pisans, sailed into the bay of Acre, crowded with pilgrim Crusaders, and laden with arms, munitions, and warlike stores. And when misfortunes gathered around the armies of the cross, it was to Acre they fled for safety. It was taken by Saladin in 1187; but four years after, three kings—Guido of Jerusalem, Philip of France, and Richard of England—gathered in siege around its walls and won it back to Christendom. In 1229, it was the chief city of the kingdom of Jerusalem, then waning in power, and here the three great orders had their headquarters. But this kingdom, founded in the East at the expense of so much blood and treasure, at last sank away from the governments of the earth. After a siege of thirty-three days the Moslems forced the walls, and death or slavery was the lot of sixty thousand Christians. Of five hundred Knight-Templars, ten alone lived to tell the tale.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### FROM BEYROUT TO DEMITRI CARA'S HOTEL.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when I went upon deck. The ship lay at anchor in a spacious bay with but one side open to the sea. Above our heads towered a lofty mountain, its snow-clad peak glistening under the rays of a bright morning sun, while the valley at its base, extending from the water's edge, was green with growing grain, and ornate with groves of tall cypress and graceful date-palms. Turning to the opposite side of the harbor, there lay, among the green gardens and against the hill side, the white walls, the mediæval towers, and the scattered villas of a half European, half Syrian city. The snow-clad mountain was Lebanon, the bay that of St. George, and the city the Berytus of the ancients, the modern Syrian commercial metropolis, Beyrout. Twenty shore-going boats had already made fast to every possible part of the ship by which they could hold on, while as many more lay bobbing up and down upon the water within speaking distance, and all filled with turban-covered boatmen, clamoring in some modern or ancient language for business in conveying passengers on shore.

A peculiar weakness of the human family is that of language. In a foreign country no traveler ever thinks of speaking a word of his own tongue when he can avoid it. But if he knows so much as one word of some other, that he will use upon all occasions. Responsive to this known peculiarity, the boatmen, mukarahs, and camel-

drivers of the East bawl to you in such words of unknown tongue as they may have picked up, feeling that if they do not understand it, possibly the *howadji* may. The American invariably speaks French to all nations with whom he comes in contact, unless he knows a little Italian or German, and in that case mixes the whole together, and uses it indiscriminately. The Frenchman standing by his side, at the same moment, will, perhaps, be mingling the few words of Spanish which he knew when he started on his voyage, with the English he has learned the day before, and try them upon the same Arab or Copt to whom his American friend is speaking in French. The traveler's logic seems to run thus: All men speak some language. If they do not speak my language, they must speak a foreign language. This Arab or Egyptian does not understand me. I must, therefore, address him in a foreign language. Having established this irresistible proposition, he speaks to the fellow in French, and wonders why he is so stupid as not to understand it. And so fifty tongues were being shouted at us by as many boatmen, each fellow taking care to speak in some tongue unintelligible to himself.

At last, a tall fellow with bag trousers and fez cap introduced himself as André, a Christian and a Greek. Giving us his card, in which he evidently took great pride, he stood back and permitted us to read that elegant specimen of the typographer's art. It set forth in tolerable good English, that the Oriental Hotel, of which the said André, Greek and Christian, was the proprietor, was an elegant establishment within the walls of Beyrout, that it commanded a fine view of Mount Lebanon, and was free from bed-bugs. I asked him the price of board and lodging per day. It was, he said, sixty piasters a day, but just for the moment there was no one in his house, and he was willing to make a reduction. He would, under the circumstances, let me have the best room in it



at forty-five piasters, but it would be upon condition that I would keep the price a profound secret ; that there was a considerable party of Americans on their way from Jerusalem, as he had been informed, and that as soon as they should arrive he intended to exact the full sum of sixty piasters per day. This is the custom all through the East. The merchant, the hotel-keeper, and the mechanic never have any fixed prices. They make a separate contract with each guest or customer, and think nothing of it. It is among themselves considered perfectly fair to get all they can ; but they soon find, in dealing with Europeans or Americans, that this is not considered right, so when they make a trade with one guest or customer, whether for a high or low price, it is always under the seal of secrecy.

Our baggage was soon safely stowed in André's boat, and we pulling in for the custom-house. Two huge square towers appear to defend the entrance to Beyrout, but a closer examination shows the idea of their strength to be delusive. Riddled with shot-holes, and ready to tumble down, they appear to be more dangerous to the orderly citizens who may pass by them than they could be to any foreign foe. It appears that Ibrahim Pasha held Beyrout in 1840, in the memorable campaign in which he came near overthrowing the Sultan's power, and placing his family upon the throne of Othman. But the English, who were hostile to his purpose, came into St. George's Bay, and shelled him out of his stronghold, giving such a blow to his cause as to destroy it, and inflicting irreparable ruin upon the defenses of the town. But the injury to the commercial interests was but momentary. It speedily recovered, and is now more prosperous than at any time before, either ancient or modern.

The custom-house at Beyrout is a mere open shed fronting upon the water. The tides in the Mediterranean being so inconsiderable, houses may be built quite up to the

water's edge, so that one may step out of a boat upon the stone floor. In dealing with Oriental custom-houses it is always an advantage to travel in as numerous a company as possible. You must bribe them or have your goods roughly handled. They must obtain a certain sum to satisfy their daily necessities, and this they will have whether the party be large or small. But in an important commercial town like Beyrout, where are many Frankish merchants, you can not make a bargain with them openly; but some little semblance of secrecy must be kept up with respect to the nefarious transaction. In Jaffa, when I embarked, the custom-house officer stopped me, in the presence of at least fifty people, and stated that for five piasters my baggage could pass without being opened. This I paid without hesitation. But in Beyrout the fellow made no demand, and called for my keys. Knowing that I had nothing either contraband or dutiable, I determined to let him open the trunks and keep my money. So I handed him the keys. He hesitated and looked hard at me to see if I would take the hint, but I looked defiantly and told him to blaze away. He went in with a will, and soon had all my goods out upon the floor. But in vain; every thing was all right. He put them back and then demanded my passport. I gave it to him. He looked at it, and said that he would take it to the pasha's office, to see if it was in due form. I saw through the trick, and said, "All right; take it where you please," and followed André to the Oriental Hotel. The first thing I did after getting there was to hurry off to the American consul to make a complaint, but the fellow had been quicker than I was, and I found the passport there ready for me when I arrived. One of André's servants were waiting for us at the custom-house, and upon his back all our baggage—trunk, carpet-bag, and shawls—was loaded, and he marched away ahead of us, to the hotel.

Although Beyrout is a thriving commercial town, it has not yet learned the advantages of the carrying of burdens upon wheels. All the baggage of travelers; all the goods of merchants, exported and imported; all the silks, raw and manufactured, which gives the place its importance; all the cotton and wool, the dates and the oranges, the flour and grain, the iron, steel, and coal, that goes out or comes into Beyrout, is borne from the sea to the houses upon the backs of camels. A wagon or cart is almost, though not quite, as novel an engine in Beyrout, as in Jerusalem or Jaffa. Such a thing may be seen here, but so seldom as not to enter into the economy of the place or its business. There is but one street in the town wide enough to admit of a wagon to pass; and until this difficulty is remedied, man and beast in the primitive and natural way, must be the common carriers. Beyrout has a population of about sixty thousand souls. The first town in Syria for commerce, it is but the third in point of size, Damascus and Aleppo both out-ranking it in this respect. But the constant increase which has been going on here for twenty years past, must soon place it the first, not only in importance, but in numbers. Its chief article of export is raw silk. The whole Lebanon country is becoming a mulberry grove. As yet the greater portion of the silk is sent out of the country in an unmanufactured condition, but quite a number of looms are being put up in little houses along the brow of the hill back of the town, and this branch of industry will no doubt soon help to give importance to Beyrout.

I found the American consul, Mr. Johnson, trimming a lemon-tree in the garden upon which his house fronts. Americans are not so plenty yet in the East as to withdraw from them the usual courtesy to strangers as is the case in some parts of Europe. He was evidently glad to see any thing in the shape of a countryman, and as he proved to be a gentleman of more than usual kindness of

manner, as well as cultivation and personal dignity, he soon made me as welcome to his house as my unexpected appearance had been to him. He has been American consul at Beyrout for ten years past, a thing so strange in American political affairs that I was forced to the notion that the office is not worth intriguing for. But the district over which he exercises general control is extensive, and at times must require no little diplomatic skill to properly superintend it. He mentioned to me in conversation that Bagdad was in his district. "Bagdad," said I; "how many Americans may there be in Bagdad? I would like to know." "Only one," he answered. "But he has been there for several years past. He writes me about two letters a year, just to inform me in an official way, that he is there upholding the dignity and claiming the protection of the Stars and Stripes." I had been traveling a good while, entertaining all the time a faint hope of reaching a place where I should be the only American. But this was a settler in that direction.

"In the name of common sense," said I, "tell me what this American is doing in Bagdad." "He is taking photographs, I believe," said Mr. Johnson. Just think of it—an American photographer with his cameras and chemicals, his negatives and positives, his plates, cards, emory-rubbers, and apparatus generally, scampering about the narrow lanes and blind alleys where Haroun al Raschid and Mustapha have so often lurked in disguise, where Sinbad told his stories, and where the three Calenders met with their strange adventures. I wonder if he has taken a view of Aladdin's palace? Does the beautiful princess of Persia sit to him? and does Queen Gulnare take best in profile or full face? It would be interesting to know, for "the apparatus can't lie." I know the fellow without even having seen him, or heard more than Mr. Johnson told me; and if I ever go to Bagdad I shall be able to pick this photographer out of any crowd

in which I may find him. He is five feet eight inches high, spare made, with light whiskers and blue eyes. He was born and brought up in Massachusetts, and took up the photographers' art of his own accord. If there be more piasters and paras in Bagdad than is absolutely necessary for the business purposes of the place, he will one day bring them back to New England. If there are not, he will have lived upon the best, and will have photographed Haroun and Mustapha, as well as Sinbad and the barber who was supposed to have died with the fish-bone in his throat, Aladdin and Ali Baba, if they be still in Bagdad, and will be selling them some day in Boston.

American influence in certain directions has been very considerable in this part of Syria. It is here that the members of the great New York metal house—Phelps, Dodge & Co.—have distinguished themselves in the philanthropic work of educating the people. Each member of the firm has at one time or another made donations amounting in the aggregate to fifty thousand or perhaps one hundred thousand dollars. And here one or another of them is generally to be found overlooking the work. Just at this time it is Mr. Dodge and family who are spending a half year in Beyrout. The American Missionary Society established a branch here thirty-five years ago, and the result of their efforts is already showing itself, or at least so I am told. I met with several graduates of the American Mission School, who having completed their education, were engaged in the useful vocation of dragomans. My experience has been, however, that these fellows, like every thing American, beat all creation, for they are by all odds sharper than any other dragomans in the East. In time those educated at the schools can be depended upon to continue the work, and then the good will more plainly show itself. The American Missions established throughout the East are



carried on upon a more thorough and comprehensive plan than even those of the English, and their operations have been not only beneficial to the cause of civilization, but highly creditable to the American name. And it is only now that they have become fully established and in working order. No other nations have made any effort in this direction. In ancient times Berytus was famed for its schools. Students came to it from the most distant countries. Philosophy and the languages were taught. But it was as a school of the civil law that it was especially pre-eminent. May not the effects of these benevolent men from the West restore to Beyrout the position she once held in the East? If so let them have all the credit due to so noble an achievement.

For several years a company of French capitalists have been laboring in the mountains of Lebanon in the construction of a macadamized road from Beyrout to Damascus. A good wagon road in any part of Syria is as much an advance upon the mountain trails over which the camels and asses of Syrian commerce make their tedious way, as is the Pacific Railroad over the Sierra Nevada an improvement upon the worst mountain cartway, in California, which has its terminus at a shingle machine. It is doubtful which, in the eyes of the rude nations of the country through which we passed, was the most wonderful thing in connection with this work—the road itself or the uses to which it was to be put; the continuous hard, white, and level surface, winding like a serpent through marsh and over mountain, from one side of the land to the other, or the queer houses upon wheels that rolled and rattled along, keeping up with the horses that appeared to fly before them as if vainly endeavoring to escape. Fortunately for us the road had been recently finished, and we were spared the toilsome journey of five days, on horseback, over the mountains and through the snows that lie between Beyrout and Damascus. The trip

is made in about fifteen hours, and the conveyance, a diligence, drawn by ten horses. Taking the precaution one day in advance to secure the three coupé seats, in order to avoid, as much as possible, immediate contact with Arab travelers, we prepared to start, according to schedule, at three o'clock in the morning. André promised to call us at two. I had engaged the only carriage in town—a sort of cab found at the stage office—to call for us at half-past that hour. Feeling that all had been done that prudence required, we retired early, as we fondly hoped, in the words of Richard Swiveller, Esq., “to court a few hours of the balmy.”

In 1860 or 1861, either by accident or design, there occurred at Damascus and throughout the Lebanon country what the Christians call a premeditated attempt to massacre the whole of the Christian portion of the community. The Mohammedan authorities, on the other hand, claim it to have been one of those outbreaks so natural in all countries where distinct castes or religion are kept up, and that nobody was to blame except the Christians themselves in refusing to believe in the Prophet of God. The poor Christians, however, have in support of their view of the case the substantial fact that during the riot no less than five thousand of their people of all ages and sexes were indiscriminately butchered in cold blood. So terrible a shock as this to the peace of a community could scarcely be recovered from in a century, much less five years. The consequence is that both sides may be said to sleep upon their arms. People who remember seeing their brothers, sisters, and children flying from the furious demons of Mohammed, or their bodies cold in death—themselves hiding in holes and caverns for safety from the same cruel enemy—can scarcely be expected to feel wholly at ease within five years, especially when they meet the identical murderers at every street corner as they walk out, or in every mountain pass as they

travel. The fires of the Lebanon civil war, if the massacre of the weak by the strong may be dignified by that name, still slumber ready to break forth at any moment. The conduct of France upon that occasion, was so decisive, that it convinced the Porte, and probably the Moslem population of Damascus, and the Pashalic of Lebanon, that the murder of Christian men, women, and children by their own firesides and the burning of their houses over their heads, though a great luxury, was, upon the whole, rather too expensive an amusement.

Since that time a numerous night police has patrolled the towns, both of Beyrout and Damascus, and it was to one of these fellows we owed the loss of sleep on the night before our journey. The night was cold, and he had found a corner or deep door, in which he could sit and be partially protected from the night air. This retreat unfortunately, was directly under our window. The fellow evidently had the faculty of sleeping by short naps, at the end of which he would wake with a start and yell out, at the top of his voice an Arabic formula, which when translated was to the effect that "God is great!" that he, the watchman, was wide awake, and the Christians on his beat were quiet. This done he would turn around to a more comfortable position and again go to sleep. But his shout would always have the effect to start another fellow just down the street under a staircase, who would, with equally sonorous voice, express similar opinions with respect to the attributes of the Deity, and accord with his comrade upon the peaceful attitude of the Christian population. Like the crowing of cocks at midnight, this cry would be caught up and echoed and re-echoed from one end of Beyrout to the other, now dying away around the point of the hill, now coming up fresh from the other end of the city. This occurred all night at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes, so that I was heartily glad when I heard the footsteps of André clattering across the

stone floor to tell us it was time to get up. By the time we were dressed we heard the rattling of our cab over the rough pavement as it started from the stable, and growing louder and louder, till, after turning and twisting among narrow alleys—never intended for conveyances wider in the gauge than a donkey—coming in our direction for a time, then getting farther away, with the twists in the street, till at last, it was called to a halt in front of our door. This awoke our trusty sentinel, who, after again expressing his opinion upon the subject of the Creator of all things, approached the cab and interrogated the driver, with the view of ascertaining if this night excursion was not some fresh conspiracy on the part of malignant Christians to get themselves massacred by the true believers. Having satisfied himself upon this point he reported to the fellow under the staircase the condition of the public peace, and again resumed his post and slumbers in the door beneath our late window.

But neither his sentiments nor fears troubled us any more that night, and we were soon set down at the door of the diligence office. Being the only Franks who were to go to Damascus, and, having taken the whole coupé to ourselves, we were treated with corresponding consideration. A crowd of Arabs and Damascenes stood about in the dark, outside the door, waiting for the stage to get ready. We were invited to enter the office and to take seats. Coffee, that inevitable incident to Oriental politeness, was brought in, and we were treated to small cups of that beverage. The horses having been put to the stage, we were shown through a private door and into our places before the other passengers, and when all was snug, the gate was thrown open and we felt and heard the bare-legged fellows scrambling about over and through the vehicle in search of places. Then after a great deal of shouting in Arabic, the diligence started.

Beyrout is situated upon a long tongue of land jutting

out into the sea from the base of Mount Lebanon. A half hour of brisk trotting brought us to the ascent. It was then about four o'clock in the morning. From that hour till nine o'clock, stopping only to change the tired horses, we were making our slow and difficult way to the summit. It was quite warm when we left the gardens about Beyrout, and the air fragrant with peach and orange blossoms. But long before daylight we had entered the region of snow, and the wheels were crunching through the cake ice which had formed in the road. From the summit the road immediately runs down the opposite side, and in one hour and a half we were in the wide and beautiful valley of the Litany—the Leontes of the ancients. Here, at an Arab khan by the road-side, we stopped to change horses and to breakfast.

The road from Beyrout to Damascus is wholly without Palestine proper, but passes within a few miles of its extremest northern point. The possessions of *Asher*, reached the south side of Lebanon, while those of *Naph-tali* and *Dan* ended with Hermon, a point parallel with them but more inland. The beautiful valley of Cœle-Syria lies between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges. No finer climate, no richer soil, no more prosperous peasantry can be found in all the East than rest upon, make productive, and enjoy the vale watered by the Leontes of classic story. On the west rises cedar-crowned Lebanon, overlooking Cœle-Syria and the great sea, while on the east and south lofty Hermon, with his mantle of snow, joins in shutting out from the world this image of the happy valley of Rasselas. From the mountain side the pure waters of the Litany, like a silver thread, can be traced almost from the columns of distant Heliopolis, winding along the center of the plain, and here at its banks I was tempted to drink of and lave my hands in the pure pebble-bottomed stream. How many strange religious ceremonies we witnessed by the classic waters



of Leontes almost before the story of civilization had begun to be written; how many queer scenes occurred upon its banks as its pure stream glided to the sea. Gushing from the earth almost beneath the shadows of the sun's temple at Baalbec, its waters were gathered up to be poured out in libations to all the gods of Greece and Egypt, of Assyria and Babylon. Then floating around the base of Lebanon, to behold for a time, side by side with sacred Jordan, the worship of the living God, first watering the flocks of Asher, then of Naphtali, they were tempted westward by the tears of the maidens of Phœnicia, shed over the untimely fate of Adonis, and, joining these, poured themselves together into the Great Sea.

The ascent of the Anti-Lebanon, over which we pass to reach Damascus, is but little less tedious than that of the Lebanon. Three hours, however, brought us to the summit. From here the country breaks off gradually into a table-land, high and desolate, the hills chalky, the valleys sterile and uncultivated.

The road over which we passed had been in course of construction ten years, and at a cost of untold sums of money. There is no better road in the world. The bed is wide, smooth, and perfect; the bridges and culverts are of stone, and built in the most durable manner, and altogether it would be a credit to the oldest country in Europe. All this has been done by the stockholders with the hope of getting the whole or a part of the travel and carrying trade between the two great cities of Beyrout and Damascus. But I fear they have not made a proper estimate of Oriental ignorance and prejudice. I watched carefully the whole day looking for one single native passenger on foot or mounted, to travel the road. But in vain; I saw not one. The old mountain trail over which Abraham and Saul of Tarsus, Khaled, and Tamerlane, the Scourge of God, had made their way to or from

Damascus, lies parallel with the modern improvement. The wonder is, that the hardiest and most active mountain goat can safely traverse it from end to end. Yet there, within fifty feet of where the diligence thundered along down the mountain sides, the horses at a run, we saw drove after drove of meek-looking camels, laden with the wares of the East or the manufactures of the West, picking their way over the stones as daintily and with as much stolid indifference to progress or improvement as they did in bringing up Abraham's household gear from the low lands of distant Mesopotamia four thousand years ago. The Bedouin driver would stare as the queer house on wheels rattled past, but I never saw a camel so much as look up from the next place he intended to set down his splay-foot, though I watched carefully for that purpose. I learned from persons about the office that the tariff had been purposely put to a mere nominal sum in order to induce the camel-drivers to use the road, but they would not hear to it. In fact, it is exceedingly doubtful if even a free road would induce them to quit the beaten stony path over which their fathers have passed for so many centuries. I do not think camels can have much hope of a good time in this life; but their whole appearance suggests the idea that they live in the full faith of some great change for the better in a future state. Possibly they expect to turn the tables upon the camel-drivers, and ride about upon their masters' backs in another sphere, making them get up or lie down to take on or put off the burdens of celestial commerce.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, passing around the base of a high hill, we suddenly found ourselves upon the banks of a rapid stream, the shores of which were lined with groves of tall and graceful poplars, of even age and size, growing in rows. It was the Barada, the stream which waters Damascus. Down the little river, passing all the time through a narrow and crooked mountain

gorge, filled with groves of young poplars, we bowled along for another hour, and then found ourselves in the valley that incloses the city. The peach, the plum, and the apricot, all of Damascus, the Damascene rose, and Damascene oleander, the fig, the olive, the vine, and the myrtle, whose ancestral roofs had never been beyond the limits of this their own valley, were blooming all around us, and the air was thick with their fragrance. The driver blew a blast upon his stage bugle, and the horses started into a long gallop. High walls inclosing rich gardens flew past us on the right and left, and tall houses, with closely latticed windows, came rapidly in view. Soon the graceful outlines of a mosque, and the tall shaft of a minaret were seen over the apricot and walnut trees. Then we rattled along the broad open bank of the river, where hundreds of people, in turbans of green and yellow, sat in groups of five or six upon low stools, smoking the gurgling nargileh, or, with faces toward Mecca, were prostrating themselves upon their mantles in prayer, for it was the time of the evening muezzin. Young sheiks in flowing robes, mounted upon graceful barbs, would draw their horses up by the road-side to look in wonder on the queer machine of the Franks, and when past, would join in a grand chase along the road in pursuit of the monster of Western ingenuity. As we passed, the nargileh stem would be removed from the mouth of the sitting smokers long enough to permit the escape of the usual Moslem exclamation attesting the greatness of God, and then replaced. But those engaged in prayer continued their pious duty to its close, nor did one indulge his curiosity so much as by stealing a look at the passing machine. Down the river bank and across a crazy, half-ruined bridge, the way lined with great crowds of loungers on low stools, the driver blowing his brass coach-horn cheerily all the while, till we reached the custom-house, a great open shed looking like a bar-

rack. Here we stopped. The driver put away his trumpet, and jumping down from the box, opened our door first. A hundred or more pale, yellow-faced Syrians and Turks, with long light beards, green turbans, and burnouses, stood around gazing at us.

I had been advised in advance to be sure and go to the hotel of Demitri Cara, and I had resolved to do so. The reasons operating upon my mind in arriving at this conclusion were such as I think throw no discredit upon my judgment in such matters. They were of a twofold character. First, I was assured that Demitri was a good fellow and kept a pretty fair house; and second, that his was the only hotel in Damascus. I found by experience both statements to be correct. We had dismounted from the diligence at the invitation of the driver; but what was I to do next was the question. I stood staring at this crowd, trying in vain to meet a friendly or apparently Christian face. I felt very much like a little boy who is lost, and who being surrounded by a crowd of inquiring strangers, is unable to recollect the number of his father's house. I was in a moment convinced of one fact—I was away from the land of the Frank. I was in the land of Islam, pure and undivided. My stove-pipe hat was as much a matter of curiosity to these fellows as were their burnouses and turbans to me. The prospect was pretty gloomy for a short time; but to my great satisfaction a tall and dignified old fellow, with long beard and dressed in the richest Syrian costume, approached me with deliberation. Bowing low, he said, in broken English, "You go to hotel?" I answered, "Yes, such is my intention;" adding mentally, "if I can only find it to go to." "To whose hotel you go?" he continued, meaning to give me full time for reflection, and showing at the same time a high-toned determination not to take any unfair advantage of his competitors in the hotel business. "I go," said I, "to Demitri's Hotel." "Very well,

saire; I am Demitri." I shook Demitri by the hand with more cordiality than may be easily described. I was glad to see Demitri. I looked upon Demitri as the best friend I had in the world just at that time. And the more I think of it the more convinced I am that I did not over-estimate the importance of the position of that respectable landlord and his house toward me and mine.

I fear the traveling public generally are too apt to think that the obligation in the relationship of innkeeper and guest rest wholly upon the former, and that the traveler who puts up at his house owes no thanks. To those who think so, I say, come to Damascus, and, getting down from the stage, look about for the one hotel of Demitri and reflect upon what would be your condition, not if Demitri had no inn there, for that is too much, but what would be your state if that honest old fellow had for that single evening neglected to come down to meet the diligence? He came the night we reached Damascus, but only a day or two after he was stricken down with the gout (honest and genuine gout, bred at his own table and in his own inn) and could not go. But, with real Christian charity, he got me to go down and conduct to the inn all wayfarers coming that way—that is, all who upon being questioned declared themselves to be in search of Demitri Cara's Hotel. I felt like an honest St. Bernard dog, with a strap about his neck, searching for lost travelers in the snow. None came; but my mission was one of no ordinary benevolence, nevertheless, and was suggested by old Demitri from pure goodness; for in the end they must all find their way, by some means or another, to his, in Damascus, only and sole establishment for the entertainment of Christians, man or beast.

A rascally-looking fellow had already seized one trunk and was evidently making his calculations for getting backshish. But old Demitri waved his hand majestically to him to put the trunk upon the back of his boy. On



this beast of burden they loaded the carpet bags, and shawls, and finally a lady's side-saddle, which we had brought all through the country. This done, he bade the boy to go on to the house, and we followed the worthy landlord. Again we crossed the river, and were among the covered alleys and narrow lanes of an Oriental city. But this time a troop of idlers followed us. My hat, my wife's unveiled face, these were the wonders which dragged after us, quite to Demitri's door, a hundred boys and loungers about the street. "The house is at your service," said Demitri, when we got into the court-yard. "I expect people over from Jerusalem in a week, but we are now empty. Take seats on the divan until I can prepare you a room."

Like all Oriental houses this was built with a great central court-yard, around which all the doors and windows fronted. In the street was only a dead wall, with one low ironed and barred door. A fountain played in the center, with hundreds of gold and silver fish disporting in its waters. Orange and lemon, citron and fig trees shaded the central pavement as well as ornamented its walls. All the lower story of the house opened upon this court and was used for sitting and lounging in. Each of these lower rooms has a fountain. The sleeping apartments are all above and front upon a veranda.

Demitri Cara's Hotel is one of the best buildings in Damascus. It was built some thirty ago by Aly Agha for a private residence. This Aly Agha was Secretary of the Treasury to Ibrahim Pasha during his conquest and dominion in Syria, and was, besides, one of the staunchest friends of the Egyptian general; but being suspected of either attempting or desiring to open up a correspondence with the Sultan, Ibrahim, with the same energy and promptness which had enabled him to scale the lofty sides of Lebanon, sent one morning a guard to this house and frustrated not only Aly Agha's design of correspond-

ing with the Porte, but one which if less dangerous was certainly more imminent, that of eating his breakfast. This he did by taking off his head at the fountain in the great court-yard of his mansion. The house was not confiscated, but came to the ownership of his daughter, from whom Demitri bought it; but being a Christian, the title is held by his wife. It is a law of the Turkish empire that foreigners can hold no estate in lands, but women are supposed to have no nationality save that of the country in which they reside for the time. All women in the Sultan's dominions are by this rule subjects of the Sultan. The wives of foreigners therefore may, under this legal fiction, hold lands. The great central court shaded with orange and lemon trees, the large fountain in the center filled with gold and silver fish, in the hotel of Demitri Cara, all is for the dweller within. To the outside world the dead wall, without windows and with but one heavy iron door, might inclose a prison, a mad-house, or a hospital for lepers. The Mussulman builds his mansion for his own gratification, and not to impress his neighbors with a notion of his wealth or grandeur.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### DAMASCUS THE HOLY.

THERE are certain points on the globe so admirably adapted for the building of cities, that when once located no changes in the customs of men, no revolution of governments or shocks of war, or visitations of famine or pestilence, can cause them to be abandoned. Such, in the New World, are probably New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco. In the older hemisphere, Rome, Constantinople, Cadiz, Alexandria, and perhaps London, are similarly situated. In the East, Damascus, after having undergone vicissitudes as destructive as those which have swept, clean as the thrashing-floor, the sites of Carthage and Ephesus, of Memphis and of Babylon, is as prosperous and looks as youthful as she did the day when the engineers of Uz, the son of Aram, the son of Noah, dragged their chains along her contemplated thoroughfares and drove their pointed stakes at her street corners. How often since that day her strong walls have been thrown prostrate with the dust, her dwellings given to the flames, her people butchered at their own hearthstones, or dragged weeping into hopeless captivity, it would be impossible to enumerate. For here has been the valiant son of Jesse, with his left-handed slingers, and Pompey the Great with the terrible Roman sword. And Khaled, the Sword of God, and Abu Obeidah, tendering the Koran or death; and, again, the architect of the tower of seventy thousand skulls, Timour, with his wild

Tartars, shrieking indiscriminate death, plunder, and desolation. Yet she survives. The plum of Damascus still blossoms in her fragrant gardens. The sweet perfumes of her own rose mingle with the odors of her oleanders. The orange and the almond, the fig and the jasmine, still moisten their leaves in the sparkling fountains fed by the waters of the Abana. While the bright-eyed damsels of the East stroll through halls whose marble floors, mosaic walls, and arabesque ceilings rival the most gorgeous story of the Arabian Nights, in her bazaars Damascus blades, gold-embroidered robes and jeweled daggers glitter amid piles of Eastern silks and shawls of Persia and Cashmere.

All Christian writers concede Damascus to be the oldest city in the world. Its history reaches almost back to the cloudy skies that lowered over the deluge. Founded by Aram, one of the immediate descendants of Noah, the name by which the surrounding country is known in the Old Testament is Aram-Damesk. Situated in the direct path of Mesopotamia, the cradle of the human race, across the desert to Syria, it is natural that the first wanderers from that land, after the dispersion at Babel, should find themselves upon the banks of the Abana. And here the young sheik, Abraham, must have paused in his journey westward, at least long enough to know the country and its people, for one Eliezer of Damascus was the steward, and until the birth of Ishmael, or perhaps Isaac, was his heir presumptive. Damascus reached great power under the reign of the Hadads, and threatened even the warlike tribes of Israel. But David chastised them with great severity when they came to succor Hadadezer, king of Zobah, for he slew of them two and twenty thousand, and put garrisons into this same city, "Syria of Damascus," and the people "became his servants and brought gifts."

It was during this stormy period that in a flying expedition of the Damascenes into Palestine, a little Jewish

maiden was taken captive. By the chances of war she became the "chattel" of a great Syrian man of war, Naaman. She was placed in his harem, and became a maid-servant to his wife. Naaman was a leper, and the little captive found time in the interval of her own grief to feel for the woes of her master. The gentle nature of woman is the same in all time. "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria," she said, "for he would recover him of his leprosy." The speech was conveyed to the afflicted general and gave him life. He set out for Samaria, armed with a letter from the king, his master. The story is well known. He reached the prophet Elisha, who possessed no remedy save that of washing in that same Jordan down whose banks the sick man had journeyed from the day of his departure from his own land. Then the haughty soldier, enraged at the slight the prophet seemed to be putting upon him, said: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" But he was prevailed upon to try the remedy; was led into the Jordan, and was healed. The magic lay not in the waters; for the sweet stream that babbles over the stones and spurts in the fountains of Damascus may well scorn a competition with the yellow flood which finds rest in the bitter and acrid gulf covering the cities of the plain. Outside the east gate at this day is shown the house of Naaman, the leper. It is used as the only hospital in the city for those suffering with the Syrian general's malady. Of course the tradition has been invented to suit the house, but it is, nevertheless, pleasant to find an old story thus clinging to any old city.

The history of Damascus, its changes of dynasty, its revolutions at home, its conquests from abroad, are recorded in sacred Scripture step by step, with that of Jerusalem, until near the time it was seized and made a Roman province. The pliant consciences of the Damas-



cenés were easily made to take the Christian groove. Its metropolitan appeared at the Nicene Council with seven suffragans. The great temple was dedicated to the dominant faith, under the special patronage of St. John the Baptist, and for three hundred years Christianity flourished at Damascus as thrifty as at Rome, Antioch, or Alexandria. But the advancing wave of Islam rolled in upon Damascus, sweeping away almost every vestige of the faith of Christ. True, they were permitted for a time to occupy one-half of the great Church of St. John the Baptist, but even this doubtful boon was soon withdrawn, perhaps with the consent of the congregation, who most likely adopted in a great measure the faith of power and authority. The same church, now the great mosque of Damascus, stands in the center of the city, and the unlucky Christian whose curiosity or ignorance leads him too near its door, is saluted with a volley of stones from the troops of idle boys who hang about its spacious courts in search of amusement. A great temptation to the antiquary exists upon one of the arches of the mosque. It is an inscription dating back before the Moslem conquest of the city, and which has been for twelve hundred years overlooked or misunderstood by the jealous guardians of this the holiest shrine of the Mohammedans in Damascus. It is in Greek, and, translated, runs thus: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

An attempt was made during the reign of Baldwin to extend the dominion of the Crusader king over Damascus, but this signally failed, and Christianity has never been for a moment restored since its overthrow by the companions of the Prophet.

Two centuries after this came Tamerlane, who swept it with the besom of destruction. He is called by the Arabs *El Wahsh*, "the wild beast." Hanging the black

flag of desolation from his tent, he besieged the city with a premeditated resolve to destroy all within its walls. At length it was taken by storm, and after its inhabitants had paid in gold a stipulated price fixed by the conqueror upon each, he made an exciting speech to his soldiers and gave the word for indiscriminate slaughter. I was shown the spot near the gate *Bab el Kabi*, where, in accordance with his custom, the victim erected a pyramid of human heads—a horrible monument of his ferocity. This was the worst blow inflicted upon Damascus in its whole history. The wealth accumulated by two centuries of peaceful industry was destroyed in a day. Its museums of antiquities, its rare fabrics of curious work, were dissipated and given to the flames. Its libraries, filled with the learning of the Saracen scholars, as well as of the fathers of the Eastern church, fell into the hands of barbarians as ruthless as had been the ancestors of these same Damascenes, when they, eight centuries before, had destroyed at Alexandria the learning of ages, because they either agreed with or differed from the Koran.

Of the considerable Christian population then lingering in Damascus, tradition relates that but one single family escaped. Their descendants still are to be met with in Damascus. But the story they had to tell of the *Wahsh*, and which had been handed down to them for centuries is passing away from their memories, to give place to the more recent and equally wanton massacre which has decimated their numbers within the last few years, and perpetrated by the descendants of those who had shared with their ancestors the horrors of the visitation of Timour the Tartar.

But during all these sieges, captures, and butcheries, and under these changes of dynasty, domestic revolution or foreign domination, and amidst discord, sedition, and untold evils beside, Damascus has always recovered her position and flourished anew, as if gifted with perpetual

youth. It has been the richest and most prosperous city in Syria, alike under the tyranny of Persian satraps and Roman pro-consuls, and so it still remains, notwithstanding the ingenious combination of the faults of both of these united to his own by the Turkish pasha. It has survived Babylon and Nineveh, who scorned it, as well as Palmyra and Baalbec, who attempted vainly to rival it, to say nothing of whole generations of less notable places which have risen up around it and passed away forever. While they all lie in ruins, the home of the owl and the bat, the hyena and the jackal, Damascus flourishes in the freshness of youth.

Damascus is the real capital of Syria, and the largest city in Asiatic Turkey. It has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, of which one hundred and twenty-nine thousand are Moslems, fifteen thousand Christians, and six thousand Jews. Its pasha ranks with the first princes of the empire, being not only governor of the province, but, what is considered vastly more important and honorable in the Mohammedan system, *Emir el Haj*, or Prince of the Pilgrim Caravan, it being his privilege and his duty to accompany and command the caravan of pilgrims which crosses the desert annually to Mecca. The pashalic of Damascus extends from Hamusah on the north to Petra on the south, and embraces that part of Syria east of the Jordan valley, the Buka'a, and the Orontes. The city is also the head-quarters of the army of Syria and the residence of the *seraskier*, or commander-in-chief, an office equal in rank to that of field-marshal in Europe. The Abana, a beautiful and swift-running stream, rises in the Anti-Lebanon, a few miles northwest of Damascus, and runs down the mountain gorges to the valley, passing directly through the city on its way to a salt lake, a few miles further southeast, where it sinks away as do the waters of the great Nevada basin in our own country. Dams are constructed at frequent intervals

above the city, and the water, taken out in stone ducts, irrigates the valley and supplies the fountains of Damascus. The city proper is upon the south bank of the river, but a wealthy suburb, inhabited by rich Mohammedans, occupies the north side, and is perhaps as populous as the older part. A rickety wall surrounds the old city, but so completely is it built against, both within and without, by houses, that only in a few places can the wall be seen. In fact, not only do houses stand against the wall, but very many are actually built upon it, in accordance with an ancient Oriental custom, and one which goes to verify the New Testament account of the escape of St. Paul from this city.

Though the oldest city in the world, there is little of the antique in appearance in Damascus. This may be accounted for by the amount of wood used in house-building. The young poplars, which grow so thriftily upon the banks of the Abana, are cut down when they have attained a size sufficient for a single stick of house-timber, the sides squared with the axe and brought upon camels to the city. These are used freely in making joists and rafters, as well as to support the projecting brick walls, which are here invariably thrown out over the street from the top of the first story. This is done to shade the streets in summer from the rays of an almost tropical sun. But little stone is used in building. Sun-baked brick and poplar saplings, with plaster, is the material of all the houses, except the chief mosques and great government khans. These are built of square blocks of hewn stone, laid in alternate layers of white and dark, in accordance with the Saracenic custom, so much of which still remains in the Moorish parts of Spain. Nothing of the solid and everlasting stone wall appearance of Jerusalem is to be seen about Damascus. Instead of lasting for thousands of years, a Damascene house looks in danger of falling even before it has been

completed. The houses of Alexandria and of Cairo are built in much the same manner as those of Damascus, and must, I think, be equally liable to speedy decay. The people are divided up according to their different religious faith, and live in separate quarters. Each of the separate quarters, occupied by the Jews and Christians, are divided from the Mohammedan city, and from each other by gates which are locked up at eight o'clock at night, and no ingress or egress allowed until daylight the following day.

Like the most of Oriental cities, there are in Damascus no streets, as we consider that term. Narrow alleys wind about between or under the houses without direction or system. Those which are not covered by the projecting upper stories of the houses fronting upon them are generally roofed over with the young poplars of the Abana, and this again by the mats or split planks, such as are called in the West, clapboards or shakes. In such case the only light that penetrates to the street is that which struggles through the loose roof or gets in under the projecting eaves. In this way all the streets in the business part of the town are covered—that is to say, the bazaars; for the bazaars of the East are the substitute for what would be called with us the business streets. All along under these roofs are the little shops, six feet square, in which are displayed the goods, and where people come to buy and to sell. In Damascus, the streets in which the bazaars are situated are from six to fourteen feet wide. In fact, they are the most spacious streets in the city. And if the different religions are forced by custom or law to reside in separate quarters, it is the same way with respect to different classes of merchants or mechanics, for these in like manner congregate in bazaars devoted to the same craft with themselves. Here we have the silk bazaar, the shoe bazaar, the hat bazaar, the old-clothes bazaar, and the tobacco bazaar, where alone any of the



commodities in their respective lines of business can be purchased. Nor do any of these venture beyond the strictest edge of their trades. No cognate branches of traffic tempt the Damascene merchant to branch out from the known calling of his fathers. In the shoe bazaars no slippers or wooden pattens can be bought, and a dealer in trousers would scorn to sell a coat. Having purchased a red hat of one dealer, you must walk a furlong to the silk-thread merchant to buy material for a tassel, then as much farther to a tassel-maker's before your hat is fit to be worn. Would you smoke? Having negotiated with the pipe merchant for a suitable nargileh, you are sent away in search of a stem. This found and bought, you inquire for the bazaar where you may get a mouth-piece. Your pipe is now ready for duty, but you have no tobacco. You are again sent away to the tobacco bazaar, and there having loaded the machine you stop a boy who, with a little portable furnace, is turning an honest piaster by carrying about fire for the lighting of pipes, and, having made a transaction with him, you may at last indulge your weakness for the weed. Much of this restriction in business, however, is doubtless due to the extreme smallness of the shops in which it is necessarily transacted.

The merchant comes from his house to the bazaar at ten o'clock in the morning, accompanied by a servant who bears upon his back all the goods that are to be exposed for the day. The shop is not too large to accommodate this supply. The floor is three feet above the street, the ceiling is not high enough to permit of its proprietor standing erect. He sits cross-legged on the floor at the outer edge of his establishment, and without rising from his place can reach any article which may be called for, exhibit it to the customer, who stands in the street, and when no longer needed, replace it upon the wall from which it was taken. It is natural under such circumstances that a line of goods of the most limited character

is quite enough, if not to monopolize the care and thought, at least to occupy all the shop-room of any particular trade. The merchants of Damascus, are undoubtedly great home people. No shop is opened before nine o'clock in the morning, and at three in the afternoon, all are closed save a few of the poorest character. There are but four days in the week that the bazaars of Damascus are opened and in the full activity of trade. These are the first four, beginning with Monday. Friday is the Moslem Sunday, and they are very strict in its observance. Saturday and Sunday are kept respectively by the Jews and Christians. Add to this the great number of fasts, feasts, and saints' days, the ramadans, passovers, and holy-days, so much observed by all portions of an ignorant community like that of an Oriental city, and it will be seen that but few days in the month, or even year, witness the bazaars of Damascus in all their splendor.

Many and varied as are the queer sights to be met with in an Oriental city, it is only this one of Damascus in which the things one misses are as striking as the things one sees. For this is the first place where there is absolutely no such thing as European or Frankish society, permanent or transient. There are no theaters, and, of course, no operas in Damascus. There is no lager to drink, and consequently no melodeons or lager beer cellars. There are no elections, general or primary, to the great detriment of the youth of the country, who lose this opportunity for mental and muscular development. The few schools where passages of the Koran are taught to boys, are managed without a Board of Education; I need not say, therefore, that the schools do not amount to much. There are no photographers in Damascus, though there was one some years ago; he was killed in the massacre. But what is more inconvenient than this, is the fact that there are no dentists, nor are there any oculists, aurists, or chiropodists. When the tooth aches,

it is considered the will of God. Ophthalmia is so prevalent as to induce the suspicion that there are oculists going about secretly and exercising their cunning. Bare-footed people do not suffer greatly from corns. There are no hacks or carriages, and consequently, no hackmen. Besides Demitri Cara, the proprietor, there are no hotel-runners; there are no livery-stable keepers, for there are no livery-stables; there are no sewing-machine sellers and no telegraphs. No newspapers being published, there are no editors; but what is a greater loss to the public than this, there are no local reporters. I was about to say that there were no lawyers here, but do not dare to make the assertion; no one would believe me. Ticket-agents and stock-brokers have not yet appeared in this city. There are no bar-keepers in Damascus; nor do I see that the people are any the worse for the deprivation.

Many of the missing occupations above named are in some manner supplied by something of a similar nature. The bar-keeper's *rôle* is filled in part by the vender of coffee, who has his house fronting upon some public place or by the river side, where people can go and sit in a cool place, sipping the Arabian beverage in cups the size of thimbles. Then lemonades, sherbet, orange-water, and a multitude of ingeniously constructed but harmless drinks cooled with the pure snows from Hermon's top, are carried about Damascus in a great glass, or rather jug, slung upon the back of a sturdy fellow, to which commodity he invites public attention by jingling together the bottoms of the glass drinking-cups. I liked these drinks so much that I stopped almost every fellow who passed me, and tasted of his wares. The price is so insignificant that the question of cost can scarcely enter into the consideration of drinking them. While there are no livery-stables, nor hacks, nor cabs, well-trained donkeys, with neat red saddles, stand in long rows at each corner ready to be hired, the mukarah calling your attention to the special virtues

of his beast, and to the advantages afforded by riding over pedestrian exercises so loudly and clearly, that it is impossible to go amiss for this, the cab of the East. The local reporter would be more missed than he is but for the barbers and bath-house keepers, who it is said are posted upon all matters of importance, and spread public and private scandal to a degree commensurate with the wants of so phlegmatic a people as the Moslem and Oriental Christian. If it be true that there are no lawyers in Damascus, then am I wholly unable to account, upon any reasonable hypothesis for the supplying of such a void in the machinery of society. It is not strange that a community, seven-eighths of which wear no shoes, should not be much in need of the services of a corn doctor. But without lawyers how can people live, and when dead what is to become of their estates? It is fearful to contemplate. Let us better hope that I have been misinformed upon this point of the Damascene system.

The evening of our arrival, after getting dinner, I did not so much as look out at the front door of the hotel, but having sat upon Demitri's divans in the reception rooms till nine o'clock, retired to bed; but I was out early in the morning and off for a stroll. The Damascenes are not given to early rising. Business does not begin till ten o'clock, and even those who are early risers do not show themselves in the streets till near the time to open the shops. There is one street in Damascus which has maintained its identity through all the sieges and assaults, the changes of governments and of religions, from New Testament days down to our own time. It is "the street called Straight," where Saul of Tarsus was found by Ananias praying in the house of Judas. It is not a more important street to-day than others of Damascus, but it is interesting to walk the same ground over which the apostle is known to have passed eighteen hundred years ago. Within three minutes after leaving

Demitri's house I was at the entrance to the "street called Straight." It bears the same name to-day that it bore in the time of Paul, and is the only street in Damascus at all deserving the name. It extends from the west to the east end of the city, a mile in distance, and though not absolutely straight is nearly so. Ten or twenty feet is probably the extent of its variation in that distance from a right line. The west end for a quarter of a mile is roofed over, and is what is known as the silk bazaar. Here all the richest silks of Damascus are kept and sold. Passing through this, the street is uncovered for the rest of the way to Bab Shurkey, the east gate, through which it passes, and where it ends in the open fields.

The silk merchants had not yet made their appearance. I passed on through the silk bazaar for a quarter of a mile. A few merchants, more industrious than the others, were already beginning to raise up the wooden fronts to their shops; but no goods had arrived. At the end of the covered portion of the street commences a bazaar devoted to restaurants and eating establishments. People were coming along in numbers, seeking their morning repast. I stopped, and leaning against a wall, watched the curious spectacle. The bare necessities of life are wonderfully cheap in Damascus. The poor rarely have fires in their rooms or houses; but little cook-shops supply this class of people with food ready cooked. A half-naked fellow crawls out of a narrow side street; the straws and dust upon his burnoose, the frowzy appearance of the tassel to his turban, show that he has slept in his clothes, and has but that moment left the divan or ground upon which he slept. A baker sits cross-legged in his shop, five feet square, and three feet above the street. By his side is a flat piece of iron resting on a small charcoal furnace. This is his oven or griddle. Between his legs is a pot of paste made of flour and water. It is the



dough from which he bakes his bread. With a cup made of the half of a cocoa-nut shell he dips up a portion of this mixture and pours it upon the hot griddle, which emits a strong hissing sound and a savory fragrance pleasing to the nostrils of the passing Mussulman. He stops; he looks and longs for the tempting morsel. Meanwhile the baker sticking the handle of the dipper between his toes, with both hands raises the griddle from the furnace with a toss, the bread flies through the ambient air, and, descending, alights in the same place, but upon the uncooked side. The breakfast-seeker approaches and leans upon the elevated floor of the bake-shop. He addresses the baker, inquiring the price of the coveted article. A bargain is agreed upon, the money paid, and the soft and delicious food is transferred, hot and smoking, from the griddle to the hands of the happy purchaser. But his breakfast is not yet provided for. "Man liveth not by bread alone." But the food is hot, and imparts a celerity to the movements of its owner. He changes it rapidly from his right to his left hand, and back again, occasionally blowing upon it. On my side of the street sits another merchant, sedately attending to his business, nargileh in mouth. He, like the baker, has only a small but exceedingly choice selection of goods. His stock in trade is a pot of boiled beans, which simmers over the furnace. The man with the bread does not use the deliberation in this purchase which he did in the first. The Oriental slap-jack is burning his fingers. He closes with the first offer of the merchant and is owner of a cocoa-nut cup half full of beans. These are dipped hot from the pot and laid upon the bread, which is spread out upon the two hands of the purchaser to receive them. The cost of the whole breakfast has been about one cent, American money. This transaction concluded, the man with the straw on his burnoose takes his stand against the wall among a row of others dressed like himself and joins them in the

occupation of eating bread and beans and staring at the author, his queer tight breeches, and indescribable black hat. In the mean time more cakes are poured upon the smoking griddle of the baker, fresh coals are put under the bean pot opposite, and other customers saunter along to regale themselves upon these luxuries. Occasionally one better dressed, his turban with a stripe of green, his burnoose clean, his feet covered with yellow shoes, but without stockings, approaches the baker and buys of his wares. Then he passes to the bean merchant and gets his bread covered with the contents of the pot. But his station in life, his wealth and distinction, forbid him to be content with such simple fare. He must feast sumptuously every day, for he wears the green turban of the descendants of the Prophet. He therefore passes on to one who ministers to the wants of the luxurious. Just beyond me he finds that which he seeks. A venerable Syrian is selling, in the name of the Prophet, onions chopped in the clabbered milk of the goat. For a copper coin, not less than one thousand of which would equal in value a dollar, he induces this merchant to add to the bread and beans, which rest upon the palms of his outstretched hands, a modicum of this delicate preparation. His breakfast is now served; he withdraws to an unoccupied part of the wall, away from the humbler throng, who have for a moment left off staring at me to indulge the senses of sight and smell in the delights of a dish which their limited means forbids them to taste. Thus he stands, and slowly, and with becoming dignity, partakes of the food which his wealth has enabled him to command.

This is one of precisely similar scenes which are taking place all down the "street called Straight," for the whole length of the city. I walk a little farther and take my stand against the wall to see other bakers cook and sell, one after another, cakes to hundreds of customers; these,

standing about in dozens, each waiting for his turn, and each watching the cake that is destined to be his from the moment it is segregated from the common mass in the pot, all through the stages of its construction, thanking the Prophet in pious gratitude when it has safely vaulted into the air and returned to its place upon the griddle to cook the other side, and, in anticipation, enjoying the delicious repast a dozen times over while the process is going on. In the mean time, busy bean-cooks are conveniently located near the bakers, and a constant travel is kept up between them; and boys are running about with plates of bread and beans, which they take to women, who may not appear in public to buy for themselves.

But what is this some one is singing in the distance—sweet music? All the breakfasters cease their meal, laying the remnants carefully aside. The baker pours no more paste upon the griddle; the bean-pot is carefully covered. The merchants spread each a sheepskin upon his floor, and, turning with the *Keb*la, bows to the earth. The breakfasters leave the street in search of a fountain in which to prepare their bodies by fitting ablutions for that prayer which they are told by the muezzin from the minaret top, in sweet and melodious trills, is better than gold or jewels, sweeter than beauty or health, more invigorating than food or sleep. Until the hour of morning prayer is past no more business will be transacted, so I saunter along quite through the town to *Bab Shurkey*, the east gate.

On the right, toward this gate, is the Jews', and on the left the Christians' quarter, the two occupying the whole of the east end of the city. Without *Bab Shurkey* begins the fields, the cemeteries, and the gardens of Damascus. It was open and unguarded. I passed through and stood gazing at the queer Saracenic gate, crowned with a lofty minaret. A crowd soon collected around me, and among them, to my surprise, a lad

addressed me in tolerable French. He was a young Christian whose family had been destroyed in the great massacre of 1860, he alone escaping. In simple language he told his story—for of all his people, he alone was left to tell it. In his wanderings he had reached the sea-coast, and had been carried away to Marseilles, where he had remained eighteen months. Why he had come back to Damascus, where he had suffered so terribly, he could scarcely tell. But I found an answer for him in the longing for home found in every heart. He was working as a mason on a building hard by. He had spoken not one word of French since his return to Damascus four years before, and had forgotten much of the language. Enough was left to tell a tale of sorrow and suffering thought to exist only in romance. His family cruelly slaughtered, and himself driven an outcast from home, to return no less a pariah than before. But this moment repaid him for years of suffering. He had at last found a Christian Frank with whom he could converse. Fifty Turks and as many Druzes and Syrian Mohammedans stood there witnessing this his glorious triumph. It was all plain to me. His heart swelled with pride. The Frankish lord from the West was his brother, and stood there talking to him in an unknown tongue as an equal. His brother, who controlled the storms and the lightnings, who harnessed steam to his car and made it draw him to their door, was then at Damascus, not to converse with unbelieving Mohammedans, but with him, the poor despised Christian. The crowd drew around us as we conversed, and the poor fellow interpreted to them each word that I spoke as something of priceless value. I was for the moment the embodiment of Western power. I knew all that was going on in Syria, from Lebanon's snows to distant Tadmor in the desert. It was myself alone who had stopped the massacre of the Christians in the East. I had protested, through my consuls of Eng-

land, of France, and of America, against my brothers being driven from the earth. And when Islam had dared to disobey my mandate, I had marched my invincible legions to the banks of the Leontes, nor stayed my hand still the carcasses of the infamous Achmet Pasha, governor of Damascus, with one hundred and seven of his fellow-murderers, had dangled at this *Bab Shurkey*, under which we stood, put to death by those who surrounded us, participators in his crime, and forced executioners of Western vengeance. And he could stand by my side, he, the scorned and humiliated rayah, whose duty it was, when meeting one of them in the bazaar, to give the wall and go himself into the kennel; he who, before this exhibition of my power, must not ride so much as a donkey; must dress in black; must not build his house so high as that of his Mohammedan neighbor, nor use the noble Arabian language; he also, who must not, according to Eastern etiquette, elevate his voice when conversing with one of them, might stand and talk as long and as loud as he pleased in the language of power to their conqueror and humiliator, his defender and protector, the mighty Western lord, his Christian brother. He told me none of this in words, but his actions, his kindled eye, his lofty bearing, his defiant look when speaking to the murderers of his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, spoke more eloquently than words. These said plainly: "Exercise your contemptible hatred and malice upon me, spit upon me, kick me out of your path as you pass the bazaars, but beware that you go no further. If my brethren have not sooner heard my cry of anguish and crushed you under the iron heel of their power, it is because they are too much absorbed in their struggle with the elements, with time and space, with the storms of the sea and lightnings of the heavens. I care not for your contempt, for it is the offspring of your ignorance. It is



not for the opinion of such as you that I live. Behold how I am received by my brethren, your masters, and remember the fate of Achmet."

I had with me a small lithographed plan of Damascus and its environs, bound in book form. This I opened and ascertained my position. A vast heap of rubbish, the accumulation of ages of imperfect Oriental scavengering, faces Bab Shurkey, the summit higher than the city wall, commanding the interior and the country about. The carcasses of dogs, in untold numbers, reek in the burning sun at the top, for here they have been thrown for ages. This, and more beside, I learned by a moment's examination of the chart and book. I was asked to go up and enjoy the view. "I will not ascend the hill," I said to the young Christian, "for I do not wish to undergo the smell of all the dead dogs of Damascus. I will rather go to yonder angle in the wall, whence St. Paul was let down in a basket when he escaped from the city." This he soon interpreted to the astonished bystanders, with many additions of his own. The great Christian, his brother, possessed a book of magic, by which he was informed of all things. He knew that dead dogs polluted the air at the top of the rubbish heap, for the wonderful book told him so. Likewise, if he chose to consult it, he would know to whom belonged the dogs, and of what disorder they died. Was not Holy Paul a saint? And had he not been, as is related in the Christian's Bible, let down from the walls of Damascus; for otherwise, how would his Christian brother from the West know from the mysterious book the fact, as well as the identical spot from which the descent was made? I showed them where the tent of the fiery Khaled had stood without the walls, as well as the gate from which issued the fugacious Jonas, with his faithful but pious betrothed. These agreed with the traditions they had received from their old men. They crowded around me to look at a book which knew

and could tell a stranger the local stories of *Esh Sham*, the holy city. But my young Christian wondered not. He had been in the home of his Frankish brother, and knew the springs and sources of that power whose mighty wave had burst over the protecting Syrian mountains to this Bab Shurkey, scattering and wrecking the feeble bulwarks of Islam as the straw before the tempest. He knew what his brother from the West was capable of doing, and knowing, besides, that his power originated in the truth of that faith which was the bond between us, he felt that he, too, shared in that power, and all the honor proceeding from the achievements of the wonderful book. He stood beside me and interpreted as I read, and pointed out, with a look of proud satisfaction, in which surprise had no place, the localities of the historical events. But the Mussulmans could not restrain their wonder, nor account for the miracle. "God is great," they said, "and it is his will that the Frank should hold the keys of knowledge. But Mohammed alone is the prophet of God."

We left Bab Shurkey in a great crowd, walking along the wall to St. Paul's window, and thence into the gardens to the scene of his conversion. It is but a half mile from the hole in the wall where tradition has located his escape. But these places shift so rapidly that, ten years from this time, another traveler may find them both at another side of the city. Close to the scene of St. Paul's conversion, we found a caravan of camels, three hundred or more, resting in a great beaten square. Some stood upon their feet, with drooping heads close to the earth, in sad and mournful contemplation. Others knelt upon their four knees as only camels recline, chewing the cud, and ruminating upon the green fields of Yemen. They had arrived that morning from Bagdad. "I wish to ride one of these," I said to my young Christian friend. "You are fatigued," he said. "I will run away to the city and

fetch you a donkey." "No; it is my fancy. I wish to ride one of these camels." He could not understand why, but yielded. "Let me first make a bargain as to the price," said he, "otherwise you will be defrauded." He was soon negotiating with the Bedouin master of the camels. They talked long and loud—I saw that they differed as to prices. The quarrel continued, and I became uneasy about my ride; the fellow must be demanding some incredible sum. At last I inquired what was the extent of the disagreement. "This Arab would rob you," was the answer, "and I will not consent to it." "What does he ask?" I inquired. "Oh, it is scandalous—he wants half a piaster, and I have offered him ten paras." The Arab wanted two cents and a quarter, and my friend thought one cent of our money quite sufficient. To the amazement of the camel-driver, and probably as he was about to accept the latter sum, I cut the matter short by paying the half piaster. With great gravity, he led up one of the largest of the herd, and caused him to kneel to receive me upon his back. The beast got down unwillingly, with many a groan and a grunt, pretending to bite at all within his reach, for so they always do, and I got upon his back behind the pack-saddle. I expected to hear shouts of laughter from my Mohammedan suite, but not so much as a smile broke upon their yellow faces. To mount a camel is, of course, to them no more ludicrous than to mount a horse. When I was securely seated, I was told to hold on firmly, and then the camel was ordered to rise. To remain firmly seated on one of these animals as he gets up is not an easy matter to a beginner. First, he gives a great swing, and then rears upon his fore legs; then another equally startling, and the back part comes up. The motion of traveling is very severe, but the lying down to dismount is even harder than the other, for the camel goes down upon his fore knees first, and then follows with his hinder parts, so that there is great

danger of being thrown forward upon your head. After being led about for a half-hour till I was quite tired, we were led back to Bab Shurkey, and dismounted. A second half piaster of backshish sent the camel-driver away, happy with his morning's work, and we entered the Christian quarter.

The Damascenes have a tradition that Mohammed, while yet a youth and acting as factor for the rich Arabian widow—the first convert to his person and faith, led his camels, laden with the products of Yemen, to the hills which surround Damascus, and, from a commanding eminence, surveyed its rare and varied beauties; that, after gazing long at the glorious panorama of gilt domes and stately roofs, rising from groves of the fragrant plum and graceful date, he stopped his progress and refused to enter the walls of Esh-Sham. "To man is accorded but one paradise," said the cautious Prophet, "and mine will I choose in heaven." This said, and turning his back upon the tempting scene, he traced his toilsome journey to Mecca, nor did he ever set his sacred foot within the beautiful city by the Abana. In attempting to describe a scene which so impressed the founder of Islam, there is danger of degenerating into mere idle rhapsody. It is not sufficient to recount emotions which are naturally experienced upon viewing them, but some notion of the gorgeous picture itself, which has given rise to such sentiments, must be depicted and held up before the reader. To do this requires powers beyond any which I possess. To give the merest list of its gardens, made shady by the spreading walnut, the plum, and the peach, and watered by the clear fountains which bubble from the Abana; of the *cafés*, where lamps pendant from trees or resting by the river-side, glisten in the rushing water below, while the gay and wealthy loiter among the groves, or smoke the nargileh and listen to the Eastern songs or Arabian music during the gorgeous evenings of a half-tropical

clime—would be to provoke a smile at an attempt to drag down to the level of real life that which properly belongs to the realms of poetry. I am, therefore, forced to abandon this tempting effort by the sheer impossibility of doing justice to the most beautiful, and richest, and most ideal of all the cities of the Orient.

Let me, therefore, come back to that which, if not so pleasing to the fancy, may at least satisfy the reader by its truthfulness to nature. We will go together through the bazaars of Damascus; and in order to get quite down to the hard earth of reality, instead of spending five piasters for a donkey with red saddle and bare-legged boy to drive him, we will plunge through the dust and mire that lies about the market-place between Demitri's house and the city proper, and walk alone and without dragoman or guide to the entrance to the great bazaar between Bab el-Hadid and the tomb of Abu-Obeidah.

The great citadel or castle of Damascus stands just within the gate Bab el-Hadid, and along its front quite up to the "street called Straight," is an open place filled all the day with throngs of people, and with its sidewalks covered with stools upon which sit smokers of the nargileh. And this, too, is a special business. None but the wealthy or great can aspire to own this elegant instrument of Eastern luxury. The nargileh involves an expenditure of capital beyond the dreams of the common multitude of an Oriental city. The poorest one costs five dollars, a sum the expending of which in a year would frighten the working man of Damascus. The Damascene who, by industry or by the fortunate demise of estates from the old by opportune death, comes to such a sum of money or to the proprietorship of such an instrument, sets himself up in business. To the nargileh he adds a half-dozen low three-legged stools and sits him down by the river-side, by the mosque floor, or in the great open space in front of the castle. The nargileh is a pipe with



a bowl so arranged that the smoke passes through a glass jar filled with water. The smoker takes one of the low stools, the others being perhaps already filled, and having paid his few paras to the proprietor, is entitled, in his turn with the others, to put to his mouth the long, hollow leather tube and inhale the smoke for a half-dozen breaths. It thus passes to the next, and so on around, according to rules understood by those who smoke in that way. One nargileh is enough to supply a group of a half-dozen, and so they are spread or scattered along the castle wall to the number of hundreds, silent and thoughtful, each waiting for his turn at the mouth-piece.

From the corner of the castle, quite up to the street of "Straight," the shops are devoted to the manufacture of arms, especially that of the Damascus sword-blade, which is still carried on here to a considerable extent. But the strangest of all is to see one of these sword-makers in his little shop, no larger than the others in Damascus, squatted cross-legged upon the floor, his anvil not larger than a hammer should be, his bellows the size of a man's hat, holding the blade with his toes and pounding it with a hammer held in his hands. He thus forges out one sword and finishes it and perhaps sells it and spends the money before he begins another; nor could he well do more, for his little box five feet square is but just large enough to turn the long, crooked cimeter around without his being obliged to get up from his seat and go into the street for that purpose. Just beyond the armorers' shops are to be found those of the wood-turners. These are of the same size, one artisan, the proprietor, being alone engaged in each. These make even more use of their toes than do the sword-makers, for while the piece of wood is being turned with the right hand, acting with a bow and string worked back and forth, the left hand and toes of the right foot are engaged in holding the chisel to the revolving timber.

Threading our way among the little groups of nargileh smokers, now hugging the wall to avoid a line of straw-laden camels plodding past with their long swan necks and hopeless faces stretched out, now catching by the head the donkey of a passing effendi and pushing him out of our way—a thing he has been vainly trying to do by dint of heel and bridle—we enter the Great Bazaar. It is a narrow, unpaved street, eight feet wide. Poles are laid across from the house-tops, and a loose roof of split boards keeps out the sun's rays. In effect, it resembles a long, low, narrow, rough shed, and with the turnings and ramifications, the cross alleys and the inner courts, extends in every direction over at least ten acres of land. One may get lost in the Great Bazaar, for having once entered, it is like the interior of a cave or mine, with its chambers and levels, and with no point of the compass by which to be guided in coming out again. Upon each side of the bazaar front the queer little shops of the merchants who deal there, while the street or causeway is filled with people pouring along, or by the customers of the merchants who stand without the shops to transact their business; for no shop is large enough to permit of any but the proprietor entering it, and even he must, from sheer lack of space, sit cross-legged upon the floor in one corner. But we are not safe from being jostled even within the Great Bazaar. True, the camels with straw and wood do not pass through the bazaars when they can avoid it, but donkeys and horses are equally privileged with footmen, and their owners assume even greater rights. Besides, the merchants who sit sedately in the shops, there are dealers running about the bazaars selling single articles. One has a silk robe, another a pair of old pistols, flint lock and silver mounted, almost large enough for field pieces. These shout at the tops of their voices the commendation of their wares. A third has a second-hand burnoose, of the striped cloth of

Yemen, which he would sell for a few piasters to some Bedouin, for by such only are they worn. A fourth flourishes a cimeter of Damascus make which he swears is centuries old, came from the armory of Noureddin, and bears still the stain of the blood of unbelievers. Orange-water sellers and venders of the different iced drinks run about in every direction, with jars strapped upon their backs, attracting attention to their goods by clinking together the glasses out of which the purchaser partakes of the beverage. The merchant from Mosul, who has arrived by the Bagdad caravan, walks up and down, or smokes upon a low stool with the trader from Aleppo, each pulling from time to time from some mysterious fold in his burnoose a shawl or a piece of silk which he has to sell. Now the crowd opens to make place for two blind beggars, who are traversing the length of the bazaars, singing extemporaneous praises of the Prophet. One takes the right-hand wall and the other the left, so that none can escape without notice, and thus proceeding slowly abreast, they make their melodious progress, singing in a sort of musical dialogue, first one and then the other. They sing the sweet wailing melody of Arabia, as sung by the muezzin from the minaret top, when the faithful are called to prayer, as chanted by the heart-sick maiden, telling her tale of love, and as shouted by the matril heroes who carried the Crescent to the pillars of Hercules, leaving their manners and music in distant Andalusia. Copper paras thrown loosely into the outstretched basin is the jingling reward of so much harmonious piety, and so they pass on their way, the crowd of pistol and burnoose sellers, the lemonade boys, the Mosul and Aleppo merchants, and the great public, closing up behind them. Again they rush up and down, declaiming about the sharpness of the cimeter, as well as its eventful history; the beauty of the pistols and the richness of the robes, till they are forced to the right and to the left

by one who rushes at full speed with waving wand in hand proclaiming that his mightiness, the pasha, comes. Silence is restored, and his highness passes upon his blooded horse, without deigning to look at the multitude who stands silent along the thoroughfare.

But what is this? A man slowly walking down the bazaar with fixed gaze, as if in deep thought. His hair long and matted, as if there was never a comb in all Syria. He has no turban upon his head, no shoes upon his feet, no burnoose upon his back. He is naked as the day he came into the world. Yet were he clad in purple robes with ermine trimming, and covered with sable hat and nodding plume of the great bird of Africa, he could not stalk more grandly down the public bazaar than he does, with his bare skin exposed to the air and light of heaven. But no one observes this queer costume. Among all the merchants of Damascus who sit all the blessed day cross-legged in their shops, or the traders from Bagdad and Aleppo who resort there for traffic only, not one looks up from the gurgling nargileh at his feet or the silken robe under examination. The bearer of the cimeter once wielded by the invincible Nouredin ceases not to recount its exploits. The pistol-seller goes on with his story. The great crowd of peddlers and loiterers, strangers and citizens, walk up and down, taking no more notice of the unclothed man than if he were clad in the striped cloth of Yemen, with corded kefiyeh upon his head. He is a "holy man," and this is the costume of holy men in the East. By walking down to the Khan As'ad Pasha, at the other side of the bazaar, we shall meet a dozen such. They are therefore no novelty. The holy man begins his career of holiness by throwing off one article of raiment—for example, the turban—and then appears walking slowly through the bazaars, every day for a month. He then dispenses with his burnoose, and so on till in three or four months he is a holy man in the complete uniform of

his order, respected by the ignorant and superstitious, free at all public places, pays for nothing, and is responsible to nobody.

The holy man passes on into the great square in front of the castle, and we resume our stroll through the bazaars, passing in succession the silk bazaar, the tailors' bazaar, the spice bazaar, the tobacco bazaar, the shoe bazaar, the silversmiths' bazaar, the clog bazaar, the book bazaar, and the saddlers' bazaar. And in these we find goods as various as the costumes of the customers who stroll through the sheds staring at them. Indian muslins, Manchester prints, Persian carpets, Lyons silks, Damascus swords, Birmingham knives, amber mouth-pieces from Constantinople or Vienna; antique china from Central Asia; cashmere shawls and French ribbons, Mocha coffee and Dutch sugar, all crowded together, and all affected with the sweet smells of the neighboring bazaar, where are sold the ottar of roses from Adrianople or Mecca, with the sandal wood and cinnamon, the jasmine and sweet scents from Ceylon and Bengal.

At last we arrive in front of a great solid stone house with Saracenic arches and the striped layers of Arabian architecture. In the great central court is a fountain, around which a dozen travel-worn camel-drivers are washing their hands and feet. Bales of merchandise of every variety are piled about the court, and camel trains and donkey droves are unloading hard by. It is the great Khan As'ad Pasha. Built hundreds of years ago, it has been the resort of the merchants of Bagdad and Aleppo with their goods since its construction. The Khan of Damascus unites the qualities of the Merchants' Exchange with that of a sort of free tavern. Here the merchant of distant cities, who resorts to Damascus for a market, unloads his goods and deposits them until sold, free of charge. Here he reposes at night upon his sheep-skin spread in the great court, as freely and as securely as in



the trackless desert through which he has just journeyed. And here he is sought by the merchant of Damascus who is in need of his wares, and, the bargain being struck, the money is paid in the presence of the khan-master, who has his lodge by the great entrance, to prevent frauds and extortion. This done his camels are brought from the open fields to the khan, where they take a return load of the fabrics of Damascus, and issue from Bab Shurkey on their way, by Tadmor in the Desert, to distant Mosul and Bagdad.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

It was our good fortune to make the acquaintance of the resident manager of the macadamized road between Damascus and Beyrout. A native of Constantinople, he had been educated in both the French and Arabian languages. A residence of several years in Damascus had given him the *entré* to the best houses of the residents of all religions and nationalities. By his introduction we visited many of the best houses—Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews, and were always well received. Among them was that of an English lady, whose history, if I felt at liberty to relate it as it is told currently in Damascus, would be a most curious example of the strange vicissitudes often occurring in real life, rivaling in interest the sensation novels of the day. But as many of these stories concerning the lady have been already printed by inconsiderate or scandal-loving travelers, perhaps to the great violation of truth, and certainly to the cruel and wanton injury of one who has been at least as much “sinned against as sinning,” I shall only state that which I believe to be the admitted fact, and which she would probably not object to have stated.

More than forty years ago this lady, then young and beautiful—the daughter of one of the proudest barons of England—was married to one whose rank was equal to that of her father—celebrated as one of the first statesmen of his time, the holder successively of the offices of Lord

Privy Seal, President of the Board of Control, Governor-General of India, and First Lord of the Admiralty. The son of one of the most celebrated of the judges who have presided over the Court of Queen's Bench, he is at this time an earl and a member of her British Majesty's Privy Council. Two or three children were born of this marriage, all of whom died. Then came a separation. The scandal of forty years ago can afford but little amusement to a generation which feels quite equal to the task of furnishing its own supply of this delightful entertainment. It is enough to say that there was a divorce. Who was wrong I know not; but, as usual in such cases, the verdict of the world was against the woman. Whether right or wrong, her proud spirit scorned the judgment as well as the pity of her countrymen. She left her native land, never to return. After hearing all that has been said in disparagement of the lady, as well as such evidence as the world is content to act upon, I have made up my judgment that it is false. But no invention of the past can equal the strange reality of the present. Fifteen years ago, while traveling in the desert east of Damascus, her train was attacked by a tribe of robber Bedouins, many of her attendants slain and her own life placed in great peril. From this she was delivered by a young Arab called Migael, sheik of the tribe which holds the territory about the ruins of ancient Palmyra, or "Tadmor in the Desert," as it is called by the people of the country. That there is a deal of romance in the character of this lady is apparent, even without the sequel to the story. She carried out the drama to a conclusion as extreme as the most romantic mind could wish. She married the young Migael according to the rites of his tribe, then and there in the desert, as he stood in his flame-colored kefiyeh and burnoose of the striped cloth of Yemen. The story told in Damascus is that the young fellow resisted to the last the conclusion which the romantic lady considered so

necessary to make up the poetry of the case; that he mounted his swiftest horse and fled into the wildest depths of the desert, but in vain; that she was as good a horseman as himself, and mounted, not upon the degenerate steed of Arabia of the present, but upon a horse who traced his lineage through many a sire and dam famed as Derby winners, back to *Flying Childers* and the *Godolphin Arabian*. That she could ride as well as any Arab, sheik or no sheik, her English bringing up is sufficient to settle; and as to the quality of her horses, those I saw in her stables were such as Mr. Migael would never have dreamed of possessing, but for the event which put him in command of the resources of a wealthy English woman. But of the probabilities of a half-starved Arab being unwilling to sacrifice his dried beans, barley cakes, and sour camel's milk, for the comforts of a well-spread table and good clothes, if he wanted them, simply because coupled with a fine woman, can be as easily estimated by the reader as another. It is also said that a condition of her marriage contract was that he should waive the right accorded him by the laws of his religion and his country of possessing a plurality of wives. This I doubt. But that he could successfully practice polygamy in the house where his present wife resides, no one after seeing her would even for a moment think possible. It is generally understood that he has never done so.

Two months before our arrival, while riding upon a favorite horse in the suburbs of Damascus, she had met with a fall, resulting in a severe injury in the nature of a sprain to one of her ankles. She had not been able to go out of her house since the accident, nor had she received any company. We were therefore most agreeably surprised at receiving an invitation to visit her at her house, without the east gate. The invitation to our party could scarcely be taken as a great compliment either to ourselves or to the nationality represented by us. It was

understood that English travelers were seldom admitted within her walls, but that all others were generally gladly received. It appeared to me that her old notions upon the question of *caste* remained in force only with respect to her own country people. Toward them she never forgot that she was the daughter of a lord, and therefore none but her peers could be met upon terms of equality; and as English lords seldom find themselves or are found in Damascus, my lady must be content to seek society in a lower grade. But Mr. Tom Noddy, the merchant of London, or Smith, Jones, and Brown, manufacturers from Sheffield, Birmingham, or Manchester, must not be permitted for an instant to suppose that their plebeian noses may penetrate the sacred inclosure which hedges about even this shattered remnant of English nobility. It would be too fine a thing for such as these to dilate upon to admiring friends in Hampton Court grounds of a Sunday, or over their beef and pudding at Simpson's in the Strand on week days, that they had seen my Lady So-and-So living with her Arab husband at Damascus. But this idea of excluding those beneath her did not appear in force with respect to Americans. "Here is a nation," she probably reasons, "without traditions and without ancestors. It therefore ought to be without caste. All are alike shop-keepers and money-getters. One is at least as good as another, and possibly better, if I am to believe what he says about it; and what other evidence can I get? Besides, they come from the other side of the world, and the probabilities are in favor of their getting back there again. It is at least pretty certain that they will never, by any chance, meet with any of my acquaintances of the past or present. I will therefore send for the savages and see how they behave, and hear what is going on at the antipodes."

But all of these mental processes, which may or may not have preceded our invitation, had no effect upon our



conduct. The invitation was polite, even to the point of being pressing. An hour was set, and it was further urged that ours would be the first Frankish visitors she would have seen since the painful accident two months before. We consulted Demitri, our constant adviser upon all questions of importance. He said, "Go, by all means." "How shall we go?" said I. "Ride," said Demitri. "Ride what?" said I. "Ride what! Ride donkeys, of course." So donkeys were ordered from the nearest corner and we set off. It is a mile from Demitri's house, and at the edge of the great Mohammedan suburb. Groves of peach, plum, and apricot trees line the road and fill the air with the fragrance of their blossoms. A high stone wall incloses the house and four or five acres of ornamental grounds of the English lady. Three Arab servants met us at the gate and stood bowing as we passed in. One led the way to a stone structure in the middle of the garden, where the lady awaited us. A pavilion it would be called in Europe; here it is a "kiosk," but more English than Oriental in character.

We found her seated upon a divan in a large room. But upon our entry she rose and sat in a chair. The room was furnished with a full set of European furniture as well as having divans placed in order round the walls, in the Eastern style. This was the first day she had attempted to sit up since the accident, she told us in English, and then repeated the same in French to the Turkish gentleman who was with us. She regretted exceedingly the absence of the Sheik, who was with his tribe at Tadmor in the Desert. So we must content ourselves with her indifferent ability to show us the courtesies due to us in our quality of guests and strangers. This she told us, and I hope she meant it. "We are sorry," we said "that the Sheik is away," and I am sure we were sincere, for it would have been something to see the Bedouin youth who had captured or been captured by so fine a woman.

Just then a servant entered with coffee, invariably the first thing to be done in the way of making a visitor welcome in the East. This we sipped, and the company conversed freely in English and in French, the lady speaking one as well as the other. Of course she led the conversation. She had been reading *Galignani's Messenger* when we came in, and that journal was lying open by her side. She knew all that was going on in Europe as well as if she were there. The Paris Exposition interested her greatly. She had seen a set of parlor furniture that was being made in Damascus to exhibit there. It was very fine, of silk and gold work, in the fashion of the country. "Was the furniture made in the European or Oriental style?" one of us asked. "Necessarily in the European style," she replied, "for the Orientals, sitting upon the ground and eating with their fingers from one dish, need no parlor furniture, and so, have none. It therefore follows that there is no such thing as an Oriental fashion in the make of furniture. This divan, built as a part of the room itself, is the only furniture in the best Eastern house or palace."

She spoke of the massacre of Christians by the Mohammedans in 1860. She had seen it all. "In fact, several lives had been saved by the Sheik," she said, "who took the poor creatures into the house and protected them." I fancied that I saw in this something of woman. That the little Sheik Migael, all Arab of the desert and Mohammedan as he was, would protect any Christian at such a time, I doubted. It is more likely that the brave Englishwoman did it herself, and then, woman like, gave the credit where, if it was not due, it was at least greatly needed. She believed that the massacre was instigated by the Sublime Porte at Constantinople. Achmet Pasha, the then Governor of Damascus, was a constant visitor at her house. He was, she said, there only the day before the horrid affair began; and from words that then fell

from his lips, she believes to this day he had at that moment the order in his pocket to destroy the Christian population. She believes further that he yielded obedience to the monstrous decree most unwillingly. And when the unfortunate man was afterward, at the imperious order of the French Government, put to death at Bab Shurkey with others of the murderers, she thinks he was made a scapegoat by the pusillanimous sultan to bear his own sins, and who did not dare avow the measure he had undertaken to carry out. We had heard this before from the Christians of Damascus, and thought it not without foundation in fact.

Much was said of the East, of France, and of Russia, but not one word of England nor of any thing English. Two pictures only ornamented the walls of the *kiosk*. One, that of a fine elderly gentleman in the uniform of an English officer, the other one younger, in plain clothes and side whiskers; both unmistakably English. Seeing me look at them, she remarked that they were family portraits. She said the eldest was her father and the other her brother. I had already suspected the truth. The blue coat, shoulder-straps, and sword-knot of an admiral marked the rank of one who, in support of British naval supremacy, did but little less than Nelson himself; while the plain clothes and side whiskers of the other may be seen any night upon the Government benches in the House of Lords.

At last it being time to go, we arose and took leave of the polite lady, with a pressing request that if she should ever come to San Francisco she would not fail, so long as she should remain in that quarter of the world, to make her home at our ancestral hall. This she promised to do. As we walked down the garden, she called out of the window to know if we fancied dogs and horses. If so, the Arab boy would do the honors which her lame ankle denied her the pleasure. Addressing him in Arabic, she

gave the necessary orders, and we were taken to the stables, where not the least interesting thing were three or four beautiful gazelles which ran about the place as gentle as so many pet lambs. The mistress's favorite mare, and the one which had fallen with her two months before, was a fine English blood animal, looking quite up to the work of the race course. Three or four others as fine, and all evidently brought from England, attested the wealth and taste of the lady or her husband, Sheik Migael. Long may she reign Queen of Palmyra and the desert!

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### ABD-EL-KADER AND HIS HAREM.

THE stormy political events at the close of the year 1860, followed by the secession of the South and the war of the rebellion, were affairs of so exciting a character, that the fact that five thousand Christians were at the same time butchered in Damascus by their next-door neighbors, living in the same town and brought up by their sides, was a matter scarcely noticed in the United States, and no doubt has passed from the recollection of many of our people. Yet for three days and three nights did this modern St. Bartholomew rage in the narrow alleys, within and among the gardens that border the bright waters of Abana, the Christian quarter of that city. It was not a riotous battle in which blows were exchanged for blows, men meeting men in deadly combat and in exchange for precious life dragging along with them the soul of many a foeman upon the voyage across the dark waters that roll around the world. But it was the battle of the wolves with the lambs; the hawk with the barn-yard fowl. The mother was slaughtered, but not until she had beheld the braining against the wall of the infant that had been torn from her breast. Husbands and fathers were forced to live till all this and more beside had been inflicted in their sight upon their wives and daughters. Demitri Cara, who marvelously escaped with his life, assured me that the least show of resistance would have saved half the lives that were



slaughtered. But the notion prevailed that, by non-resistance, pity would take the place of ferocity, and the horrors be stayed; that, instead of fighting, the "cowardly Christians," as he termed them, actually held out their heads to have them cut off. The massacre at last stopped for want of material; all had been murdered or driven to the mountains. Further slaughter involved an amount of exertion beyond the habits and tastes of the Mussulman hunters. The game was excellent, the sport delightful, but the walk necessary to reach the preserves was too great to be performed. Turkish indolence for once took the appearance of virtue. Idlers became philanthropists. The laziest men were the most merciful.

Having murdered or driven to the mountains their Christian fellow-townsmen, the Mohammedans turned their attention to the property left behind. The wealthiest Damascene merchants were among the slaughtered. The working of silver and gold is a craft known in the East only to the Christians. To the Moslem it is a hidden mystery. First the silver and goldsmith bazaars and shops were plundered, then the banks and stores, the private houses and churches. When all had been appropriated worth stealing, the houses—the homes of a nation—were given, to the flames. The whole Christian quarter was burned to the ground.

At last the extermination being supposed complete, the executioners made an estimate of the precious work, and finding it thorough, rested from their labors. They had much to congratulate themselves upon; and their self-glorification was commensurate with the achievement performed. A race of turbulent unbelievers had been exterminated from the earth. *Esh Sham*, the holy, was at last freed from a disgrace which had hung about her name from the day that the weak and wavering policy of the gentle *Abu Obeidah* was preferred to the more thorough and energetic measures of *Khaled*, the Sword

of God. The true policy toward enemies of the faith had been after a delay of twelve hundred years re-established, and now it was to be forever in force. The Prophet had proclaimed but one rule: Let unbelievers have the choice between the Koran and the sword. This had been too long forgotten. One great step had been taken in the right direction. There were no more Christians in Damascus.

But, as is generally the case with those who vote to themselves a triumph, they over-estimated the work already done, and thought too little of what was left to do. They had not killed all the Christians in the world, nor had they even killed all that were then in Damascus. The terror which they had struck to the hearts of the wretches who were hiding among the caves and hanging rocks of anti-Lebanon, extended no farther. The Christians of the West had not even heard of the great victory gained by Islam over the cause of Christ about the waters of Abana and Pharphar. But that they must hear of it was from the first inevitable, and that when properly represented to them speedy vengeance would follow, was just as natural a conclusion to any mind but that of an infatuated Mohammedan. Yet in all Damascus there was but one man holding the faith of Islam, who understood the signs of the times, and who so directed his conduct as to be able to face the storm when it should burst. The name of this man is not unfamiliar even to the people of our part of the world. It was *Abd-el-Kader*.

If believing in the faith of the impostor of Mecca implies cruelty and intolerance, every presumption was in favor of this man's proving to be the most cruel and barbarous of all the horrid crew. Born in Africa, but of Arabian blood, he was as firm in the faith of Islam as the wildest dervish that ever danced at Cairo or howled at Stamboul; and this was no new-born zeal, for at the age

of eight years he had been conveyed by his father to Mecca upon the pilgrimage so dear to the heart of every true believer. And afterward, all through a most eventful life, no decade was suffered to pass away without his making seven times the penitential circuit of the *Kaaba*, kissing the black stone, and bathing in the sacred well of Zemzem. Besides this, the green turban which he proudly wore, denoting his descent from the Prophet, made it his duty and his interest to stand as a defender of that faith which, founded by his family, had been its patent of nobility, and was the foundation of his claim to pre-eminence among men. But if stronger reasons to make him a zealous Mohammedan had been necessary, they existed in the fact that when a young man in his native land he had beheld a vision in which he was seated by the Prophet, his ancestor, in judgment over his people. And although the augury thus foreshadowed had proved delusive, and his country conquered and governed by the hand of the Christian stranger, yet he was still permitted to worship according to the rites of his fathers in Holy Damascus, and here each day in the great mosque, converted by the valor of his forefathers from a Christian basilica to a temple of Islam, he discoursed as a preacher to the faithful who attended the services therein. The warrior who had vainly risked his life to preserve the faith and freedom of his people was now content to do duty as a priest, and to uphold by such eloquence as he was master of, that religion which he could no longer defend with his sword. Indeed, it is not improbable that the long and bloody wars waged by Abd-el-Kader against the French were the schools in which he had learned those lessons of tolerance and mercy, the effects of which, as exhibited at Damascus, are destined to do more for his memory, when his history comes to be written, than his conduct in leading his victorious forces against Oran or in vainly defending Mascara. In these

shocks of arms he had learned what it was to meet upon the field the invincible cohorts which march in the name of Christ. During the years of imprisonment in which he was held by the conquerors of his country he had beheld with his own eyes Christian law and order, industry, skill, and intelligence—the sources of that power before which he, with all the strength of a just cause, and with such aid as the true faith might afford him, had been driven from home and country and at last dragged away a prisoner, while his forces were exterminated or scattered in the trackless desert without hope of recovery. One of the first acts of the Prince President of France, upon his coming to power, was the release of Abd-el-Kader from prison. For several years past he had resided quietly in Damascus, in the enjoyment of an annuity from the French Government of a hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum. His house is one of the largest in the city, and here he lives surrounded by his family and protected by a little army of soldiers who have in former times followed his banners in the wars of Algeria. His state is quite princely, and more than equalling in grandeur that of the almost vice-regal Pasha of Damascus. His extensive palace, inclosed in substantial walls and defended by his Algerine veterans, enables him to have, when he chooses to exert it, great power and influence in all matters pertaining to the public conduct.

No sooner had the cry of blood resounded through the streets and alleys of Damascus, in 1860, than the resolution of the old hero was formed. His gates were closed to all but the proscribed creed. None but Christians might enter, and these found there security and protection. His guards were posted at the doors and upon the house-top, with orders to defend the place with their lives. Then the old soldier sallied forth upon his work of mercy. Fortunate were those who could escape from

the knives of the blood-hounds long enough to reach the hand of Abd-el-Kader, for here none dared pursue them. He, the *Imaum* of the mosque, rejoicing in the noble blood of the tribe of the *Koreish*, and entitled by his achievements in the field to the credit of a defender of the faith, was not to be scorned; and whom he chose to cover with the mantle of his protection must pass freely. And thus the brave old fellow, day and night, traversed the narrow streets and dark alleys of Damascus, each with its spouting torrent of Christian gore, and brought to the haven of safety in his house, the strong men as well as the weeping women and children of unbelieving infidels, enemies to his creed, but fellow-creatures. Before the terrible affair was ended no less than six hundred, some say three thousand, unfortunates, were safely brought in and cared for, their wounds dressed and food and clothes furnished them.

I may be pardoned, if I assume the reader to recollect, after seven years have elapsed, as little of this affair as I knew of it when I came to Damascus, and to remind him of the final result of the butchery of the Damascene Christians. How, when the news had traveled to the West, it produced that natural horror which it deserved, followed by the usual protests and diplomatic correspondence with the Sublime Porte. How, as might have been anticipated, words and tufts of grass produced their olden and long-established effect; and how, after months of waiting, the French government, to its everlasting credit, marched a body of troops from Beyrout into the Cœle-Syrian valley, menacing Damascus itself; and finally, how, when the matter became so very serious, the governor of Damascus, at the time of the massacre, Achmet Pasha, was, with over a hundred ringleaders, as they were called, first thrown into prison, and finally, no doubt greatly to their surprise, publicly put to death at the city gates, and the Christian quarter rebuilt—are matters



which, when treated fully, require more space and time than I can give to them in this volume.

I need not say that I was pleased when an invitation came to us that upon the next day, at an hour to be indicated by ourselves, I would be made welcome at the house of Abd-el-Kader, while my wife would be received by the ladies of his harem. It is the custom in the East not to inquire at what time it will be agreeable for the host to receive, but for the stranger to inform him at what hour it will be convenient to visit his mansion. We were pleased to name the hour of one as the most agreeable time to us, having first received a hint from our friend, the Turkish road-manager, who had undertaken the delicate task of negotiating the affair between the high contracting powers, that such hour would be the proper one to select. But there still lay in our track a not inconsiderable difficulty. Our Turkish friend was ready and willing to accompany us and act as dragoman or interpreter between Abd-el-Kader and myself; but how was my wife to convey her ideas to the ladies? Of course, no male creature ever thinks of invading the sanctity of the harem of a Moslem. So other means must be sought. It happened that the day before we had paid a visit to the house of Demitri Schallouff, a Christian merchant, a native of Damascus, and one of the wealthiest people of the place. We had found his wife to be a young and remarkably handsome Egyptian woman, whom he had married but a few months before at Cairo and brought to his home in Damascus. Being a Christian, she had received an education quite superior to that ordinarily given to women in the East, and, among her accomplishments, spoke French with considerable fluency. She received us cross-legged in her garden, smoking a nargileh of gold, and sparkling with jewels. Three or four slaves who attended to her slightest wants, as well as the richness of her attire, the diamonds and pearls which covered her arms

and head, witnessed the wealth or fondness of her husband. But she had married at thirteen, and was not much beyond that age now. The efforts to preserve the sedate demeanor of a matron struggling with the temptation to behave naturally and child-like, was exceedingly amusing. She would converse for a moment with dignity, and then, as if the absurdness of the attempt was too much for her, she would suddenly turn her head and burst into a loud giggle of laughter. Now that we were to go to Abd-el-Kader's, it was suggested that this woman be invited to go along as a visitor, like ourselves, but really to act as interpreter.

Accordingly a messenger was sent off in the evening with the invitation. He soon returned with the reply that Sitt Schallouff would be most happy to comply, thus disposing most satisfactorily of a rather embarrassing question. At half-past twelve o'clock we mounted our donkeys and set off for the house of Demitri Schallouff, in order to take the lady with us. I found the Sitt in the very spot I had left her the day before, pulling away at her nargileh as if for dear life. No donkey was at the door, nor indeed any preparation for her going with us, except that she was dressed more splendidly and had on even more diamonds than upon our previous visit. Take a seat, Moosoo, she said in French, turning her head and hiding her face, with a loud giggle. Then she passed the stem of the nargileh and insisted with more giggling that I must smoke, but not a word of the visit to Abd-el-Kader's. I took a pull at the weed and then inquired if she was ready to go. She tried to look surprised, and then, hiding her head to laugh, asked where I wanted her to go. "To Abd-el-Kader's, according to our understanding," "Oh, no! She could not possibly go; her dress was not fit to be seen at such a place. In short, she gave me to understand, amidst much tee-hee-ing and giggling, that she had nothing to wear. The lady was

dressed in all the luxury and gorgeousness of the Orient. Her robe was of the richest Damascus silk, stiff with gold worked in its thread. The jewels that glittered upon her head and arms would have been the envy of the wealthiest dames of the West. True she had on no shoes, but that is not a serious omission in the toilet of a lady of Damascus. But it was the old story—she had nothing to wear. It was already late, and it is a great fault to keep people waiting in the East. I had a sort of notion that she wanted a little urging, so I pressed the matter with all my eloquence, but in vain. She declared the thing to be impossible in the state of her wardrobe. Reluctantly we rode off, feeling that not only were we after time, but, that the lack of an interpreter would deprive the visit of half its interest.

Fifteen minutes' ride brought us to the street of Abd-el-Kader's town. A great crowd of poor people, who it appears hang around his door, continually depending upon the good man's charity for a support, were seated or standing about against the wall or in the street. Before we had time to dismount, an Arab boy came running after us shouting *Sitt, Sitt*, and pointing in the direction from which we had come. It was one of Demitri Schallouff's people, and on looking back I saw the lady, his good wife, coming on a donkey at a little gallop accompanied by a *mukarah* and two maids. She had mounted her donkey almost as soon as ourselves and followed us. Like a child, as she was, she had held back only to be urged. I hastened to meet her, but when I got almost within speaking distance, as if frightened at what she was doing, she turned her donkey's head into a little side-alley, and hurried off for dear life, giggling all the while as if it was the funniest joke she had ever heard of in her life. Nor did I ever see her after, being too angry to go back to Demitri's to inquire what was the cause of such queer conduct. Fortunately it turned out that we were not late, as Abd-el-Kader had

been detained a little beyond his usual time at the mosque, where he had preached that day. And as I rode back to the door I saw him coming home in great state, dressed in a long white burnoose and followed by ten or twelve Algerine soldiers, evidently selected for their prodigious stature. They were all, like their chief, clothed in flowing burnoose of white linen, the hoods being brought over their heads in place of the kefiyeh usually worn by Arabs, and each over six feet high. The procession stalked in at the door leading to the male part of the establishment, for the house is on two sides of the street, the harem being across the way from the offices of business and male receptions. The street, however, closes with a gate at each end, so that Abd-el-Kader has control of the whole grounds. When our party separated, according to etiquette, Abd-el-Kader remaining with me upon the divan of the reception-room, while his son by his first and eldest wife accompanied my wife to the harem. But her visit was, as might have been expected, a disappointment.

The oldest wife of an Eastern harem looks upon herself as the chief lady of the household, and any visit to the establishment is arrogated to herself. All the younger wives must keep out of the way unless specially called for by name. As might have been expected by one familiar with Oriental etiquette, but as we did not expect, her ladyship, Mrs. Abd-el-Kader No. 1, was found by my wife dressed in all the gorgeousness of Damascus silks and feathers and jewels sheen, seated in state upon a divan prepared to do the honors for herself and lord, but with no intention of calling into notice any of the little upstart "chits" whom her husband had, pursuant to the weaker calls of his nature, raised to a position beyond their deserts by placing them in his harem. The son of this wife acted as interpreter. But had any of the other wives been called for he must, according to rule, have immediately left

the harem. Each wife has her separate apartments, servants, and establishment. After waiting for an hour, and almost dying with curiosity, as any lady reader may well understand, hoping to see the younger wives, or, at least, some who might be supposed to owe their position to some right beside that of seniority, she at last gave it up in despair, and took leave of the old lady who ruled Abd-el-Kader's house, if not his heart.

In the mean time, I had been treated in the usual manner to coffee and sweetmeats. Then a conversation ensued, in which we passed mutual compliments in the Oriental style. The old fellow had heard of my prowess in war, as well as my wisdom at the council board. That my enemies trembled at my approach, was not so much an evidence of their cowardice as a consciousness of my valor and an understanding of their relative weakness. That this must be for them an hour of bland repose, to be only disturbed by my speedy return, which he trusted would be safe and early. I had the advantage of my host, for I could name the chieftain with whom he had measured arms, while he had to deal in glittering generalities when he referred to my prowess, which, however, in general terms he placed as immeasurably beyond his own. I referred to the French generals Changarnier and Pélissier, to Cavignac and Canrobert, whom I knew had operated in Algéria. I then inquired about the exploit of one of those worthies in destroying a whole tribe of Arabs—men, women, and children—by burning them to death in a cave, a fact familiar to the most casual reader of the newspapers of the day. He was delighted at my knowledge of his history, and went into many interesting particulars. He had heard of my country, he said. In fact he had had some indirect acquaintance with its chief ruler; that some years ago he had had the good fortune to save the lives of some Christians in Damascus who were attacked by a mob of misguided people; that this



afterward in some manner came to the knowledge of the potentate of my country, who being a Christian himself, was greatly pleased with his conduct, and had presented him with a handsome testimonial of his good opinion. That his name was Lin-koon, but he was sorry to hear since of his death. He hoped it was not true, as he believed him to be a good man. "Did I know him, and and was he still living, or was he dead?" I confessed that I was not personally acquainted with the ruler of whom he spoke; that he resided at a great distance from my part of the country, and that I had never even so much as seen him. I also confirmed the rumor of his death, and joined with him in testifying the sorrow which we felt in common for the loss of a good man.

Having spent a pleasant hour with Abd-el-Kader, we remounted our donkeys and retired to Demitri Cara's hotel, highly pleased with what we had seen, but somewhat disappointed at some things which he had not seen.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

HAKKIM MICHAEL MASCHARKA.

THE banner of Stars and Stripes floats gracefully in the breezes of Damascus, from the house-top of Hakkim Michael Mascharka. Why we should have a consular agent here is a matter worthy of being known, for it is not without its mysteries. If the fact of having such an official is a sort of a riddle to us, it is, perhaps, equally as much a matter of wonder to the Hakkim himself. The only rational explanation is this: Almost the most dangerous position in an Oriental community is that of being understood to possess wealth. Certain conditions may, however, be added to this, tending to increase the hazard. Among these is that of holding to the Christian faith. A rich Christian, residing in a Moslem city, is to the pasha much such a temptation as a tree of ripe cherries, inclosed by a very low fence, is to a Sunday-School boy; he never passes it without the water running out of the corners of his mouth; and the very first chance he gets his tooth enters the luscious morsel. But the holding of any kind of consular appointment places the poor fellow in quite a different position. He is immediately independent of the authority of the pasha and his myrmidons. True, he has nothing to do and gets nothing for doing it; but he is safe, a by no means trifling matter in a place where the bastinado is carried about by the tax-collector, and where the only assessment of public dues

necessary is a showing of the fact that the subject has the ability to pay.

This rule applies to ordinary towns. But in a place like Damascus, the hot-bed of Eastern bigotry, where all holding to the proscribed religion are kept in constant danger of death, the position of consul of any State, whether it be France or the United States, Lichtenstein or Paraguay, is sought after, and even paid for at a high price if the appointing power be sufficiently corrupt to accept it. It appears strange, at a first glance, that after such an ordeal as the massacre of the Christians in 1860 any of that people would be found residing among the murderers of their brothers and sisters, at least so soon after the happening of that frightful event. Yet the explanation is met with in the universal conduct of the massacred in parallel cases. The son goes to sea in the same ship from the decks of which his father was washed. The miner descends daily to the depths of the identical pit where his brothers and friends were consumed by explosive gases. Great populous cities rest upon the lava foundations of Herculaneum, and fuming Solfatara is exhibited to the wondering traveler by a descendant or survivor of the destroyed village at its base. That which has happened may happen again, and it may not, or at least it may not in my time, is alike the argument of the miner, the sailor, the villager, and the Christian.

These consular agents are appointed by the consuls-general at the great central points like Constantinople, Alexandria, or Beyrout. They hold no direct communication with the Government, but report to those who appoint them. So highly esteemed are these dignities, that Mr. Johnson, consul at Beyrout, who has the appointing of several of them, finds much of his time taken up in the examination of their respective claims. If he would sell them he could do so, he told me, and at a good price; for the wealthy at the East take early and frequent

lessons in the art of corrupting the sources of power. When appointed nothing remains to be done except to procure a flag and the uniforms of the office. Of course none of the appointees can speak the language of the power they represent, nor do they generally have much idea of its position on the globe, its importance, its constitution, or manners and customs. The consular agent for the Republic of the United States of Columbia does not know whether he should claim precedence or give place to that of the United States of America, nor does that dignitary possess more knowledge upon the same subject than his neighbor. Each knows that he has gained the point he aimed at—local independence—and is satisfied.

We called upon our representative, Hakkim Mascharka. His house is in the Christian quarter, and reached by traversing a line of streets and alleys so narrow and crooked and so dirty that before reaching it we had almost turned back in disgust. The door or entrance was as narrow and mean, and set in as rough and unprepossessing a dead wall as any we had passed in the whole journey. But once through it, and the whole scene was changed as if by a touch of the hand of enchantment. The inner court is at least eighty feet square, and on the four sides of this the house fronts, windows and balconies opening from above, and open arcades with cooling fountains and luxurious divans below. A great fountain spouts sparkling waters in the center, and the marble pavement is everywhere protected from the sun's rays by orange and lemon, peach and plum trees. An Arab cavasse, dressed in flowing trousers and fez, with two great flint-lock pistols in his red sash, and swinging cimeter at his side, met us at the door and conducted us to the reception-room upon the ground-floor. He was cavasse to the American consulate, and though he may have had a very indistinct idea of the geographical position of that power, his want

of knowledge did not, in my judgment, detract in the least from the loftiness of his bearing. The dignity of our nation will not suffer by any omission on the part of its cavasse at Damascus. With a wave of his hand he sent three or four inferior servants flying across the court in the direction of the kitchen. There soon came back one bearing the coffee urn, a second the cups on a tray, and three or four others, respectively, with plates of candied plums, oranges, and sweetmeats. The ordinary lackeys were not permitted to deal out these delicacies to the guests. But the portly cavasse took upon himself the post of honor. Pouring out the little thimble-cups of Arabic coffee, he first passed them around to each, and then followed it up with the sweetmeats. No plate is used in the distribution of them. It is the custom to take them up upon the point of a fork, each guest being provided with one of these instruments, which are passed around separately for that purpose.

The refreshment concluded, the Hakkim entered. The hospitalities of an Oriental mansion are not delayed because of the absence of the host. It is considered an evidence of his bounty that his servants shall, without orders, serve refreshments the instant a visitor arrives. The consul of the United States at Damascus is a venerable old gentleman of sixty, with white hair and beard. His son, a youth of nineteen, accompanied him, and to our surprise spoke with considerable facility the English language. We had upon our arrival, seated ourselves in chairs, about the floor of the room, and were so resting when the Hakkim came in. The place of honor in the room of an Oriental house, is always at the end farthest from the door, which is elevated two feet higher than the main floor. There a divan is raised against the wall, and guests are expected to sit upon it, having first removed their shoes and laid them at the edge of the raised platform. The old man was shocked at finding us



seated below, in the place reserved for servants only. He insisted politely upon our ascending the platform and occupying the divan. The son admitted that his father understood that we did not consider our dignity compromised by a seat on the main floor, but he said that his father was old and could not get accustomed to such innovations; that our seat there would render him uncomfortable during our stay. We yielded and mounted the platform, first offering to remove our shoes, according to Eastern etiquette, but this the Hakkim objected to our doing. His son explained, that being an American consul, he acted in this respect according to the custom of the people whose country he represented.

Pipes were brought in, the cavasse lugging in a great nargileh and stem already charged for operation, but none of us smoked the nargileh. Hakkim Mascharka then produced a school-atlas evidently got up in America for the Missions in Syria. The names of the countries, towns, etc., being laid down in Arabic. Opening it at the map of the United States he pointed to the country of which he was consul with high glee; showing pride, I thought, not so much in the nation itself, as at his own learning in the science of geography. "What part are you from?" he inquired, through his son. I indicated with my finger San Francisco. He had never seen any one before from that side of the continent. "Several had called from this side," he said, pointing out the Atlantic coast. With a pen he noted the place of my residence as he had already done those of the others from the Atlantic coast who were there before me. The cavasse now announced that the ladies were coming; and so they did with a great clatter, marching across the paved court mounted upon pattens, that added at least six inches to their stature. Leaving the little benches at the door, two ladies, the wives of the father and son, entered the room and marched up to the platform, we all rising and standing up to re-

ceive them. The son had been married but a few months to a lady of twelve years, and the prettiest I have seen in the East. But it must be borne in mind that the face of no Oriental lady is ever seen by a stranger in public. The opportunities of the traveler for forming an opinion upon their looks are therefore of the most limited character. They were dressed in elegant silk robes, their forehead and arms covered with diamonds, but, as usual, they had no shoes upon their feet, the wooden benches left without the door being the only substitute for shoes worn by the ladies. The old lady was a Damascene, her husband a Greek. She was evidently proud of the Hakkim's learning, for at her suggestion he wrote his name upon a card and gave it to us as a *souvenir*, asking us in return for ours. But when we asked the cards of the ladies, we were told with no apparent hesitation, that neither of them could write, it not being customary to teach women that accomplishment in the East; but said the young man, "I am teaching my wife to read and write in accordance with the American custom." I hope it was something more lasting than a mere honeymoon promise, and that the pretty young creature will be an exception to the usual Oriental ignorance. She blushed and denied her capacity to learn when we complimented her upon her approaching erudition, but it was evident she was grateful to her lord for making her case an exceptional one.

We have found it to be the custom of servants in Damascus to follow guests to the door of their master's house with claims for backshish; whether or not this be with the permission of those in authority, I know not, but suspect it to be, because the Hakkim took care to follow us quite into the street, under pretense of bidding us a more cordial adieu, but in reality I suspect to see us safely through the hostile territory, and free from the importunities of his own retainers.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE BASS-WOOD PREACHER.

A VERY considerable number of ministers of the gospel, American as well as English, are to be found at all times making the tour of Syria and Palestine. The company of these, as a general rule, is exceedingly interesting to the lay tourist. There is no guide-book for the Holy Land at all to compare with the Bible, nor can any companion be so interesting as one whose mind is stored with knowledge of that sacred book. At Alexandria we fell in with a clerical gentleman from somewhere out West, who, being unmarried, was naturally traveling alone. Having arrived about the same time we all drifted along together up to Cairo. Our ship's company was made up in part of rather a gay set of pleasure-seekers, many of whom thought more of dress than they did of what they were to see and learn by travel. The clerical gentleman of whom I write, by some chance, failed to make himself agreeable to a considerable portion of the company of American and English travelers. All sorts of objections were urged against him: that he was mean; that he was slouchy; that he was over-assuming and conceited; that he was ugly and ill-mannered, and that he was ignorant. And as a complete summing up of the opinion of all, he was called the "Bass-wood Preacher," and by that name known among the travelers. I suspect the real trouble to have been that the poor fellow was making the tour upon some extremely small allowance of money, and had

to study all sorts of shifts and contrivances to get through the country. If a party was to be made up to visit the pyramids, ancient Memphis, or Suez, the minister was always anxious to be invited, and contrived to be along. Why this should be objected to I could not see, but it generally was by some one or another, and the persons who consented to his going could never apparently justify the act except to, in a weak manner, excuse it on the ground of overwhelming necessity. He knew it was bad, but how could he help it.

But at last the "Bass-wood Preacher" appeared to take the hint, and kept away from the parties who had made the objection, and, without any apparent design, fell into my company. I soon found that, while the most of the objections which had been made to him were well taken, he was, after all, by no means a bad traveling companion. He was mean, but I am not generous myself, and am inclined to think that if I had been as poor as I suspect the "Bass-wood Preacher" to have been, I should have been even meaner than he was. As for his manners, they were good enough for a preacher, and as long as he was not a candidate for admission to the club, they were quite sufficient. There remained but the general objection to his profession. And serious as this may be, I think it must be confessed that, after all, there are worse people in the world than preachers. I should have had more of his society, but for the most perverse habit he had of loitering on his way, dropping behind in the line of march, whenever or wherever he saw the slightest prospect of a chance to exercise his vocation. At Ramleh he turned up among the missing. It was understood that he was to preach at Jaffa. At Jerusalem it was the same thing. At Damascus he could not be found for several days. He had waited over to wrestle with the heathens of Beyrout. Unspeakably absurd as the proceeding appeared to me, for I had not seen a soul in any one of the places whose

salvation would in my mind have justified an expenditure of two paras of their own worthless money—yet the parson was so evidently sincere and unselfish in the matter that I could scarcely find fault with him.

Three or four days after we reached Damascus he came bouncing along on the top of the diligence, in the midst of seventeen of the dirtiest Arabs that it had been up to that time my lot to contemplate, and looking as happy as a king. The first thing he asked was to be conducted to the “street called Straight.” This I was fully capable of doing. I had been in Damascus four days, and with the versatility of taste and temperament which is the only true foundation upon which to construct the genuine cosmopolitan, had already adopted to a considerable extent the manners and customs of the natives. I had bought a red fez with black silk tassel, had learned to smoke the nargileh; I had eaten at a Damascus restaurant, and had loitered on the banks of the Abana at a Damascus *fête*; I had learned the words and music of the muezzin call, and was at that moment seriously contemplating attaching myself, temporarily of course, to the religion of the country. Had a massacre of Christians taken place, it is quite doubtful how I should have thrown my influence. The most the Christians could have hoped for from us would have been a strict and honorable neutrality. I, however, acted with entire freedom from bias or prejudice in respect to my friend’s faith, and conducted him loyally to the various Christian shrines and sacred places to “the street called Straight,” to the houses of Ananias, of Judas, and of Naaman, and to the scene of St. Paul’s conversion, as well as to Bab Kisan, where he was let down from the wall.

At the house of Judas an incident occurred which quite ruffled the temper of the minister, and which I must myself confess I would not like to see repeated. It may not be out of place to mention, for the benefit of the reader



who may be unlearned in Bible lore, that Judas was the man with whom Saul of Tarsus, after the miracle of his conversion, tarried at Damascus, and it was to his house that Ananias was commanded in the vision to go and find, and restore to sight, the stricken gentile. This house still stands in "the street called Straight," but is now, and perhaps for ages past has been, used as a Mohammedan mosque. With a zeal, which, after all, in a minister, is entirely pardonable, my friend was exceedingly desirous to see something of this house. I had passed it a dozen times, and was quite satisfied in that respect; but the minister wanted to go inside. The great mosque is the only one in Damascus to visit which firmans are granted, and this reluctantly and upon ever-varying conditions, the privilege at times being entirely withdrawn. As for the smaller mosques, no unbeliever ever passes their portals. We walked together down to the door, and stood in front looking at it. We jointly deplored that spirit of intolerance which denied to the Christian the poor privilege of entering and gazing upon a spot sanctified by the memory of scenes so important in the history of his faith. Although a Damascene and a Mohammedan, I was free to say that I could not support my co-religionists, temporary though our relations were, in any thing resembling a spirit of narrow bigotry. We drew nearer to the door, so that we could see what was going on inside. A dozen or more swarthy Bedouins were washing their legs at the stone basin in the center, three or four were kneeling and bobbing up and down in prayer at the Mihrab on the south side, while a half-dozen sportive youths of ten years, or thereabouts, were amusing themselves with childish games about the pavement generally. I told my friend that I believed that I would at this point act as did England and Spain in the Mexican intervention affair. I had "seen enough," and would respectfully withdraw from the expedition. That, in the

first place, not having on my Eastern costume, I was standing there clothed in Christian apparel, and occupying, for the time being, a false position, calculated to lead to a misconstruction of my motives; that, in the second place, my appearing at the mosque door in company with a Christian tended to bring me into disrepute among my brethren; and that, lastly, the pious and prayerful Moslems, who were testifying to the greatness of God and the sacred office of Mohammed within the mosque, were not cosmopolitans like myself, and that he must not expect to receive from them that toleration which he could of course rely upon always obtaining at the hands of liberal-minded adversaries like myself. In short, that his standing about the door of the sacred place might be objected to by the devout inmates, and violence ensue—a result which, while I would greatly deplore its appearance of bigotry, I should be utterly powerless to obviate. Saying this, I strolled slowly along the grocers' bazaar, looking at the dried beans and oil-pots which are there exposed for sale.

My friend could not give up the contest. He still stayed about the portal of the mosque, getting constantly a little and a little nearer, till at last he was quite within, so that he could survey the whole interior of the building. But I did not long lose sight of his form; for almost as soon as he was inside, he came down the bazaar as fast as his legs could carry him, at the same time holding one of his hands up to his face. And fast as he flew down the street, the small stones, pieces of dirt, and rotten oranges came faster than his retreating steps. I understood in an instant the catastrophe which had occurred. The pious but cunning youths, who appeared to be wholly absorbed in their infantile sports, had in reality been merely lying in wait till the curiosity of the Giaour should draw him over the line permitted to unbelievers, in order to get a legitimate shot at him, and not more than his toe

had probably passed this line when the attack began. One orange had hit him full in the eye, another took the side of his face, while a third exhausted its force and deposited its juices upon the center of his retreating back. "What do you think of that?" said the enraged minister. I was obliged to confess that I regretted that the pious youths had not restrained themselves—that I could neither justify the act upon the grounds of justice or sound policy; that such proceedings were not calculated to advance the true faith, either by propitiating an opponent or converting a doubting mind; that tendency was rather to harden the infidel in his unbelief. "But," said I, "there is this mitigating circumstance in the whole affair—neither those youths, who have committed this outbreak of religious violence, nor the Bedouins, who are upholding them in it at this moment, by standing at the door grinning at us, have ever traveled beyond these native valleys. It is natural, therefore, that they should lack that spirit of tolerance which the citizen of the world can alone hold in all its vigor and beauty." But I must confess that all that I could say in extenuation of the conduct of the indiscreet young Moslems was not only wholly inadequate to the task of satisfying the minister that he had not been treated with extraordinary severity, but it also failed to remove a fixed belief, which appeared to have obtained possession of his mind, that the whole Moslem faith was responsible for the outrage, and should be treated accordingly.

From the house of Judas it is but a short distance to the Moslem cemeteries within the walls, and in this direction we turned our footsteps, passing through the *Bab-es-saghir*. The cemetery is a Mohammedan Bowling Green. There all festivities are held, public and private. There families resort upon holidays, and in these the wandering lovers stroll to exchange vows of undying faith. A forest of tombstones covers the undulating ground of

the great cemetery of *Bab-es-saghir*. These are interspersed with fantastic wooden structures and graceful cupolas. The graves are neat and trim, but the total lack of grass or herbage about them, gives the whole an air of barren desolation not in keeping with our notions of a place of burial. Each grave is covered with a little oblong roof-shaped mound of brick or mud, and all are whitewashed. An upright stone stands at the head of each, surmounted generally by a carved turban, and always with an Arabic inscription setting forth the name, age, and degree of the deceased, followed by some favorite selection from the Koran. Beside this is a cavity in the stone for water, and in this a fresh and green sprig of myrtle is stuck by the relative on each Friday. On that day it is very interesting to see the crowds of well-dressed people, mostly women, who come each with her vessel of water and branch of green myrtle as an offering to the shade of the departed. It happened to be Friday when the minister and myself strolled into the cemetery—hundreds of women sat about in groups, talking and laughing, or singly, at the head of some tomb, praying or weeping. But little apparent attention was paid to our advent, for women are forbidden by etiquette to exhibit curiosity as men may do. There are several tombs in the cemetery of *Bab-es-saghir*, which, if not remarkable for architectural beauty, deserve attention for the historical importance of their occupants. Here lies the fierce and impetuous Moawye'h, whose success in breaking the line of the "perfect caliphate," dividing the empire, and producing the first schism in Islam, always proves such a shock to the sympathies of the reader of Arabian history, a sympathy founded not upon tenderness for the doctrines of the false Prophet of Mecca, or dislike to the first of the Omeiyades, but from sorrow for the hard fate which fell to the lot of the brave, the noble, and the generous Ali, the Lion of God. Hard by the tomb of Moawye'h,

as if in solemn reproof of the ambition which deprived her house of its heritage, rests in peace Fatimeh, the daughter of Mohammed, and wife of Ali, whose name, in the keeping of a sect of the faithful, is revered from India to the Atlantic Ocean. Three wives of Mohammed also do credit to the importance of the great cemetery of Damascus. But as neither Cadijah, the companion of his youth, nor Ayesha, the beautiful and imperious mother of the faithful, are among the number, we sought them not, but contented ourselves with visiting that of the unfortunate wife of Ali. Removing our shoes, we passed through a simple door into a room twenty feet square, where a large stone coffer, resting upon blocks of the same material, contains the dust of Fatimeh. Lamps of silver suspended at each of the four corners continue, after twelve hundred years of duration, to fill the air with the sweet fragrance of sandal-wood, and the elegant carpet of Persian fabric which covers the floor, as well as the air of comfort in the tomb equal to that of a room in the best house in Damascus, proves her memory to be still freshly kept by her posterity.

Leaving the cemetery, we returned to the city. Here mounting donkeys, we rode out by the gate Bab Faradis on our way to the summit of the lofty hill Kubbet en-Nasr—the Dome of Victory—which overlooks Damascus and the great valley in which the city lies. A long, straggling village called Salahiye lies along the base of the mountain, and only terminates where the abrupt cliff breaks down in the gorge through which the Barada pours its sparkling flood into the plain. The road from the wall of Damascus up to Salahiye is a narrow paved lane, looking more like an uncovered stone sewer than a road traversing a rich country. But the boughs of the overhanging apricot and plum trees, all fragrant with young blossoms, were quite enough to satisfy us that the beauties of Damascus were not being abandoned. We



did not stop at the village. The people were friendly enough, but the dogs appeared anxious to vindicate their title to being considered curs of the true faith, and not Christian Giaours, such as we were. They therefore ran after us, barking, yelping, and snarling, with true Moslem vehemence, to the manifest delight of all the little boys, and no doubt not to the dissatisfaction of the true believers of a larger growth. I fancied that they were more fierce in their demonstrations of dislike toward my companion than toward myself, and suggested the difference to him. He replied that he hoped it was true, as the more such people and their dogs disliked him, the greater proof would he consider it to be of his own worthiness. I passed over the remark without comment, feeling that he had been treated harshly in the morning. We stopped a half hour at Kubbet en-Nasr, enjoying the fine view of Damascus and its rich valley, and tracing out the Pharrhar and Abana along their winding courses to the Desert Lakes, in which their waters sink or evaporate away.

The mukarabs, or donkey-boys, who had conducted us to this point, had not performed their duty toward us in an altogether satisfactory manner. It is their especial business to follow close behind the donkey, and drive him up to a reasonable rate of speed. Unless this department is properly attended to, the little animal feels that he may choose his own gait, which soon graduates into an extremely slow walk. In fact, after going a certain distance, they will come to a dead stop, and will not move till the mukarah comes to the rescue. It is astonishing how perfectly they are under the control of the boys, and how helpless the rider is when the boy is absent or inattentive. In coming up to Salahiyyeh, the boys had more than once dropped behind, as we would turn a corner, and for a time be lost sight of. The little beggars, neither of whom were over ten years of age, were amusing themselves by

catching frogs in the little pools by the way-side, and while this sport was going on our donkeys would fall into a snail's pace. We would accommodate ourselves to this pace by sitting carelessly upon the saddle, but I found it to be a dangerous business, for at any moment, without to us the slightest warning, the little things would suddenly prick up their ears and scamper off like a flock of sheep, at a great rate, for forty or fifty yards, and then stop as quick and with as little notice as they had started. The consequence was that I got two falls without understanding the cause of the queer stampede of the donkeys. At last I learned the secret. The boys, when they would stop their frog-catching, would start on a run to overtake us, giving their usual cry, a sort of a screech, more like that of a bird than any human sound. The donkeys hearing this, would set off upon a sudden scamper, well calculated to unseat a negligent rider. I have seen a whole cavalcade of a dozen ladies and gentlemen floundering in the road, thrown off by the sudden start of these donkeys upon hearing the boys screeching to them as they came down with a run. At the village our mukarahs also showed bad faith toward us in joining with the little heathens of Salahiye, in giving laughing approval to the onslaught upon us of the dogs. And not content with this disloyalty, the little wretches fraternized with the urchins of that village, and joined their festive games, leaving us to reach the top of the mountain the best way we could, and which, of course, was very slow progress. All this might have given us a hint of the true character of the knaves, had we thought more deeply of the matter, but we attributed the misconduct to the natural thoughtlessness of youth.

But at a point half way between the village and Babes-Salahiyeh, their villainy reached its last great crowning act. There they stopped and refused to go farther without backshish. "Pooh!" said the minister, when he

understood the nature of the atrocious demand, "backshish to be sure. Not a piaster! Not a para! Not a red cent! Never! We will pay what we agreed to pay, and no more!" Now the fact was that my companion had made the contract at a fixed sum by the hour, and which was at a rate much lower than I had ever been able to procure donkeys in Damascus. Besides, he rather prided himself upon being able to get these animals at a price nearer the real amount ordinarily charged to natives of the country, than I could do. And, in fact, he had been able to get them so low that I could well afford to pay for an extra donkey for him, and then get the whole for much less than I could have engaged a smaller number of animals. His pride was therefore enlisted in the matter. The boys would get no backshish. There was a matter of principle involved. We would go to town without them. This we tried to do, but in vain; the sagacious brutes took sides with the boys and would not stir a step. My friend got off and tried to catch a boy, but he plunged through the stream of water in which he had been hunting frogs, and mounted the wall on the other side. Here in safety he sat grinning and demanding backshish. We were paying by the hour and could not afford to stand out, so at last I consented, and the dispute was compromised. I paid a few paras, and the boys resumed duty. The strike was brought to an end, and we made our way to Damascus.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE ARTESIAN WELL AT PASSY.

WITHIN four miles of Damascus, three different localities are pointed out, each claiming to be the identical spot upon which was wrought the miraculous conversion of St. Paul. One is beneath a queer sort of arched rock, a half-mile from Bab Shurkey, and being the most conveniently situated to the city, is now altogether the most generally patronized. To this I went on foot, in company with the young Christian Damascene, mentioned in a former chapter. And as it is the custom of Christians to stoop down and crawl under the arch, under some sort of traditional promise of plenary indulgences, of great value to those who do so with a contrite heart, I, with such contrition as I could muster at so short a notice, crept through in company with my new-found friend. A lame back and damaged trousers were the only apparent results of the penance, but I am not without hope that at some future time—perhaps when I least expect it—great spiritual good may accrue to me. But there was still another spot claiming to be the scene of the miraculous conversion of the persecutor and champion of the early church. It is on the plain, at the foot of the mountain *Jebel-el-Azwad*, upon the road to Jerusalem, and within view of the city, but three or four miles away.

Many readers may ask the question, why visit a place possessing no natural interest, especially when that spot is difficult of access? Inasmuch as both or all the scenes of

the conversion of St. Paul are admittedly doubtful and ever shifting, why not visit the one the most accessible, and let that suffice? If that question be asked by any, it will be by some one who has never traveled. For before one has traveled three weeks, the discovery is made, that if one omits visiting any place in Europe, Asia, or Africa, whether it be on the line of travel, or off—whether it be city, town, village, or hamlet, ancient castle or modern villa, museum of art, battle-field, royal residence, or scene of miraculous works of Divinity, he makes the omission at the peril of his reputation as a traveler. And he must be prepared to undergo the contempt of every tourist who, whether by accident or design, has reached or drifted to the spot omitted. For example: you meet Mr. Jones on the piazza of the Grand Hotel Victoria, in Geneva; you shake hands and compare notes. “Ah! been to Germany?” says Jones; “glad to hear it. Fine country is Germany. Of course you went to Veiner Snitzel! No! Good heavens! You don’t say you’ve left out that delightful place! The most exquisite spot in all Europe. Why, my dear sir, without Veiner Snitzel! your whole visit is lost. Beautiful place in the Schwabhausen, within two hours’ ride of Zwei-Lager, the seat of the Grand Duke of Sauer-Kraut-mit-Speck. You can see the old Grand Duke walking out every morning, and stand as near to him as I am to you now. It’s too bad that you missed Veiner Snitzel,” says Jones, and he walks off with absolute pity portrayed upon every line of his face. Now, the real fact is, that he reached Veiner Snitzel himself by the purest accident of getting into the wrong train. But that does not alter the case in the least. He has been to a place that you have not been to, and, of course, that is the place of all others to be visited. This scene is occurring at every step until the tourist gets up to the thing, and takes care to go to all the places, or at least to declare he has been there, when any one makes the inquiry. I have made it a



rule in my journeyings to do each place thoroughly, and thus be prepared for the Joneses at all points. And often I have done this at no little expense and personal inconvenience.

One instance occurs to me at this moment, which I think is especially in point, supporting and illustrating the motive of our visit to the scene of St. Paul's conversion, I was sitting in the great court of the Grand Hôtel at Paris one day last year, ruminating upon matters and things in general, when who should walk in but my friend General C. In this connection it is necessary for me to say that he, like myself, visited Europe not so much for the purpose of its purchase as with the object of enlarging his ideas and polishing his manners, with the ultimate design of becoming a member of the Pacific Club. With this object constantly before our eyes, we had spent the last two months in the gayest capital of Europe, and had seen and done every thing that should or could, as we thought, be done or seen in the least tending to accomplish for us respectively the particular effects which we thought necessary—that is to say, in his case, the expansion of his ideas upon the great public questions; with me, the toning down of the rough points in my personal demeanor. In short, I felt that it was in the matter of deportment that I was lacking, and to this were my efforts naturally directed. Having finished Paris, as we thought, it was our design to set out together upon the following day for Spain.

"What are you drinking?" inquired the General, looking curiously at the glass upon the table before me. "*Eau Sucrée*," I replied. "Oh, what?" said he. "*Eau Sucrée*," I repeated. "Do you not drink it?" "No! Never heard of it before." "Then you must begin at once. I saw Judge Parsons drinking it, and have reason to think it the principal beverage consumed at the Club." "Is it good?" he asked. "No, it's not good; but it is

the thing to do—and you had better commence immediately and cultivate a taste for it.” He called for “O Sucrée” and sat down at the same table. At this juncture in came Mr. Haggin, a most amiable and accomplished gentleman, from San Francisco, temporarily sojourning in Paris, not, so far as I know, for the purpose of enlarging his views or adding polish to his manners, but possibly because he likes it. “So,” he said, after sitting down and calling for his regular brandy and seltzer, “you have finished Paris and are off for Spain.” We confessed with some pride that we thought the most casual observer would recognize this most important fact in our improved deportment, and we thanked him for the polite concession. “Been to the Mabile, the Château de Fleurs, Closé de Lilas, of course?” he continued interrogatively. “We flatter ourselves that we have.” “Been to the operas, the theaters?” “We have.” “To the Bois, and the Jardin des Plantes?” “Yes, to all.”

Turning to the General, he continued, “I suppose, of course, you have been to the artesian well at Passy?” “To what?” was the inquiring answer of the General. “To the artesian well at Passy?” said Haggin, looking at us alternately with growing contempt, as the suspicion ripened into conviction that we knew not of this wonder. We scratched our heads and looked blank, but neither of us made answer. There was no answer to make. It was useless to attempt denial or evasion. We had not been to see the artesian well at Passy. Not a word was spoken for two minutes. Mr. H. is a grave and dignified man, one who wastes no useless words; in short, he has less of the Jones in him than almost any tourist one meets with on the Continent. All that he had to say on the subject of our omission was compressed in a few words as he rose to depart. “You have not been to the artesian well at Passy, and you leave Paris in the morning. It’s a great pity. The

artesian well at Passy is a very deep well. It is eighteen thousand feet deep." So saying and without further comment, evidently "more in sorrow than in anger," he walked to the door and stepping into one of his elegant carriages with two drivers, one before and one behind, which was there waiting for him, drove slowly down the boulevards in the direction of the Tuileries, where he was going to make a friendly call.

We stared at each other for several minutes without speaking. I do not deny the possession of great qualities, but merely plead that it takes time to bring them into action. It is not so with the General. He recovers from the most stunning blow with a facility that appears almost like magic. His resolution was instantly taken and carried out with great pluck and dash. "We go to the artesian well at Passy," said he, with that low tone of voice indicative of inflexible determination. "How do we go?" I inquired. "I will provide the means," he answered. It was raining, when we reached the street, in manner commonly expressed by the descriptive sentence, "cats and dogs." He stopped an omnibus by an order peremptorily given to the driver. It was full inside; but in consequence of the rain the top was empty. "Mount," he said, giving me no time for reflection or protest. In an instant we were on the roof in the rain and without umbrellas. But we cared little for the descending elements. We were on our way to the artesian well at Passy. It rained in torrents the whole distance.

At last we reached Passy a pleasant village in the environs of Paris, and the omnibus being at the end of its route, we descended. We inquired for the famous well, and learned to our mortification that it was a mile back of the road we had come. The General looked blank as well as wet. "Can it be possible" he asked of me, "that we have passed an artesian well eighteen thousand feet

deep without seeing it." I could not conceive the thing possible, but cautiously refrained from expressing an opinion. We turned and retraced our steps this time on foot, fearing to again pass the wonderful well. It was raining so hard that we found but few people abroad to inquire of, but we carefully stopped all whom we met. The most of them shrugged their shoulders and gave us to understand that they had never heard of such a thing. Some looked at us a moment as if in doubt as to our sanity, then laughing, pointed down the road in the direction we were going. We went as fast as we could walk. At last we found a boy sitting on a large iron pipe, half buried in the sand with a bag of potatoes by his side. He had been carrying the bag, and becoming tired, had set his burden upon the pipe and was resting when we came up. He was about to resume his load and march, when we stopped him. "Boy, where is the celebrated artesian well of Passy?" I asked, in the best French I could summon, which, considering the state of the weather, might have been worse. He evidently did not understand me, but protested that the potatoes belonged to his mother and that he was carrying them home to her. Here the General came to the rescue. His only language being German, he addressed the youth in that musical and expressive tongue. "The great artesian well of Passy. The one eighteen thousand feet high." The boy still protested that he had not stolen the potatoes, but on the contrary was an honest young man. Just then an old woman came along with an umbrella, and hearing the colloquy, stopped and kindly gave us the desired information. The great artesian well at Passy was not far from where we stood. In fact, the ingenuous youth with whom we were conversing was at that moment, with his sack of potatoes, resting upon the wonderful well. That which we had taken to be an old iron pipe, half buried in the sand, was all that could be seen, or in fact ever had been or ever

will be seen by human eyes, of the wonderful well of Passy, the balance being stretched along down from where the boy sat, generally in the direction of the antipodes. The General was disgusted. "Why did you say that well was eighteen thousand feet high?" he demanded. "I did not say so. I heard it was eighteen thousand feet deep, but never that it was that high." Borrowing the old woman's umbrella, he then and there took out pencil and paper, and reducing the feet which he had been led to believe this well to be in depth or height—and he didn't care, he said, which it was—it made more than four miles that the well had been bored into the bowels of the earth. He did not want anybody to say that he had not seen the well, and they could not say so. That was the only comfort to be extracted from one afternoon spent in the rain.

As for the scene of St. Paul's conversion, the subject of this chapter, and from which I have somewhat digressed, I can only say that it is there yet, and that we went and saw it, which latter, if not the most important, is certainly the best authenticated fact connected with the place.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### CYPRUS AND RHODES.

It was upon a bright and sunny afternoon that we loaded our trunks and carpet-bags upon the backs of a dozen lusty Beirutan porters, and followed them down to the custom-house of that city. The *Archduchess Carlotta*, the same steamer in which a month before we had left Alexandria for Syria, lay rolling gently in the waves of St. George's Bay, only waiting for our little party to sail away for Cyprus. In half an hour we had got through with the last of Syrian officials, public and private, and were standing upon the quarter-deck of the little Austrian steamer, stancher and sounder, we hoped, than her unfortunate patron at Miramar. Beyrout had never seemed so lovely, her harbor so graceful, her shores so inviting as at this, the moment we were to take leave of them forever. It seemed as if old Lebanon himself leaned over toward the pure waters of the bay, almost nodding his snow-crested head in final adieu, while the mulberry-groves upon his venerable sides gently waved their dark-green foliage, as if in solemn warning to us that we should look upon their beauties no more. It is a sad thing to feel that you are looking for the last time upon any material object. The dying man bids his attendant raise him up, and to open the window. "Let me look out once more at the glorious sun, the green fields, and the running brook, for I shall see them no more. Now lay me down and shut the window." It is

done, and he sails away. We are all either dying men or dying women, or are children who have come into this beautiful world with the seed of disease which carries us away from the bright landscape, the beautiful bay, or the lofty mountain, and which is sure to shut the window upon us, in a few brief days or years at the most. Farewell, Syria! thy mountains and streams, thy beautiful cities and pleasant groves!—the land of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob—the birthplace of the worship of the living God, where Christ lived and died for mankind—a long farewell!

A tremor passes through the bones of the *Archduchess*, a splashing is heard over the side, the pure waters are cloven asunder at the prow, and pass away in foam at the stern. The huge mountain straightens up in his seat and sinks back into the fading horizon; the groves of mulberry cease waving their adieus, and retire. They are shutting the window!

It was broad daylight when we came in sight of Olympus, the loftiest peak upon the island home of the Cyprian goddess. Our party voted unanimously to go on shore, though we were to stay in the harbor but a few hours. A boat was accordingly hired at a sum which brought the excursion within the means of all, and in a quarter of an hour we were strolling along the front of the town, trying to make out the Greek signs setting forth the character or occupation of the various shops, *cafés*, or public buildings, which look out upon the harbor. Greek sailors with wide trousers, and Greek soldiers, with plaited frock, red stockings, and sash garnished with a whole armory of antique pistols, strutted about the arcades or sat taking coffee or dark Cyprus wine at the shop-doors. Almost the first house we met with, proved to be that of the American consul, an Italian gentleman, who distinguished himself by services in our late war, and who, with his wife, a New

York lady, enjoy this fine climate, if not a lucrative salary, as the reward of a grateful country. He had not yet got out of bed, so we heard, but the arrival of a party of his countrymen was an event of so important a character in his land, that he would not long remain in that predicament. His cavasse, however, more alive to the importance of his position as representative of the Great Republic than his master, met us at the gate in full robes of office, his silver-headed wand, with the American bird engraved thereon, and with the inevitable flint-lock pistols in belt, and long cimenter dangling at his heels. He could not yet take us into the consular mansion, but would be proud of the honor of showing such illustrious guests the remarkable things of the town and island. We accepted without hesitation, and in less time than it has taken me to record the offer and acceptance, we were shown the things which in Cyprus, in the opinion, at least, of the cavasse to the American consul, deserve special notice. They were contained in the nearest wine-shop, and consisted of a bottle of Cyprus wine. We disposed of it almost as soon as it was brought within range of our throats, and then, having seen the sights, were solemnly reconducted to the consulate. That official was now up, and so was his wife. The house had been prepared for our reception; coffee was made and wine had been opened. It was an important affair. The consul had not seen an American for some months. As for business in his office, it was substantially unknown. He had been amusing himself for some time past, by excavating in the ruins of an ancient temple of Venus. He had met with considerable success. A large box, filled with antique images of the fair Cyprian, which had, he said, been buried since the time of some iconoclastic decree of Justinian, I think (but as my memory is treacherous, I refer the classic reader to researches upon his own account), were brought forth

from his cabinet and exhibited to our admiring eyes. But his exuberant hospitality did not stop here. He went further, and dealt out the images with a liberal hand, giving to each of the party one statue, and to the author two. Whether this singling out of myself as an object of special generosity proceeded from a suspicion in his mind of a secret preference on my part for the worship which had once flourished in Cyprus, or whether it was from the circumstance that I had been the bearer of a suit of clothes, forwarded to him by the consul at Beyrout, and which I had smuggled through the custom-house, I will leave the reader to judge. Like the fugitive inhabitants of Troy, we left Cyprus, each one bearing his god in his hand, and thus laden, were soon steaming upon the broad Mediterranean.

In the night we dropped anchor in the harbor of Rhodes. It is much more easy to imagine the emotions produced by the sight of this historic island than to describe them. I arose early and looked at the mediæval walls, the strong flanking towers and draw-bridges which still attest the formidable power of the home of so much glory and chivalry. I tried to remember the history and to trace it down from the days when the few valiant souls devoted their lives to the care of the pilgrims who fell sick by the way-side, along the same road from Jaffa, through the mountains of Ephraim, over which we had so recently journeyed. How the good work had grown in importance as the flower of Western chivalry from France and Spain, from Italy and Auvergne, and even from distant England, had devoted their lives and honor to the pious duty. How from nurses they became warriors and with fiery zeal vied with the Templars in defending the cause of Christ from the infidel followers of the wicked son of Abdallah, first beneath the scorching suns of Syria, contesting inch by inch each foot of sand, each space of rock or drop of water, till finally, when the

cause was given up by all the world, the sword and buckler of Christendom remained upon this little island in the Order of the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem. And I had hoped to look upon the spot where Fulk de Villaret had stalked up and down in clanking armor, and where old De l'Isle Adam had faced for so many months the two hundred thousand Moslem dogs of Solyman the Magnificent led on by Mustapha. There were the trenches and moats over which, upon bridges formed by the carcasses of their very companions, the infidel hosts had so often marched up to the walls, only to be again hurled back by the fierce and indomitable valor of the monk-knights. And then I thought of the sad faces of the brave old grand-master and his iron-hearted brothers when, after performing prodigies of valor, worn out by months of toil, and despairing of help from lethargic Europe, they at last capitulated, extorting honorable terms from their admiring enemy, marched out from walls made sacred by centuries of glorious deeds of the Order. And then down the roll of time, as they made a new Rhodes upon the sterile rock of Malta, and of the deeds of John de la Valette and of Peter de Monte, until, after having existed for a period of years double the number that it has taken the discovery of Columbus to grow and dictate the conduct of the world, a single shot from Napoleon brought their Order to a close. Brave old fellows! the world will not soon again look upon your like.

We hired a boatman and a guide. The first was a Turk, the second a Jew, as was clearly indicated by his beard and by the invariable soap-locks or tuft of hair which was allowed to dangle by the side of his face in front of his ears. He was intelligent for a guide, the stupidest class of people in the East, in all things save lying and cheating, so far as my observation goes. He ordered the Turkish boatman about as if he owned him



and his boat besides. When it comes to money-getting, a Turk is generally glad enough to accept the advantages of a partnership with and to obey the superior intelligence of a Jew. It is astonishing how a prospect of gain overcomes prejudice. A Turkish ship lay in the very entrance to the harbor with a Crescent flag flying. Ah! Rhodes is not the Rhodes I knew. It was very different in the days when I dreamed about the dear old island; for I had known her more than three centuries ago, when the brave old warriors were there, and when no Turkish flag dare come within range of the great guns upon the ramparts that frown down above the little port. I had never heard of her since. When I knew her the ship, under whose stern our boat floated in passing in, would have had a stone cannon-ball as big as a flour barrel smashing through her sides, before her anchor could have reached the mud at the bottom of Rhodes harbor.

Let us see what other changes have occurred since we knew Rhodes. We landed at a little stone jetty, and were conducted at once to the "Knights' Street," as the great thoroughfare upon which stood the palaces of the Hospitalers is called. It is an eighth of a mile in length and about thirty feet wide. The sandstone flagging laid down by the Christian soldiers covers the thoroughfare, for the street has been scarcely used since the knights were driven forth. The business of the town at present is in another quarter, and the Knights' Street is deserted and silent as a graveyard. The brown-stone palaces of the Christian warriors still attest the taste as well as the wealth of the former occupants. Each one bears a marble slab set firmly in its wall, upon which is carved the armorial bearings of its former owner and the date of its erection. The possession of a certain number of noble quarterings was necessary to make a gentleman eligible to the lofty position of a member of the Order. But

this varied in different nationalities, for some nations preserved their blood purer than others. Four quarterings sufficed for a Spainard, but a greater number were required of a German, for the aristocracy of Germany was especially careful of its pedigrees. No less than sixteen quarterings being noble blood from the great-great-grandfather, was required of the German who would be admitted to the Order, while the merchant princes of Genoa, Lucca, and Florence, were taken without question upon this point, it being conceded that they could not make any proof of gentle origin. It would take more skill in heraldry than I suspect is to be met with in modern times to decipher some of the coats of arms, the devices, and crests that adorn the stone houses at Rhodes.

The dates were interesting, and looked almost as fresh as if cut but yesterday. I took special note of two. The first was 1492, the year of the discovery of America. Did the mason who cut the figures, or the knight who lived in the house, ever hear that America had been discovered? The second was 1519. In 1522, three years after this tablet was sculptured, Solyman sat down before Rhodes, with the armament with which he the next year drove the Knights from their island home. And it is more than probable that the knight who built the house must have heard the roar of Mustapha's cannon almost before he got settled in his mansion. Did the mechanics and material-men ever get their pay? It is scarcely probable that a lien would have been of great advantage, even if the steps had been taken to record it. But what difference does it make to any of the parties now? It's pretty much the same after three hundred years. A negro woman looked out of the upper story window of this house, and two negro children were at play in front of it. This was the only appearance of inhabitancy in the street, nor did we see another soul besides our

own party while we threaded its sad and lonely pavement.

From the Knights' Street we found our way to the ancient church of the Order, now a Moslem mosque. It was in a part that almost made it proof against cannon-shot. But we could not gain admittance, and proceeded on to the top of the hill, where we were shown a deep pit, formed, it was said, by the explosion of a powder magazine. The guide told us a queer story about this pit. When the island had been surrendered to the Turks, the magazine had not been discovered, or its location was forgotten. Nor was it ever known until within this century it was accidentally fired and caused a terrific explosion, destroying many houses and lives. I give the story for what it is worth, with the additional statement that guides and dragomans will never tell the truth when they can think of a lie. But it would be interesting to know how long gunpowder could lie in the ground, if kept dry, and preserve its power.

It was now near time to go on board, so we insisted upon being shown immediately the site of the Colossus, for this we had carefully specified in our bargain with the dragoman. He stood honestly to his agreement, and took us to the identical spot, like a high-toned gentleman. True, we did not exactly see how it could be, and offered some argument tending to show the impossibility of its having stood at this point. At this, the guide with a liberality greatly to his credit, offered to take us to another spot just as good. I inquired if it would be added to his charge as dragoman. No, he said, he had agreed to show us the place for a fixed sum, and that he was entirely willing to keep at it until we were satisfied, or as long as any of us were willing to go with him. After some little discussion, and in view of the near approach of the hour of sailing, we determined by a decided majority vote to accept the first as the correct location,

and so the matter was set at rest. It is at a little inlet about a quarter of a mile west of the main or present harbor, and presents this advantage, that it does not look in the least as if any Colossus was ever there.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### TO EPHEBUS BY RAIL.

WE reached Smyrna in the night. The town, though old enough to claim the honor of having given birth to Homer, is as busy as Chicago and looks nearly as modern as an American country-seat. We hastened on shore in order to get conveyance of some sort to Ephesus. Some thought of going upon camels, others suggested boats by sea. Neither of these plans were adopted. Other modes of conveyance had been devised since St. Paul and St. Luke trudged across the country to preach the gospel and injure the respectable trade of Ephesian mechanics in the construction of images of wood and stone. We went to Ephesus by rail. It is seventy miles from Smyrna, and the distance is made in about three hours and a half. What would St. Paul have thought of that? Imagine the old fellow stepping into the station at Ephesus and calling for a second-class ticket to Smyrna and back. "I have just received a telegram from Timothy calling me down to preach, but I must be back in the evening, as these worshipers of Diana keep me quite on the move." Think of the gospel snorting about the country at five and thirty miles an hour, including stoppages.

We had telegraphed up to Ephesus station to have horses in readiness for us, and found, upon our arrival, that it had been promptly attended to. The site of the ruined city is a mile or more from the station, but a line



of lofty columns, once the support of the aqueduct, stretches across the plain near to it, and passes around the the hill, marking the road as well as showing the vastness of the ancient enterprise which had reared this mighty capital. Each buttress, looking like a great square manufacturing chimney, was crowned by a heap of branches of trees, bushes, and straw, carried thither by the long-legged and long-billed storks in the construction of their nests. These sat thereon in twos and threes, snapping their bills together like so many sheep-shearers engaged in the busy task of clipping wool.

Ephesus, when there was such a place, lay in a level valley surrounded on two sides by lofty hills, and at the head of a small bay or estuary running up from the sea. But there is no bay there now; for the accumulated deposits of ages have filled it up, and green meadows cover the spot where once lay the navies that visited or plied their traffic to or from Ephesus. There is no human inhabitant upon the spot where rested this city so famous in the history of pagan as well as Christian worship. We rode or walked over its square miles of ruins, of prostrate columns, of earth-covered walls, and the performance was several hours in the accomplishment. Yet the musical pipe of one solitary shepherd, who lay stretched upon the earth, alone served the double purpose of showing how desolate was the abandonment and how little change had occurred in the habits of the people who had so nearly disappeared. A colossal statue, prone upon the earth, in which it was half buried, was the first object that brought us to a pause. The marble had once been white, and under the folds of the mantle, as an old coat shows under the collar the quality of the original cloth, the pure color of the Parian stone glistened even through the accumulated earth and stains of centuries of exposure. It had been the statue of some grandee of Asia, or distant Rome—a senator or a pro-consul—some ambitious fellow who

wanted his statue to be larger than his rivals'. And from this cause comes the most of his humiliations. The statue is too large to be removed, or it would be in some distant museum with the name and history searched out by the learned moderns. So here it lies, a convenient seat for the same shepherd to sit upon and play his hollow wooden instrument to keep his flocks together.

Just beyond this we came upon the fresh work of a party of excavators who had been recently at work, under pay from the British Museum at London. A Mr. Wood has charge of the operations, and had, just before we arrived, made a most astounding discovery, and which had carried him off to Smyrna in triumph. It was no less than the identical tomb of St. Luke. The good man had been at work for months with, I suspect, little success, and now, all at once, to use a California phrase, had "struck it rich." There certainly was a handsome tomb unearthed, quite fine enough and quite large enough to have been the tomb of any saint in or out of the calendar. That it was the tomb of a Christian there appeared as little doubt, for a Greek cross cut in the marble of each of the eight sides of the structure put that matter entirely at rest. What other proofs there were that St. Luke was buried "beneath the lap of earth" I did not learn: for Mr. Wood, like the miner who comes upon a "big chunk" in our own country, had pushed for the city without delay, bearing joyously with him the evidences of his wonderful prize. We did learn in some way upon the ground, that St. Luke, as well as the Blessed Virgin, had died at Ephesus, and were buried near to or in the city.

Close to the supposed tomb of St. Luke, we entered the theater and then passed on amidst mountains and hillocks, covered with trees and shrubs, and each of which an hour's excavation would prove to be a vast pile of marble, the ruins of a temple, a palace, or a bath. To

the left of the road, our attention was attracted to what appeared to be a half-dozen prostrate trunks of trees. Their stupendous magnitude made them worthy a visit. They looked like a fallen grove of California big trees. Young saplings of considerable size, as well as bushes and briers, had grown up about and among these trunks, almost hiding them from view. I climbed upon one and walked along its great body for more than a hundred feet. It was not a tree, but a gigantic marble column of the Corinthian order, with flutes so wide that my feet would easily rest within them as I walked from the base to the upper end, and looked over at another great stone as big as an omnibus, embedded partly in the earth, and with trees of all sorts growing up about and around it. This was the capital with its leaves and ornaments, rich in the fanciful devices of this the proudest invention of ancient architects. All among the bushes lay great masses of black rough stones, protruding from the earth like the outcroppings of an unworked stone quarry. To the eye these might have rested in their present place since the day form was given to the chaotic elements of the earth. But this primitive appearance was upon the upper surface only. I got down and looked under the fragments where the rain could not reach, and was rewarded by the view of delicately cut moldings, rich wreaths and elegant devices, all worked in marble as white and pure as that from Italian quarries. What could this ruin have been? The guide said, the Temple of Diana. This was the strongest argument that I heard against its being that temple. If it had been really the ruins of that famous building, the guide would have said it was not. They always get the wrong side of any fact, if it can have a wrong side to it. This rule is so invariable that it can be acted upon with considerable certainty.

Beyond this we entered the plain which in former times fronted upon the port and where the shipping lay. Here

another gang of men had been excavating in a theater, likewise for the British Museum. A half-dozen statues lay about upon the ground. They had been discovered a few days before, but owing to the excitement of the St. Luke affair all operations had been suspended, and those works of art had not been forwarded to Smyrna for exportation. An exquisite head of a female deity lay near the mouth of the excavation, covered with bows of olive. If the trunk, when found, equals the head, a rare gem of art will fall to the fortunate museum which is prosecuting the work. But the native laborers are such thieves that I wonder Mr. Wood ever gets any thing out of the country. One of our party bought for a dollar a hand in marble which had been broken from some statue, and which to the museum would have been of priceless value. This theater, as well as the ruins of many splendid baths near it, stands upon the side of a low range of hills that lie almost in the center of the site of Ephesus. This hill overlooks the plain and ancient port, and around its base and upon its sides the finest buildings, theaters, and temples were no doubt erected. In the back of this same hill is the Cave of the Seven Sleepers, a tradition of the early church too familiar to justify my giving it in this place. The plain in front of the hill and around the port is strewn for miles away with every conceivable form and variety of stone, once the material of the houses of the great city. You literally step over and upon them, picking your way among marble fragments and pieces of porphyry and verd antique.

An hour's ride brought us back from this port to the station. Soon we heard the whistle of the approaching train (for Ephesus is only a way station and not the terminus), and soon were driving at a round pace back to Smyrna.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### STAMBOUL.

It would be a most difficult task to convey even a faint idea of the queenly grandeur of Constantinople. Of course I refer to her wonderful location and to her majestic appearance as approached by sea or land. The world does not possess a half-dozen writers equal to the task, and of that half-dozen perhaps scarcely one would dare to try it. There is no other such a city upon the globe. New York comes nearer to Constantinople than any of which I know. Let the St. Lawrence River empty into the sea at the mouth of the Hudson; elevate the island of Manhattan and the shores of Long Island and New Jersey to the height of three hundred feet above the sea-level; cover all these hills, at frequent intervals, with Byzantine mosques, each with its dozen domes rising one above another, and flanked by half that number of graceful minarets piercing the clouds or sparkling in the glowing sun—and you may form some notion of the city which sits so royally upon the Golden Horn and Thracian Bosphorus. Even then you would miss the ten thousand graceful caïques, darting, like arrows, in every direction, which literally cover the deep waters of the harbor.

We dropped our anchor in the Golden Horn, between the Seraglio and the bridge, at three o'clock in the afternoon of a pleasant day. In an instant enough caïques were around the ship's side to have borne away not only each passenger separately, but every distinct article of his



baggage, one article to each boat. In ten minutes we were in the custom-house, having our baggage examined. A little army of porters stood about, each with his saddle on his back, waiting to be laden with our effects. As fast as a trunk was searched it was hoisted upon one of these fellows, and upon this carpet-bags were piled until he was considered laden. The process was slow, and those who were so fortunate or unfortunate as to get a load first, had to wait until the last article was laid upon the last porter before they could start. But this did not appear to the sturdy fellows the least bit of a hardship. As fast as they took on their freight they stepped aside, and there stood waiting, leaning forward like a lot of ostriches, each with his load of not less than three or four hundred pounds, standing patiently first upon one foot and then upon the other, for the half hour necessary to complete the business of getting the luggage for the whole party. This done, the troop, followed along the wharves, through the dirty streets and up the hill of Galata, to Pera, first to one hotel and then to another, till we found lodgings. At the top of the fifth flight of stairs in the Hotel Bizance, where we finally settled, the porters were not half as much fatigued as were the employers, who had only carried themselves the same distance. We had been recommended to go to Missirah's hotel, but found it full, and so did the best we could in stopping at the Bizance hard by.

Constantinople is evidently losing every year its Oriental character. Pera, which is the Frankish quarter, is more like Marseilles than it is like an Eastern city. Its population is made up of Greeks, Italians, Germans, French, and a few English. The costumes seen on the streets of Pera are almost entirely Western. The tailors come from Paris, and bring with them their fashion-plates. To find any thing Oriental, it is necessary to cross the Golden Horn to Stamboul, or the

Bosporus to Scutari. And even then you see almost as many Western dresses as Eastern. The Turkish gentleman dresses in the latest Paris fashion in all respects, save that he wears the red cap and tassel known as the fez. And even this article of dress, if good, comes from France, where there are immense manufactures of them expressly for the East. The question may be asked, why does the Mussulman not go farther, and adopt the hat, thus completing his imitation of Western fashion? The answer is simple: his religion requires him to shave his head, except one small lock of hair, which is said to be left on to enable the Prophet to pull him out of hell, in case if, by any unforeseen accident, he should be found there instead of in paradise. This accounts for the fact of the Turk wearing his cap at all times and in all places. To our party coming from Syria, the place looked even more European than it would have looked to persons coming from another direction. We had come from a country where few women were seen abroad, and that few completely veiled. Here we saw the streets filled with handsome well-dressed ladies, as in Paris. And to us they appeared the more numerous from our former deprivation of this interesting feature. We saw no camels about the streets of Pera, though occasionally one may be seen in Stamboul. On the other hand, carriages, some good, and more bad and heavy, rattle about upon the rough pavement in every direction. Sedan chairs, an institution difficult to fix upon any particular nation as a specialty, were swinging about around narrow corners, or darting out of blind alleys in every direction. Hand-organs, even more plentiful than in Italy, attested either the love of music or the love of mendicancy, indulged in by the population of this Turkish capital. Boy boot-blacks running about in every direction with box and brushes, soliciting business, helped to impart a Western air to the scene, even as much as did the crowds of pretty

women in French dresses seen on all sides. Instead of the donkeys saddled and ready for hire, as in Damascus and Cairo, the street corners of Constantinople are crowded with handsome saddle-horses used for the same purpose. And gentlemen are seen riding in every direction, galloping sharply or trotting freely, followed on foot by the owner of the elegant steed upon which they are riding. Beautiful steel engravings of pictures made in Paris, London, or Berlin, ornament elegant shop windows, and attract crowds of gazing loungers, as in Western cities.

Photograph shops, so plentiful in modern times in all civilized countries, are almost as plentiful in Pera as in Paris. But in this I observed a taint of Oriental vice. In Alexandria, in Cairo, and Beyrout, shopkeepers do not scruple to expose openly for sale photographs of the most indecent character. Farther east it has this palliation, that respectable women are supposed not to be in danger of being insulted by the exposure, by reason of their being kept within the house, and going abroad only under the cover of the impenetrable veil. But here in Pera a lady dare not look in a photographer's window. Pictures so indecent that I could not be permitted by any circumlocution to intimate their faults, are flaunted openly in a dozen places, not merely in Stamboul, but in the great street of Pera, the Christian quarter, and near to the European hotels.

On Friday of each week the Sultan goes to mosque with great parade. We ascertained through the consul what mosque he would visit, and posted ourselves at a convenient place on the route. The ceremony is more military than religious in character. The lack of a priestly order in the Moslem faith accounts, of course, for the want of ceremonies. A half-dozen regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and all preceded by brass bands, made up the capital of the performance. In the midst of this the

Sultan and his staff, all mounted upon magnificent horses, slowly marched from the palace to the mosque. He is a heavy, dull, and very stupid-looking man, appearing to be near fifty years old, which is at least fifteen years older than he actually is. He speaks no language but his own, and has all the ignorance of a king. Mr. Morris, the American minister, told us several anecdotes illustrative of this fact. Among them he said that but a short time before the Sultan had taken offense at some imaginary breach of etiquette on the part of the Russian ambassador. Summoning his grand vizier, he said: "I have determined to declare war immediately against Russia. Make you, therefore, the necessary arrangements with the armies and fleets and let the attack commence within the week." The poor vizier, who is, for a Turk, a very intelligent man, was horrified. He understood all the consequences of the dreadful act. Declare war against Russia! Why it was the very thing that that power most desired. But, necessity is the mother of invention. He withdrew, promising implicit obedience. The next day he was early in attendance at the palace, asking an audience of his august master. "Yesterday, upon my leaving the presence of the Lord of Lords and King of Kings, my imperial master, I was sought by the now penitent ambassador of Russia, who implores for his heinous offense your gracious pardon, and throws himself entirely upon your well-known mercy. Should your majesty insist upon visiting his fault with a punishment to be inflicted upon his country, his master, the Czar, will not fail to put the unfortunate minister to death. He prostrates himself humbly at your august feet, and prays that your just wrath may pass away." "God is great," said the pious Sultan, "and to be merciful, is to resemble him. Let the slave live." I need not say that the grand vizier had not been nearer to the Russian ambassador than when he stood before the Sultan. The Sultan, on passing through

the streets, does not condescend to bow, or to address any sort of recognition to the people who are looking on. This we were told was the Oriental etiquette. That it was not expected for one so far removed above the groveling masses of ordinary humanity, to take notice of the fact that any such exist.

Just at the time we were at Constantinople the political element in the country, which is of a most limited character, and confined to the various embassies and their dependents, was somewhat disturbed by the publication of an open letter or address from Mustapha Fazil Pasha to the Sultan. Mustapha was then residing in Paris. But being nearly related to the great houses of the Ottoman throne, and being also thought to be more intelligent than the most of his countrymen, a letter from him counseling a more liberal policy, based upon the mode of government practiced in the West—in short, recommending a constitutional system—naturally attracted much attention not only at Constantinople but throughout Europe. The letter was certainly ably written, and showed considerable knowledge of the nature of the disease which was threatening the life of the “sick man” of the East. Yet this Mustapha Fazil Pasha, the model of Oriental enlightenment, a sort of shining luminary to his benighted country, but a short time before gravely inquired of Lord Lyons if while acting as ambassador at Washington he had found it necessary to acquaint himself with the American language. If so much ignorance is to be met with among the learned of the East, what must be the state of those who have not the advantage of education !



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### FAR-AWAY-MOSES.

NEXT to the Sultan, and possibly his grand vizier, the most noted personage in the capital of the Mohammedan world is Far-away-Moses. Such being the fact, it will not be amiss to tell the readers something about that third distinguished personage. Far-away-Moses is by profession a dragoman, by residence a Byzantine, by race and religion a Jew. But to say this alone would be giving but an indistinct description of his qualities, and but an unjust and restricted notion of his position, as well as of the grounds upon which rest a reputation which is as extensive throughout the Levant, though in a different channel, as that of Omar Pasha or Abd-el-Kader. Far-away-Moses unites to the office of dragoman the additional function of that of commissioner. It is the custom of strangers visiting Oriental cities, and especially Constantinople, to make purchases of various sorts of goods—the fabrics of the country—to take home with them as souvenirs of their travels. This weakness, if I may so term it, is no secret to the various merchants of bazaars of Cairo, of Damascus, and of Constantinople. And these do not fail to take advantage of the ignorance or eagerness of such transient customers to demand for each article a sum greatly in advance of its real value. This, in our travels, we soon learned, and were absolutely driven from the markets of the two first-named cities by the almost fabulous prices demanded for goods. But

while we are yet in the land of Egypt, vague and indistinct rumors floated down the waters of the great sea and up the sluggish current of the Nile, about the inestimable qualities of one Far-away-Moses, who resided in Constantinople. This phenomenon, so the report went, was honest to a degree never before known in the East. And many were the indistinct stories we heard of amber mouthpieces, of embroidered slippers, or of Persian carpets, refused absolutely to the Giaour in person with money in hand, at one sum, but brought in triumphantly at a later day by the ingenuous Moses, who had in the mean time been dispatched on a secret mission to the bazaar for that purpose, at one-half, or even one-fourth, of the money before contemptuously declined. It was said that the way for the traveler to do was to go to the bazaar and select the goods desired, and making a careful examination, remembering the marks, and asking the price, to return to his hotel and send Far-away-Moses in quest of the article. That he had never been known to fail in reappearing in a few hours with the goods at a price which was but a small part of that demanded by the merchant. As we worked our way slowly along the Syrian coast, approaching gradually the scene of Moses's operations, his fame grew more distinct and decisive. That which had been whispered at Cairo was muttered at Damascus, and statements which at Beyrout were ventured with mysterious reluctance, were boldly and defiantly proclaimed at Smyrna. I had not come to the East to buy goods. But there is something contagious in the mere idea of purchasing goods at a bargain. The rest of the party were determined to buy all sorts of things in Constantinople. That city was not visited every spring and fall, they argued; and if it were, the interval between those seasons might be sufficient to cut short the precious thread of Far-away-Moses's life. He may be dead before we get back again. The idea of another such occurring

within our day and generation never entered the mind of one of the party. I held a family council with my wife, and we determined not to be behind in the race. From the moment of this resolve we felt that we had the same interest in the wonderful dragoman of Constantinople with the others, and nothing was heard of but the wonders of the bazaars of the East.

We had only been lodged safely in the Hotel de Bizance in Pera for half an hour, when the General and myself made our way down stairs and out upon the main street, which divides that quarter, and upon which the most of the business is done. It had been from the first a question of considerable importance to us all how we were to get hold of Far-away-Moses. We were strangers in the city, and spoke not the language of its people. We had but a few days to devote to seeing the sights of the Turkish capital, and while doing this we must also make our purchases in its bazaars. In a city of nine hundred thousand people it is not an easy task to find even the most distinguished individual.

While we stood upon the narrow sidewalk, discussing the difficulties which surrounded the situation, we were approached and addressed in English by a young fellow of eight-and-twenty years. He was decidedly the seediest and dirtiest-looking of all the wretched Oriental bummers we had yet seen in the streets of Pera. He wore a brownish gray burnoose, which he had evidently picked up in the gutter after it had been worn-out by some pauper. His trousers, in the shape of the 'Turks', were bag-legged, but only reached his knees, while from that down to the most woe-begone looking pair of shoes I ever saw, and which utterly failed to cover his toes, his dirty legs were completely bare. "Do you wish a guide and interpreter, gentlemen?" said the seedy individual. "No!" we both blurted out at once, with an energy which for a moment repulsed the attacking party. "But

do you know who I am?" he inquired. We now turned and looked at him and then at each other. "Not the grand vizier?" suggested the General, inquiringly. "Nor Omar Pasha?" said I. He shook his head at each guess, and we tried again. "The Sultan?" said the General. "No," said the guide. "Who the d—l are you?" "I am Far-away Moses," he said, with an effort at dignity which was rather becoming to him. "Good heavens, you don't say so?" said the General, seizing his hand and shaking it cordially. "Why I have heard about you before." Moses accepted the compliment with easy nonchalance. He knew that his reputation was extensive, but it was not beyond his deserts. "Are you at leisure for the next few days?" inquired the General eagerly. Moses thought he was. "How lucky," said the General, turning to me. "Providential," said I. "What do you ask per day?" "Twenty piasters." "But you take a commission from the merchants of whom we buy?" Moses stopped short and drew back. He was deeply moved, not in anger, but he was evidently hurt at the unjust suspicion. I thought him about to burst into tears, and so did the General. "Stop, my dear fellow; I did not mean to do you wrong, upon my honor, and I take it back." Moses was as generous as the General; in a moment harmony was restored. But he took occasion to declare his mind fully with respect to the dishonest practice of but too many of the persons engaged in the same profession with himself. He admitted that some would stoop to this unworthy system. But he said that he, Far-away-Moses, was a very different sort of person. For five minutes he enlarged upon his own rules with respect to clients, and what should be the duty of a dragoman. Every sentence uttered by Moses was replete with the loftiest sentiments of integrity and honor. It was as good as a sermon to hear him. We were both delighted with his speech, and again and again thanked our stars at having fallen in

with him so easily. The very moment we could get him to cease talking of his honesty long enough for that purpose, we engaged him for the whole time we should be in Constantinople, to commence immediately. Then we strolled down the street of Pera toward the Galata tower, Moses accompanying us and giving us all the information we required—the traditions, ancient and modern; the history, the manners and customs and religion of the people.

Near the tower I dropped for a moment behind, and was accosted likewise in English by a fellow dressed much like Moses. "What do you want?" I demanded. He approached and whispered in a mysterious manner: "You tink dat man de Far-away-Moses?" he inquired. "I do," said I; "I know he is." He shook his head. "No good; he be not de man. I am broder to Far-away-Moses, de real man. If you want him, I show him to you." I drove the rascal away with fitting indignation and went on. Between that point and the Stamboul bridge I was stopped five times by brothers of the real Moses, by eight claiming each to be his father, and by not less than twenty collateral relatives in a more or less remote degree. I told the General immediately, and we asked Moses the cause of this dispute. He said they were enemies, who desired to injure him in his business, because he was honest.

This explanation was satisfactory, and we continued our march, the Moses family increasing by continued accessions forming a sort of procession and following us wherever we went. I must here explain that it is the custom throughout the East for the merchant to pay to the dragoman who is with a Frankish customer a commission varying from two to ten per cent. upon the amount of each sale made. And this they will demand and receive even if they are wholly self-invited, and following the stranger against his will. If there is a gang of them they hang about and then collect the commission, and divide it



among themselves. We returned to the hotel and called out Capt. T. and Mr. C. We introduced Far-away-Moses, and explained the combination of dishonest dragomans that was being formed against him. They were as indignant as we were, and we determined to break it up. We ordered the whole family to leave under pain of personal chastisement. The General caught one or two of Moses's fathers and shook them, I pitched into a little party of grandparents and hustled them about with my umbrella, Capt. T., more bold, seized whole shoals of cousins and half-brothers and put them to flight, while C., like Salthenstall, in the old story of the Arkansas fight, "kept sloshing around."

It was now dinner-time, and Moses left, with the agreement that he was to be on hand at the hotel at eight o'clock the following morning. But at eight he was not there, nor, indeed at nine. We now went into the street, and found Moses sitting in the sun across the way, surrounded and apparently upon the best of terms with some forty or fifty of the very fellows of the night before, pretended relatives of the genuine Far-away-Moses. "Why did you not come into the house, Moses?" inquired the General. "Because they would not let me come in," said he. "Who?" "The proprietor." The General was enraged, and called for that personage. "Why was my dragoman refused admittance?" "We never permit the entrance of suspicious characters." This was the only satisfaction we could get; and so we set off for the bazaar, the crowd following.

We found upon our arrival that we were fully expected. The business for that day was to sell goods to our party. When we would start for a particular bazaar we would so inform Moses. When we drew near the place he would stop and warn us. "Now this fellow with whom you are going to trade is a rogue. He will ask you just double what the article is worth. You must therefore

offer him but one-half what he asks." This plan we adopted for a time, but soon found it to work badly. True, we would get the goods at the price offered, but we found that, instead of double, the fellow had demanded from six to even ten times what it was worth. In fact it would often prove the case that after one of us had purchased and paid for an article another would by way of experiment offer for one similar half the price just paid, and find himself the owner of the article in a twinkling. From this time our party carried on a ten days' struggle with the merchants of Constantinople. We would divide up and rush down suddenly upon them in broken squads of one and two to take them by surprise. We would pretend to be going out of town, and at the last moment, in solid column, pour down upon the enemy. This we would do to try to evade the Moses family. But they always appeared to know just what we were to do next, and were always fully prepared. We would meet in the great central bazaar, and pretend that one of us wanted to buy a particular article and that the balance wanted nothing. Then the real purchaser would attempt to get away. But always in vain. There were enough of these Moseses to give a fully equipped army to each one of our little party. The General would at times come puffing back to us, followed by a score of Moseses of all ages, the sweat trickling down his sides. He had bought an amber mouthpiece or a pair of slippers at a price so low that it must be the same as a present. In two minutes Mr. C. or the Captain would appear from an opposite direction, followed by an equally numerous army, in a like condition, and bearing aloft similar articles, purchased at half the sum paid by the General. Then they would consult and march together back to the merchant, who would offer them still more of the same at a quarter. Each day added to our stocks of goods and to our knowledge of the fact that we were paying for them the most

fabulous prices. But Moses was never to blame. He always told us to be on our guard. That the merchants were but little better than thieves, and not to give them the prices they would ask. We must offer them, he said, just half what they asked.

At last the day of sailing came. We had spent all of our money, and had very little to show for it. We were therefore not sorry to go. Far-away-Moses had ceased to be Far-away-Moses. About the fourth day we were in Constantinople the proof came in so strong against him, and the pressure became so great, that he confessed himself not the genuine, but the brother of the original. The next day after that we met with the genuine, but soon came to the conclusion that he was not much better than the rest of the family. And as we had been in the care of Little Moses, as we now called him, for so long, we thought we might as well go on as we had begun. We got on board the steamer for Messina at four o'clock the day we left, two hours before the time of sailing. Moses had served us faithfully. As for the little fraud of pretending to be another man, that we attributed to a low system of Oriental morals, and overlooked it. It was thought that we ought to give him a certificate of good character. A dispute here arose as to who was to draw the precious document. Both the Captain and the General had strong claims. The General had written many letters which had resulted in getting men appointed in the custom-house and post-office services. The point was finally determined in favor of the General, and he drew the document. Unfortunately, no copy was preserved. I can therefore only set forth from recollection its general tenor. It certified that the bearer (young Moses) had been in the service of the undersigned for ten days, to which fortunate circumstance they were indebted not only for the unmixed pleasure of the society of a noble-minded and honorable youth, but for the purchase,

at fabulously low prices, of considerable quantities of goods in amber, silk, and Persian fabrics, called to their notice by this honest, upright, truthful, and pure-minded young man, to whom, as a trifling and wholly inadequate reward, they had given this expression of their unwavering and never-to-be-extinguished respect, friendship, confidence, and admiration. It further recommended all foreigners coming to Constantinople, to seek out and find the bearer at all hazards, and to confide in him fully. That, knowing no guile, he would lead them to the bazaars and out again with safety to purse and person. The General signed his name and passed it to the Captain to read. The Captain had evidently been a little nettled at being refused the privilege of writing the paper. He was therefore disposed to find fault. "Is this not a little stronger than is necessary," he asked. The General insisted that any alteration should be only to more fully set forth the virtues of this paragon of a dragoman. So the Captain signed and passed it to me. My name went on, of course. The paper was given to Moses, and we all took an affectionate leave of him, the General especially, embracing him with brotherly tenderness. Moses was affected to tears, and our party was but little behind him.

Just as he went over the side it occurred to the General that in our hurry we had omitted to purchase a supply of smoking-tobacco. We had whole packages of mouth-pieces of amber, chibouks by the dozen, and nargilehs enough for all our friends, but no tobacco. He looked at his watch. We had still an hour left; quite long enough to send on shore for a supply. "Stop, Moses," he said to the weeping dragoman, "we are not done with you yet." "Here is your chance," said the General to us all. "This honest fellow has his caïque alongside; in ten minutes he can bring us all some of that excellent tobacco." A dozen of us—not only of our party but some New York gentlemen with whom we were acquainted—

availed ourselves of the opportunity to send on shore. I wanted a dollar's worth. So did the General. So did several more. "Now look sharp Moses, and be sure and bring us the best tobacco." He was down the side in an instant, and soon his elegant little caïque was splitting the clear water of the Golden Horn. In the mean time we walked up and down the deck waiting for his return. Passengers were coming up the sides every moment. Stewards were rushing about with trunks and carpet-bags, and every thing was in the bustle of departure. Time, under such circumstances, travels rapidly. Before we thought a quarter of an hour had passed, we were surprised by the turning of the wheels of the ship. She was about to get under way. An hour had passed away and Moses had not returned. The General was in a stew. He felt that the poor fellow had been unavoidably detained, and knew what would be his chagrin at being too late. He rushed to the captain of the steamer, who was walking up and down on the bridge smoking a cigar. "You are not going to start, captain?" The captain, without removing his cigar, "thought he was." "But he has not got back." "Who?" said the captain. "Moses," said the General; "the poor fellow has gone ashore to fetch us some tobacco." "Can't help it," said the captain; "if the whole Children of Israel were to be left, I must go on." By this time the ship was fully under way. The General rushed to the stern, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of poor Moses, in order to assure him, by a parting wave of the hand that we had not lost confidence in his integrity. He was nowhere to be seen. It was evident that he had been detained by his envious fellow-dragomans against his will, probably in order to make us think him a dishonest fellow. But if this was their object, it most signally failed, for our good opinion of young Moses remains unshaken to this day.



## CHAPTER XL.

### ABOUT OTTAR OF ROSES.

ONE of the most notable weaknesses with travelers is that of purchasing articles in each country through which they pass, by way of remembrances. The industry or skill of each land must be represented in the returning trunk, otherwise the visit is lost. For my part, I possessed this mania in its worst form, but often escaped its consequences through my ignorance of the very names of the coveted goods; but unfortunately, so far as the indulging in this weakness was concerned, I was in company with a gentleman of education, and possessing cultivated tastes. General C. knew exactly in what each Oriental nation excelled the other. We had not tumbled from our donkeys more than fifteen times in Cairo, that is to say, in the evening of the first day, when he inquired of me if I intended to buy any ottar of rose. The thing was new to me. I had never heard of it before. I generally adopted the plan of pretending to know all about the subject broached, taking the chance of learning what it is from the conversation. But the question was so abrupt as to throw me off my guard. "Ottar of rose! What is that?" "Never heard of the ottar of rose?" said he, with a look in which pleasure and contempt were about equally divided. "No; never heard of the ottar of any thing. What do you suppose I would be doing in this infernal country if I had heard of the tenth part of the things in it?" I answered a little nettled. This

softened him down slightly. "Well," said he, "it's a good thing that Sam W. told me about at a Democratic convention where we were delegates; we found it a wonderful disinfectant. One drop of it on your coat sleeve will enable you to sit in convention a whole evening. They make it here, and it ought to be cheap." I was pleased with the idea, and resolved to obtain a supply of the precious substance, in case I should ever again be called upon, in my capacity of resident and elector of the Eighth Ward, to preside at one of these institutional gatherings of the people known as primary elections. "It's high at home," continued the General; "we had to pay four bits a drop at Keith's drug store, but it's good. One drop put on your clothes will make you fragrant for fourteen or fifteen years. That's what makes me smell so sweet." I had often observed his odor, but had never before been able to account for it. This decided me. Ottar of rose I would buy.

In the morning, all mounted upon good donkeys, and followed each by a mukarah to keep us up to the required speed, we set off for the Perfume Bazaar. We had taken Mr. Stickney into our confidence and that gentleman had become as ardent an admirer of Oriental perfumes as even the General himself. The General is especially given to perfumery, and Mr. Stickney not without a weakness in the same direction. We therefore set off together to buy ottar of roses. Accompanied by our dragoman, one of the few honest ones of his class, we approached the dealer in sweet smells, and the following dialogue took place:—

*Gen. C.* (in English, to dragoman).—"Ask the old fellow if he has got any ottar of roses, and what the price is? Tell him that we want it very cheap."

*Dragoman* (in English, to Gen. C.).—"Yes, sir; I will do so. (In Arabic, to perfume-dealer).—These fellows with me are Effendi. S., the discoverer and owner of the

mines of California and Washoe, who has been for more than twenty years taking out two hundred thousand dollars a day, coarse gold, besides silver, copper, and cinnabar beyond computation. The second is Gen. C., pasha of five tails, suppressor of the late rebellion in America, in which he has conquered fifteen States, each larger than the whole of Egypt, and confiscated all the property, real, personal, and mixed. He now gives his enemies a temporary breathing spell, in which he visits Egypt and the East. The third lives in the American capital, and is the grand vizier of Sultan Johnson. They are traveling for the first time, and with no other purpose than to get rid of their money. They are at this moment in search of the perfumes of the Orient. Three greater muffs I have never met with during my fifteen years' experience as a dragoman. They could not distinguish the perfume of the ottar of rose from the smell of the wild gourd blossom of the Nile. They are a promising trio. If we skin them, how much will you allow me as my share of the spoils?"

*Gen. C.* (in English, to dragoman).—"Oh, bother! don't be all day. Ask him if he has any ottar of rose, and how he sells it. (Aside, to me).—I bought some at home once, to scent my handkerchief with, when my wife was in the country, and had to pay two bits a drop for it."

*Dragoman* (in English, to Gen. C.).—"Yes, sir; I was explaining to him that he must sell it cheap, or you would go on to another shop. (To perfume-dealer, in Arabic).—You must charge him a big price, and give me half of all you get."

*Perfume-dealer* (in Arabic, to dragoman).—"I am quite willing to do so. How much do you think the greenies will stand?"

*Dragoman* (in Arabic, to perfume-dealer).—"Oh, cheat them all you can; it's all right; charge them heavy."

*Perfume-dealer*.—"I have some water that I wash my perfume vials in; it has some smell. Will the pasha of five tails stand that?"

*Dragoman*.—"Oh, yes; he'll never know the difference. And as for the grand vizier, he doesn't know beans when the bag is open."

*Gen. C.* (in English, to dragoman).—"What are you talking about? Why don't you show me the b'ar's oil? Hurry up your cakes."

*Dragoman* (in English, to Gen. C.).—"I am telling him that you are a perfume-dealer in your own country, and that it is utterly impossible to impose upon you, either in the quality or in the price. You see, sir, these fellows, I regret to say to you, are not always strictly honest; and by this course I am certain that he will give you a good article at the very lowest price."

*Gen. C.* (in English).—"Bully for you!" [Here perfume-dealer produces a dirty bottle, filled with a greasy substance.]

*Perfume-dealer* (in Arabic, to Dragoman).—"Here is the dish-water; but be careful. The big fellow looks as if he might have smelt ottar of roses. Try the Effendi first."

*Dragoman* (in Arabic).—"Oh, no danger; neither of them ever smelt any thing more fragrant than a boiled cabbage." [Offers the bottle to the General, who smells with appearance of great deliberation and care; stops, reflects, and smells again, then passes the bottle to me.]

*Gen. C.* (to Effendi S.).—"What do you think of it?" [I smell with a wise look and pass it back.]

*Effendi S.* (to Gen. C.).—"Can't say. I think it has a smell; but never having met with it before, would not like to commit myself."

*Gen. C.* (to dragoman).—"What's the price?"

*Dragoman* (in Arabic, to perfume-dealer).—"Show me the smallest vial in the shop." [The perfume-dealer pro-

duces a microscopic vial, and says, in Arabic, "Here you are, but draw it mild; you may bluff them clean off."]

*Gen. C.* (in English, to dragoman).—"What does the old fellow say?"

*Dragoman.*—"He says that he will fill this vial for five dollars; that the roses came from the Prophet's own garden at Mecca; but I do not think I would give so much; I think he can be got to take four dollars. I will try him, if you say so. The article is, I am sure, the very best in the world."

We say so, and a conversation ensues between the perfume-dealer and dragoman in angry tones, lasting two minutes or more, resulting in our purchasing about twenty drops of greasy substance at four dollars each, and at the same time convincing us that we have the good fortune to possess the only honest dragoman in all Egypt.

The immediate outlay had only been four dollars apiece, but we had traveled over thirteen thousand miles to get it. We had got the genuine thing, for it had been sold to us in the name of the Prophet, and upon the inviolable word of a Mussulman. We therefore prized it above rubies. Upon reflection I came to the conclusion that I had not bought enough. California is a new country, and is quite at the antipodes of the land of Sweet Smells. Our society is cultivated and exclusive; the Republican party is about to be largely increased, and our system of drainage is as yet incomplete. All these causes unite to increase the number of bad smells or to render their counteraction desirable. Besides it was no secret that I was to be proposed as a member of the Pacific Club on my return home. What more befitting compliment could I pay to that set of select, high-bred gentlemen, than to enter their halls for the first time exhaling the sweet odors of the Orient. I resorted to the lower walks of mathematics and made an estimate of the expenditure of the raw material necessary to carry out all these plans.



Two drops for my entry at the Pacific Club, one drop each for the municipal election in the spring, and the State election in the fall, one for the two or three times I must attend church on my return. This with the presents to friends, would, I soon ascertained, empty the bottle the first year. It was obvious I must have more ottar of roses.

The next day I again set off—this time alone and in a furtive manner. I concealed my intentions from the General. I found the ancient Turk seated amidst his sweet-scented jugs, smoking, and piously passing his beads from one finger to another. He was making plans for his harem, to be filled with the seventy-two bright-eyed houries, promised in the next world by the Prophet to all true believers. I recalled him to this wicked sphere and to the fact that in order to live he must submit to the degradation of dealing with Christian dogs. He recognized me, and without speaking or removing the pipe from his lips set out the jar of ottar of rose. I affected indifference, having already bought sufficient, but offered him one dollar for a bottle double the size I bought the previous day. To my astonishment, after a little discussion, he took me up, poured out the stuff and corked and sealed it. As an experiment I then picked up a second bottle, twice the size of that, and offered the old fellow fifty cents, or two English shillings, to fill that. This was accepted with greater alacrity than the first, and I found myself proprietor of ottar of rose in quantities, that instead of being estimated by drops ascended far up in the scale of wine measure. There still remained more than a pint in the jug from which we had all bought our ottar, and I brought the *séance* to a close by buying that entire jug and all for one shilling. The old fellow then put his hand behind the little shelf and brought out a fresh bottle containing about a quart, and asked me to make him an offer for it. A moment's calculation satisfied

me that it was worth in San Francisco, according to the information that I had from Gen. C., at the very least, seventeen thousand five hundred and forty dollars. But I had already in my pockets and under my arm over ten thousand dollars' worth to be smuggled through the custom-house; and although the old fellow was evidently prepared to accept an offer of fifteen cents for the lot, I felt obliged to refrain from making it. The specific duties, if paid, would have been four or five thousand dollars at the very lowest estimate; and to bribe the Collector would have taken at least a quarter of the ottar.

I therefore gathered up my glass-ware as well as I could, and hurried home to the hotel. Hastily secreting my purchases in the various trunks and valises about the room, I went to find the General, meanwhile studying out some story to account for my absence. Looking into his room, what was my surprise to see one end of it arranged like an American apothecary shop. Bottles in rows and in circles; jugs on the floor and on the tops of trunks; jars and cans and vials everywhere. The General was sitting at the table deeply immersed in some calculation. I glanced over his shoulder at the paper. It was divided into columns, Debit and Credit, and headed "Merchandise debtor to cash." "For purchase of Ottar of Rose, \$4.37½." The other column contained many rows of figures, but the last one exhibited the final result. It was \$196,483.60. I called his name. He sprang to his feet and concealed the paper. "What's this? General," said I. "A little speculation," he answered, making a violent effort to restrain his voice to a level tone. "I have bought four gallons of genuine ottar of rose." "You don't say so! What have you done that for?" "Well," he said, "I think there is money in it!" "What did it cost you?" I asked. He gasped and stammered for a moment, and then gave me to understand, in strict confidence, that his real business in the East was to speculate in these

perfumes; that he was a judge of them, and that he had that very morning, and by the merest chance, stumbled over a little lot of four gallons, and had bought it for the incredibly low price of less than four thousand dollars a gallon. It was worth fifty thousand dollars a gallon if it was worth a cent.

But long before we left Cairo we learned that the genuine ottar of rose was not made in Egypt, but that Damascus was the place where alone it could be got in its purity. This was reasonable, for the rose of Damascus is known all over the world. Between Alexandria and Beyrout, as we sailed along the coast, the Syrian seas were often perfumed and made fragrant by whole bottles of pure ottar of rose being emptied into its classic waters. Why keep inferior perfumes, we argued, when we are going to the place where alone the best is to be procured? At Damascus again, we sought the perfume merchants. We found but one, and this near to the entrance of the silk bazaar in the street called Straight. We demanded the price of the best ottar of rose. A row of bottles was pointed out; each contained about twenty drops. The price was one golden Napoleon per bottle. We pretended to be disgusted, and turned away, but we were recalled and asked to make an offer. This we did, and selected two one-ounce vials and offered a Napoleon for the two filled with ottar of rose. It was at least forty times as much as he had asked one Napoleon for. At first the old fellow refused, but I soon saw that he intended to accept our offer, and told the General so. "What shall we do if he takes us up?" We hit upon a plan; it was to pretend that we had meant a larger bottle. In a moment the perfume-dealer came to our bid and accepted. Whereupon we each seized upon a bottle just double the size of the one agreed upon, and swore by the beard of the Christian's prophet that that and no other was the bottle we had stipulated for. But, to our amazement,

after a moment's dispute, the merchant agreed that we were right, and began to fill up the large bottles. After filling mine from the jug, he corked and sealed it, and then began on that of the General; but when it was about two-thirds full the jug gave out, and resort was had to a fresh one from behind the shelf. "Stop," said the General, catching the merchant's arm, "let me smell of that." He did so, and declared that it had no smell at all; it was pure sweet oil. I smelt it and came to the same conclusion. Thereupon the honest merchant allowed the General to have his bottle filled from the small bottles ready sealed, being the same which he had demanded a golden Napoleon, or four dollars each for when we began. This was done, and no less than three of those poured in before the bottle was full. I felt a little dissatisfaction at this, while he was evidently correspondingly elated. The General had in his bottle the contents of three small ones, worth twelve dollars, besides an ounce and a half of the same substance as that which filled mine. But we paid our money and returned to the hotel.

The first person we met was Demitri Cara, the landlord. With proud satisfaction we showed him our purchase. "Ottar of rose," said he, "is a substance that resembles crystallized honey. That which you have bought is bad sweet oil, with a few drops of essence of rose sprinkled in it to give it the smell. Ottar of rose stands solid in the bottle and can not be poured out without first warming it. Ottar of rose," continued Demitri, "is made in Adrianople." We bought no more in Damascus; but in the course of our travels we reached Smyrna. In the mean time, our want of success in buying perfumes had rendered us more liberal toward our fellow-travelers. The General had imparted to me the secret of the value and peculiar character of ottar of rose, in a confidential way. It was understood that we alone of all the party were to astonish our friends in America by the

startling fragrance of our persons. The sweet and volatile essence was to be concealed from all human beings until it should discover itself to the delighted nostrils of our admiring friends. But the thing had worked so badly that by the time we reached Smyrna we felt disposed to permit others to share with us the doubtful glory of Oriental perfumes. Capt. T. and Mr. C. had, up to that time, been strictly excluded from the little Ottar of Rose Society, and were, from hard travel and hot weather, in the worst possible odor; to tell the truth, they smelt like so many Egyptians. At Smyrna, assisted by Capt. T., who had been let in, we made the important geographical discovery that Adrianople is not over three days' travel overland from that port. The conclusion was inevitable that this was the place to buy ottar of rose. The Captain, being a merchant, was placed at the head of affairs. Having been a sea-captain, he advised an application to the American consul. Accordingly, we stated our case to that official, who recommended to us a Jew merchant in the Greek quarter, whither we hastened with all speed.

The Jew received us kindly, and complimented us upon our wisdom in seeking his establishment. He said he was the only honest dealer in ottar of rose in all Smyrna; that had we gone elsewhere we should have inevitably been cheated out of our eye-teeth, but that we were now free from all danger of that sort to our masticating apparatus, and could depend upon smelling as sweet as so many posies, in less time than a jiffy. He took down his jar from the shelf and drew the cork. It smelt all right, but the practiced eye of the General discovered that it lacked the appearance of crystallized honey, the infallible test of the genuine article. Upon his mentioning the fact, the aged merchant again complimented us upon having with us one so acute in observing the peculiarities of a good article. But he explained that



but five minutes before we entered the shop a party of English had just left it; that to those Islanders, the best judges of ottar of roses in the world, he had sold of that substance, and that in filling their bottles he had necessarily been obliged to warm the perfume so that it had taken a liquid state; but if we would wait a half an hour it would resume its natural hardness, and we would be satisfied with the test. We were content with the explanation and bought without waiting. Captain T., with all the enthusiasm of a new member of the Society of Perfumers, bought thirty dollars' worth of ottar of rose, besides sixteen dollars' worth of cinnamon oil for his beard, and eleven dollars' worth of vanilla to perfume his hair, stating as a reason, the necessity he would be under to look after the primary elections upon his return home. But we all went in pretty extensively. Paying up, and being assured that we could watch at our leisure the interesting chemical phenomenon of the crystallization of the ottar of rose, as it would occur in the bottles, we departed from the house of the friendly Jew and returned to our hotel. Here we sat for two hours, gazing, each man at his vial. A watched pot never boils. We attributed it to the warm weather. It was four days before we reached Constantinople, and the weather in the Dardanelles was cold and stormy. But the precious perfume was as oily as the moment it left the pot of the friendly Jew in Smyrna. Nature refused to do her duty in our case. The ottar of rose would not crystallize. We were forced to the unwelcome conclusion that we were again swindled.

We were in despair. All the ten days that we dwelt in Constantinople, we ran up and down the bazaars, hunting for the genuine ottar of rose. It had come to such a point with us that have it we must. At last Far-away-Moses found a dealer in amber, who also kept, for particular friends, a very little of the genuine stuff,

but would only sell it as a great favor. Thither we went in force and demanded the perfume. The merchant drew from under his counter a jar of oil, looking as all the rest had done, not hard like candied honey, but decidedly oleaginous. We began to wink and look knowingly at each other. "This is the old thing," said the General, in a whisper. The merchant caught the look and understood it. "This is not the real," he said. "The genuine is hard, like honey. I merely take this out to show you the difference. Here is the good article," he went on to say, and producing another bottle two-thirds filled with something looking like candied honey. "Ah," we all said in a breath, "here it is at last, the real stuff." And again we went in, the Captain beating us all in the extent of his purchases. But no sooner had we got back to the hotel than we were informed that we had again been swindled, and that what we had bought was rose-scented sweet oil with stearine candles scraped into it.

We were again in despair. We had taken passage for Athens, and the ship was to sail the next day. At last we determined to seek the aid of the United States minister. We called on General Morris and laid the case before him. It was fortunate, he said; he knew of a Prussian house that was in the business of buying and exporting the ottar of rose. This pleased General C. especially. He had resided in Germany, spoke the language like a native, and fully believed that it was morally impossible for a German to be otherwise than honest. In the mean time the hour for the ship to sail drew on apace. We got the ladies and baggage on board the ship three hours before it was time to sail, and then hiring a caïque put off for Stamboul to seek the Prussian perfume-dealer. We found him in his counting-room smelling like a giant of battle rose. "Ve gaitz, Lantzman," said the General, familiarly but courteously, addressing the

honest Teuton in his own language. The Dutchman looked up and said, "Good morning," in the American language. This opened up the business; the General being a German acted as spokesman for the party. "Yes, the German had *oddo off roshe*;" but he was a wholesale merchant and sold it by the barrel, or in some such great quantity. The thing looked "dusty" for a time. The Dutchman never sold less than a barrel. We only wanted a few drops. At last the Captain spoke. He said that there was a party of us, consisting of three gentlemen and their wives, who had been driven from their homes upon the Pacific Ocean by the abominable smells of the unwashed Democracy, which pervaded the whole community, not even respecting the sanctuaries; that they had fled from it for nineteen thousand miles, where upon the shores of the Mediterranean they had been told of a remedy. That by selling them this matchless disinfectant they would be enabled to return to their own homes and resume their places in society; while if it were denied to them they must continue their wanderings. Whether it was the Captain's eloquence or senatorial bearing I can not say, but we were told that if we would return in an hour we should each have a half-dozen vials of the real thing. Accordingly, in an hour we went back, and found that he had put up for each of us a paper case containing six little bottles, about four inches long, with an opening down the center for the otto about the size of a knitting-needle. The vials were corked, and had oil silk put over the tops. The price was a Napoleon each box. This we threw down, seized the boxes and hurried on board the ship.

For a time we were happy. But the ingenuity of Oriental merchants is only equaled by the Franks that dwell around them. The little vials would not contain over thirty drops by any possibility, if full. And before we had reached the Greek capital the ladies made the dis-

covery that they were all empty. The honest Dutchman had simply corked, sealed, and oil-silked the empty vials. And we, alas ! smell no more sweetly than when we left California.

THE END.





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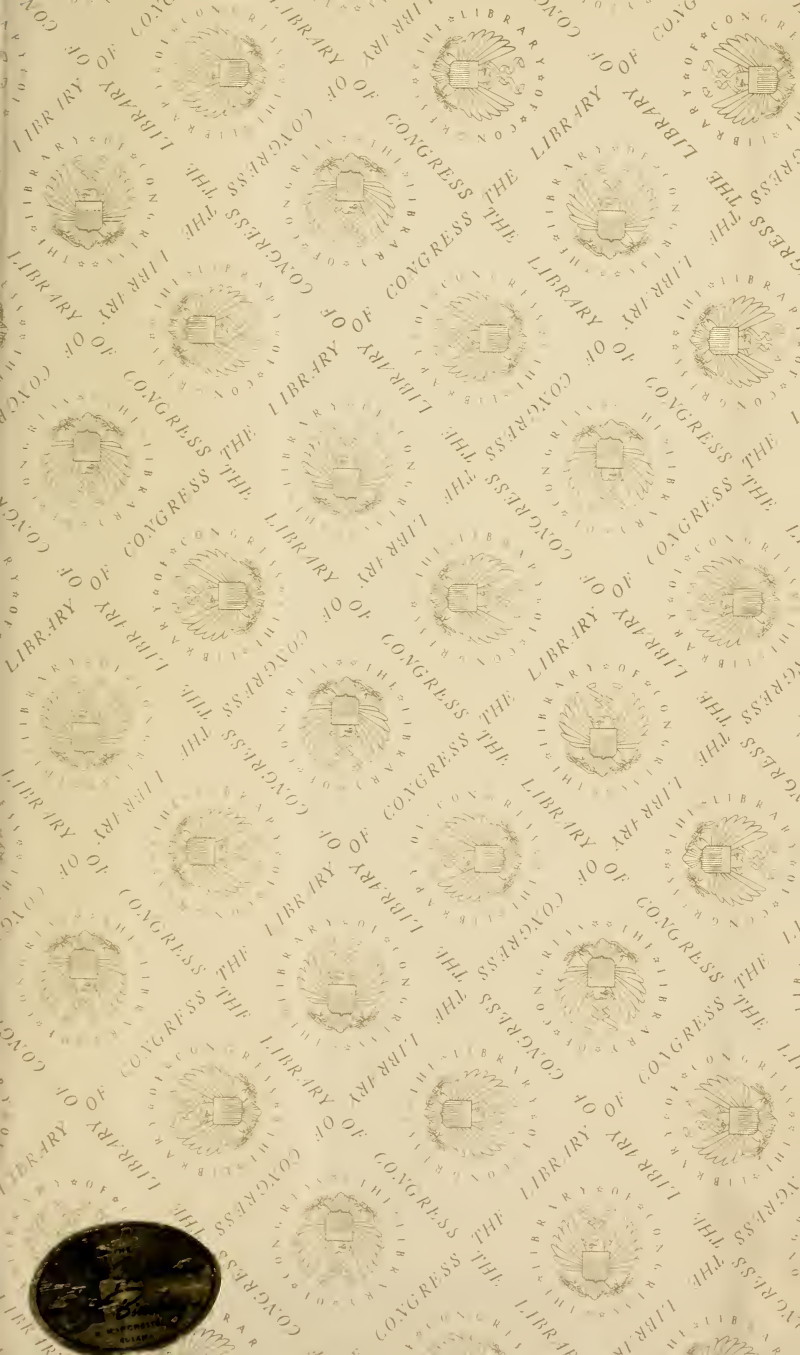


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